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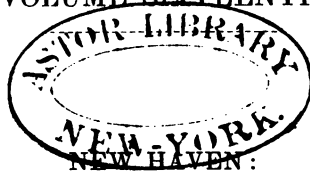
CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

1232

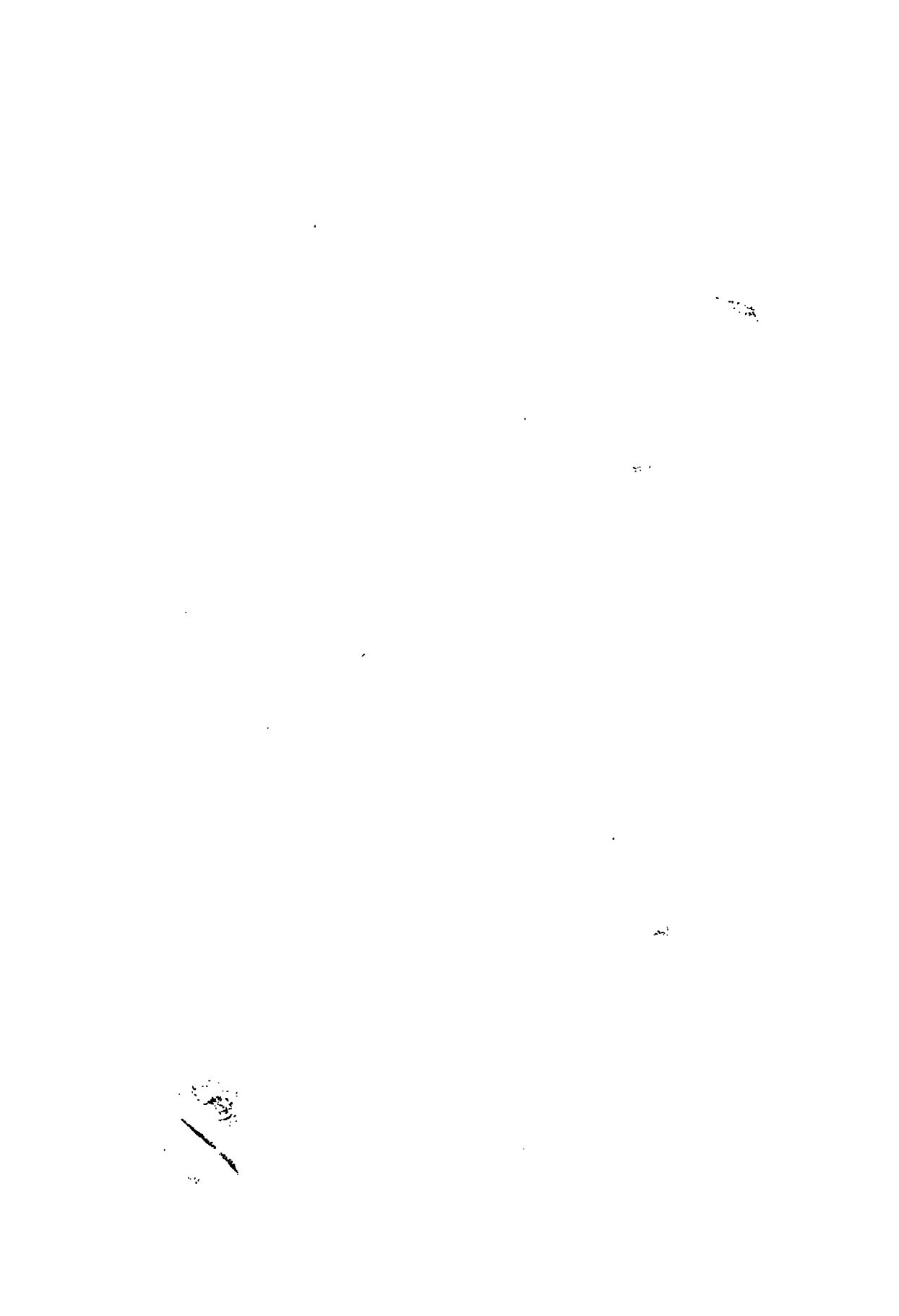
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1851.



CONTENTS

OF

Volume Sixteenth.

An Exegesis of Milton's Comus, - - - - -	6
A Communication from Parnassus, - - - - -	13
Appreciation of Greatness, - - - - -	77
A Song for the Wind, - - - - -	93
Assyria Recepta, - - - - -	110
Attractions of Ocean Life, - - - - -	157
A Fairy Tale, - - - - -	253
A Reverie, - - - - -	310
Academical Degrees, - - - - -	324, 359
Adventures of Wimble Wimbleton, Esq. - - - - -	270, 313, 355
Biennials, - - - - -	360
Boating, - - - - -	366
Conscience, - - - - -	241
College Fun in 1777, - - - - -	325
Commencement in 1768, - - - - -	365
College Organ, - - - - -	368
Death of Albert Hebard, - - - - -	286
Enthusiasm, - - - - -	264
Evening Thoughts, - - - - -	21
Efficiency, - - - - -	70
Editor's Farewell, - - - - -	248
Editor's Table, - - - - -	32, 78, 122, 162, 207, 247, 292, 329
Flowers, - - - - -	251
Grimmis-mal, or the Song of Grimner, - - - - -	65
Introductory to the Memorabilia Yalensia, - - - - -	281
In memory of ———, - - - - -	55
Imaginative Literature, - - - - -	150
Iceland, - - - - -	157
Individuality, - - - - -	293
Job and Zeno, - - - - -	215
Junior Exhibition, - - - - -	282
John Ledyard, - - - - -	318
Let us Walk, - - - - -	339
My Time to Write, - - - - -	269
Monarchical versus Republican Stability, - - - - -	218
Mrs. Hemans, - - - - -	172
Mystery, - - - - -	94
Machiavelli, - - - - -	22
My Star, - - - - -	29
Miscellaneous Addresses, - - - - -	209
My Thoughts will dwell with Thee, - - - - -	317
Memorabilia Yalensia, - - - - -	281, 325, 365
Now, - - - - -	148
National Ballads, - - - - -	180

Notice to Contributors,	333
New Publication,	370
Ossian,	139
Obituaries,	206, 287, 369
Presentation of the Wooden Spoon,	283
Pendulum Demonstration of the Earth's Rotation,	327
Professor Stanley's Return,	327
Presentation of the Class of 1851,	326
Reveries of a Bachelor, by Ik Marvel,	242
Reverence for Law	231
Raising Old Nick,	25
Republic of Holland,	340
"Six" Remarks "on the Nature and Uses of" Alarm Clocks,	200
Sporting in the Country,	188
Servitude of Thought,	143
Scene in a Court Room,	101
Sir Thomas More,	83
Sympathy as an Element of Poetry,	62
Spoon Exhibitions,	278
The Grave by Ocean,	160
The Study of Geology,	97
Truth as an Element of Eloquence,	192
The Victory of Dunbar,	81
The Hope of the Republic,	56
The Law,	1
The Battle Field,	30
Thayendanegea,	37
The parallel to the Misery and Glory of War,	45
Thomas Carlyle and his Literary Career,	49
The Tailor and the Barber. A Sketch,	106
The Power and Mission of Genius,	118
The Fugitive Slave Law,	127
The Harp of Creation,	188
The Age we live in,	154
The Broken Friendship,	167
Truth in Beauty,	195
The Modern Fairy,	213
Thomas De Quincey,	225
The Story of Dry Hill,	237
To Our Readers,	249
Thought-catching,	261
Townsend Prize Essays,	273, 299, 305, 340, 348
The Relations of Christianity to Art,	273, 305
The Midnight Bell,	298
The Human Heart,	321
The Post Office System as an Element of Modern Civilization,	333
University Life in Germany,	88
Undeveloped Energies,	322
Value of the Imagination to the Philosopher,	299, 348
We are passing away,	18
Westminster Abbey,	174
Woman,	224

VOL. XVI.

NO. I.

1850

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



*O Deus totius orbis pater, totius orbis Venerans
Spectans thronus es, institutor Veneris!*

OCTOBER, 1850.

NEW HAVEN:

RECEIVED BY A. H. MATHY

PRINTED BY T. J. STANFORD.

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CONTENTS.

The Law,	1
An Exegesis of Milton's Comus.	6
A Communication from Parnassus.	13
"We are Passing Away."	18
Evening Thoughts,	21
Machiavelli,	22
Raising "Old Nick,"	25
My Star,	29
The Battle Field,	30
Editor's Table,	32

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVI.

OCTOBER, 1850.

No. I.

The Law.

THE overflowing fullness of the legal profession in our country, at the present time, has become a subject of common remark. The lawyers seem to have settled down upon the land as the locusts of old upon the plains of Egypt;—their name is legion, and there is no place into which they do not penetrate. In our large cities, amid the marts of business, the side-doors leading to the second-story groan under the weight of their accumulated placards; in the minor-towns the court-house or mayor's office forms a centre around which they cluster, as bees around the comb; while in the humblest village, where Squire Noodle, "Justice of the Peace," sits in awful state, his counterpart in outward appearance, and rival in learning, can usually be found in some individual glorying in the sounding title of "Attorney and Counselor at Law." That any profession can sustain such a vast train of retainers as waits upon the law, naturally excites the greatest surprise and wonder, until many deem the avenues to success in this quarter too much crowded to be longer passable, and a warning voice is raised to all young men, to beware. Yet as the colleges of every grade throughout the land yearly pour forth their tributaries into the broad stream of active life, hundreds more hasten to the "law," as the fittest stage upon which to act their part in the great drama of life.

To one looking at the profession in its legitimate form, the phenomenon is indeed inexplicable. The law is possessed of but few attractions to the student, and is of a character generally in itself little likely to allure to it such a multitude. The technicalities that must first be learned ere the key can be obtained that unlocks the store-house of its mysteries; the precise definitions that must be mastered; the dry formulas that must be committed; the explanations of abstract principles that must be understood and stored away in the memory, all tend to give the profession an air of dryness, of austerity, that has

not unfrequently almost discouraged and disgusted, as tyros, even those who, in after years, have become most distinguished in its ranks. Even the advanced course of the lawyer is one of labor. When he is surrounded by clients, whose property, honor, perhaps life, depend upon his exertions and knowledge, his study is the closer and more anxious from the present pressing circumstances. If wealth was immediately attendant upon such labor, it might account for the number who apparently are employed in a profession that commands it; but the lives of eminent lawyers usually teach the fact, that in the law, more than in any other pursuit, is there a demand for hope and courage from the beginner; that years of toil must be passed with poor recompense; that he indeed must "learn to labor and to wait." We shall have to seek farther than this regular form of the profession for an explanation.

All who pretend to it, are not devoted to the *legal* profession alone, but while they bear the name, are employed in other pursuits entirely incompatible with the avocation of the lawyer. The law only serves as a stepping-stone, by which they raise themselves to the reach of something else: or rather, they enter into the law as into a stately mansion, and when every one supposes they are industriously engaged therein, they are slipping out the back entries, seeking after something beyond. Without speaking at large of these various offsets to the law, we wish at present only to notice that of politics—in its relations to the law in our country—as this is perhaps the most attractive, and, we think, the most injurious, to the young lawyer.

The science of law is one of the oldest in existence. It is unnecessary to minutely trace its origin. But it is evident, that from the first formation of society, government of some kind has been necessary to protect the rights and enforce the obligations of its several members. However simple such society might be, individual rights must have existed to some degree; and the conflict of these rights must have given rise to contests to be decided by some acknowledged higher authority, whether that authority was invested in one man, or not. When society began to advance, these rights began to be enlarged and developed; their importance began to be fully understood, and wisdom dictated that they should be made to depend upon something more fixed than the will of man. Laws were demanded, as something which should be certain and uniform in its action. Society still advancing, these laws were necessarily increased, to embrace what new principles of government might be evolved, and cover the still developing rights of man. But the laws thus accumulated were often contradictory; those made at one period not agreeing with those of another and later period; so that men began to grow ignorant of what their legal rights were. And here arose a necessity for the lawyer, the advocate, some person called in, who might assist in controversies of a legal character, by his knowledge of the law, which he had made his study. Civil liberty required that there should exist such a class of men; without them the law would be as no law, and

either despotism or anarchy would follow. Through their aid a code of laws was finally obtained, and law raised to the dignity of a science.

With the advancement of civilization, the regard for law has increased; and, as more and more has been intrusted to its care, the necessity of the advocate, the lawyer, has become the greater, and his labors have increased. Until *now*, when in our country, a great, mighty nation, spurning the sceptre of kings, has set up the law in its latest and most sublime development, as its great and only ruler, but to its majesty bow in willing subjection, the profession of the lawyer, who is the interpreter of its voice to its subjects, has assumed an importance, which it has never before possessed, and which ought to obtain from those who engage in it *now*, a more profound investigation, a more unwavering attention, than it has ever demanded in the whole previous history of the world. Jurisprudence now, if ever, is worthy to be called a deep, broad, and important science. Its principles are now more fixed, its influence wider than ever before. Built up by the profoundest wisdom, and widest experience through the lapse of ages, it at present stands, the proudest monument to intellect that man has ever reared. Next to the moral law, it is indeed the noblest branch of that general law of which Hooker so beautifully speaks: "Her seat is in the bosom of God; her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and on earth do her homage; the very least, as feeling her care—the greatest, as not exempt from her power. Angels and men, creatures of every condition, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy." To search out its fundamental principles—to comprehend its profound truths—to catch a spark of its deep feeling—to appreciate its vast power, and behold in the fullest extent its grandeur—to become familiar with its majesty, and understand its voice, requires that love which truth alone can win, that attention, that laborious study that love alone can gain. To be a learned, thorough lawyer, at the present time, is quite another thing from what it was a few hundred years ago. A lawyer's library, in the time of Coke, amounting to something like three dozen volumes in all, would form but an iota in the catalogue of a similar library at present. As the consequence, the labor of the lawyer is far greater. His reading is almost unlimited; a life-time is scarcely adequate to its demands. Yet it is worthy of such study, and ennobles him who gives it; and it ennobles him alone. When it receives such study from the profession generally will it also ennoble it, and raise it to that high standing, which it can and should maintain.

If this be the case, let us see if playing at the game of politics is of a nature likely to permit this labor and strict attention, or is calculated to secure the lawyer that elevated cast of mind and love for truth which is expected and demanded from him. We here wish to be understood as speaking of politics in the every-day meaning of the word, (if we may use the expression.) The common expression of "dabbling in politics" expresses our idea—that superficial meddling in

State affairs for the purpose of accomplishing some selfish motive ; or the word partisanship will perhaps remove all ambiguity on the point. It is not our intention to hurl out any fierce phillipic against partisanship, but merely to point out, if possible, its incompatibility with the calm, thorough, upright study of the law, and the consequent necessity of its being avoided by any one who pretends to become a lawyer worthy of the name.

In the struggle of parties for power, the excitement extends to every individual connected with them. A cool partisan sounds like a contradiction of terms. His guide-star is self-interest, and as it changes its position, it is strange to see how adroitly he changes his course—now advancing, now retreating, and again turning aside—though always pretending to keep straight on ; and that he may escape detection, the excitement must be constantly kept up. No move of his opponents must escape his notice, and no measure of his own must suffer from his neglect. By picturing the incalculable blessings which will accrue to the country by its adoption, and displaying the evil results of its failure, he must secure praise for its maintainers ; while no terms are too harsh or abusive to apply to the character of his opponents. He must acknowledge no duty but that to party ; he must consider morality as beneficial only when it can be as well observed as neglected. Fixed principles are troublesome in his continual shifting, and had better be laid aside. While delighting others with the sound of the words independence and liberty, he must deny their blessings to himself. Dependent upon a favorable public opinion, he must gain it at any personal sacrifice ; hemmed in by the principles of party, he must not think or express himself but in accordance with them. And thus distracting the attention, perverting the principles, and exciting the passions, truly, the career of the politician is far different in its character from that which the study of the law demands for itself.

It is said of Dr. Beecher, that once having occasion to address a society of young men of this institution, some of whom were about to enter upon active life, after giving much good advice, which long observation and experience had laid up, concerning the professions of theology, law, and medicine, he said, in ending, "Some of you will be politicians. To such, all I can say is, May God bless you !" The path of duty, ever slippery, *might*, with care, be followed in the other professions ; but when it came to politics, all even *he* could say, was, "May God bless you !"

There is a position which comes under the head of politics, in the proper signification of the term, which we would carefully distinguish from that of the mere politician—that of the statesman. The position of the statesman is an important one. As the pilot, he stands at the helm of the ship of state, while his far-reaching gaze scans the heavens, to catch the approach of the thunder cloud, when but a spot on the horizon, or the ruffle of the welcome breeze on the far distant water. The qualities of mind that it is necessary for him to possess are of an elevated and extraordinary character. Learning must teach him

the history of the past, that the lamp of experience may throw some light upon the darkened future. While imagination must enable him to invent new courses of policy, by which the nation may be led on to prosperity and greatness, sound practical sense must prevent him from error in speculation; his heart must sympathize with all his fellow-men, and his love of country, his patriotism, must know no party, no self. His must be the gift of eloquence that has truth for its weapon, duty for its subject. Politics, as the science of government, is his study. Politics, as an art, is that of the Partisan. Law is the first great study of the statesman, and no statesman has ever risen to lasting greatness without a thorough knowledge of law. But the station of the statesman is one higher than that of lawyer; while it has law for its foundation, it rises beyond and above it. It may be said that the statesman's wisdom forms the law—the lawyer's judgment applies it, and the selfishness of the partisan condemns, perverts, destroys, or sustains it, according to circumstances. These three pursuits are connected with law; the first is attainable but by few, and then only through a thorough knowledge of the law; the last is scarcely worthy the ambition of the scholar; and the study of law should be during life to do it justice.

If we have succeeded in showing then that to become learned in the law—to gain a thorough knowledge of all its principles and relations—requires a constant attention to it—a life-long study—the only question to be settled is, whether such a thorough knowledge is necessary to success. It may be said to be thus learned in the law is all very good for him who wishes it; but that many a one has succeeded without it; that is, an unlearned pettifogger may get rich. For to suppose a man who is not learned in his profession is able to practice it in its purity, is absurd. Well, this objection chimes in most harmoniously with all those material notions, so prevalent at the present day, about college educations and so forth. It might as well be said, that there is no necessity for the physician longer to be proficient in all the learning of his profession;—quacks flourish. Or, that the theologian need not spend his time in disentangling all the intricate passages of scripture, or investigating all its apparently conflicting doctrines; many an humble man has lived holily, faithfully watched his little flock and died calmly, who could not read his mother tongue correctly. But this is not sufficient, when there is a possibility of doing more. This superficiality in their profession tends to lower them in every one's esteem. And as the profession of law especially demands that it should be respected, the one who, seeking merely his own interest, tends by his unworthiness to bring disrepute upon this profession, does an incalculable harm, not more to it, than to the whole country. The manner in which it is effected is plain. Superficiality must beget contempt for those in whom it is found, when they are engaged in any avocation that has to do with subjects of so much importance as the law. This feeling at first excited against themselves, is naturally transferred to the whole of the profession, of which they

form a part; and from the profession, how easily is the dislike transferred to that which calls it into existence, and sustains it—the law? And what an evil is here! when a mistrust of the laws which govern them comes over a people, who know no other ruler! Without confidence in the arm that shields it, a nation's security and peace has fled. This is no fanciful theory—unfortunately, it has facts for its illustration. That particular phase of reform, that demands a simplification of judicial proceedings, plainly bears this stamp of discontent and want of confidence. And though now but a spark, it only needs to be blown by designing persons, to break out in a devouring flame.

It is of the greatest importance, then, that all who enter upon law as a profession, should do it with a knowledge of the importance which their reputation will exert on the profession, and that of the profession on the welfare of their country; and that they should, with an eye single to its greatness, engage in no pursuits which will prevent an entire and abiding attention to it alone.

N.

An Exegesis of Milton's Comus.

THIS single poem would be sufficient of itself to earn an immortality for the mind that produced it. It bears the impress of that mighty intellect that has given to the world enough to immortalize a whole generation of poets; not that Milton's poems are so voluminous, but because they are written with such power and genius.

It is well, when we have read an author, to lay aside his work and endeavor to conceive the process by which he developed those thoughts—the power which could originate, embrace within itself, and give a definite form, in language, to those ideas and conceptions.

We form a feeble notion of the real power of such a mind as Milton's, by merely reading its productions; it is but a relative idea between different authors that we arrive at by this means. To get at any absolute notion of what passes within the mind and soul of the author, we must endeavor to imagine our own minds attempting such efforts, and mark how far short—how immeasurably short of anything like the exhibition before us, would be what we could produce. Or we may ponder long the thoughts and images—drink into our minds the ideas, by a thorough understanding of them, and, by this means, we shall gain some notion of what it would be to create similar conceptions. For it has been said, with more truth than at first appears, that to thoroughly understand an author, that is, possess oneself fully of his ideas, is next to becoming such an author.

It is a peculiarity of Milton's poetry, that there is a matchless depth, power, and dignity in all his conceptions and sentiments. There is

no senseless flow of words; there is no chain of words to link together, here and there, scattering ideas; but every line is replete with thought or noble imagery; every sentence makes the reader forget the poetry, and even forget the poet, in the truthfulness, the beauty, or the grandeur of the conception. The richness of his classical illustration is unequaled by any modern writer.

Milton is almost always compared to Homer, and not unfrequently ranked as second to him. But we never could endure this view for a moment, and can hardly see any points of equality between them. If they are to be compared, we insist that it must be as Pythagoras is compared with Newton, Socrates with Calvin, and Plato with Bacon.

No one doubts that these ancient philosophers were men of powerful and original minds, and far above their contemporaries, but no one thinks of ranking them as equals with the distinguished philosophers and scholars I have named. And the same is true with respect to Homer and the other *writers* of antiquity. In comparing him with Milton, we see mental power in both, perhaps equal capacity, but the mind of one is darkened, oppressed, bound down by heathenism, while the other soars aloft in the clear sunlight of truth; the one plays with the creation of his own fancy, pursues shadows; the other treats of sublime realities.

In reading Homer, we are able to admire his beauty and force so long as he confines himself to description or similitudes, but when he attempts anything higher, anything relating to human nature, the province of Shakspeare, or anything relating to the great truths of man's or God's existence, the field of Milton, we find nothing in him worthy of our thought; the theme is beyond his reach; he is a stranger to it; he says nothing that finds a response in the human soul. In a word, we may say, he often pleases our minds, but seldom awakens the noble emotions of the heart; it is impossible, we are so much above in this respect, it is like a child attempting to move the passions of mature age—it may please, it may surprise, but never touch the springs of elevated feeling within the breast.

The same is true of all poetry that lacks this moral tone, this conformity to human nature, the acknowledgment of what every mind feels to be the truths of its being. There must be this correspondence between the thought expressed and the inward consciousness of what we are, what we are surrounded by, and what we must continue to be. Let this but be observed, then power, and beauty, and sublimity in conception and expression are not lost; they are used to clothe that which can sustain them and give them a passport into the mind.

Milton begins where Homer leaves off; he takes the highest conceptions of his genius to illustrate, and merely to illustrate and adorn the sublime ideas of his own mind. Milton abounds with this use of Homer and the other poets of antiquity; they are "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to him. Those who, from a slight acquaintance, suppose that he acknowledges their equality or superiority, by this constant use of their images, greatly mistake; he merely takes the

pleasing forms of their creative genius, to decorate the vestibule of the temple into which he leads our reverent as well as delighted minds.

These remarks might seem vague generalities, having no special connection with this subject, were it not that, as we shall see, the poem to which we have called attention, is a remarkable instance of the adoption of classical imagery and mythological outline. The *Comus*, aside from its peculiar merits, is a beautiful index of the poet's mind; it contains all the elements of that great work always associated with his name. Written in early life, when his mind was but partially stored and developed, it forms a prototype of that great work of mature age—that offspring of a life's acquisition, a life's reflection, and the judgment of years; or, perhaps I should have said, the prototype of both the "*Paradise Lost*" and "*Regained*."

In this piece, the sublimity of idea, the classical richness and purity of style, the beautiful imagery, graphic description, dramatic power, and impassioned eloquence are all characteristic of the poet, the elements that enter into all his productions.

The class of poetry to which it belongs, is the mask, a species of tragedy distinguished by its not being confined to rules or probabilities, so that the writer is not responsible for the characters introduced or the parts they perform, provided all contributes to the general effect. In this instance not only are several of the characters represented to be imaginary beings, a thing often met with in Shakspeare, but all the frame work of the play is undefined and ideal, an exhibition of relations. Until near the close, the *scene* is not located at all; at first it is simply a "wild wood" on a "sea-girt isle," then a "stately palace." The mention of the island and the name of the river Severn, once introduced, suggest England to the mind of the reader, but cannot be said to locate the scene. Of all the personages intended to be represented as human, to none is there given a name or title. They are, first, "a lady," then "a brother," then "a second brother;" "the attendant spirit," the "nymph," "Comus with his rout," of course are mere ideal personifications.

This characteristic harmonizes beautifully with the second feature of the poem, namely, the allegorical method in which the subject is treated. The piece is a poetical allegory. The passage of the lady through the wood strongly reminds one of the pilgrimage of "Christian" or "Christianna." Virtue is the theme; Virtue "lost" and "regained" would not be an inappropriate title. Innocence, left unprotected, is assailed, overcome, and rescued. Occasion is also taken to represent the real deformity of vice. The attendant spirit suggests the main features of the plot, if I may so call it, in a prologue, by way of apology for its appearance.

The poet shows great art, also, in putting into the mouth of the spirit in the prologue, a description of Comus and his rout; for when they appear and begin to evince the nature ascribed to them, the scene strikes the mind with a two-fold power, the dramatic representation seeming to be the reality—the verification of the description.

Comus is the personification of vice, not merely the principle of evil, but together with that, all the loathsomeness of personal degradation—the offspring of youthful Bacchus and Circe—a more potent metaphor is inconceivable—sprung of intemperance and lust—the very concentration of pure viciousness. I conceive it impossible for language to convey a more perfect idea of the degradation of vice, to a mind familiar with the qualities of these heathen personifications of debased passion. Even the unparalleled imaginations of Spenser are less forcible, because, in this instance, there is not that monstrosity to remove the figure so far from the likeness to anything human. The picture of his gang that accompanied him is almost equal to it. They are persons under the power of vice—its willing slaves—completely transformed by its imbruting influence. The description may be familiar, but it will bear repeating.

“Offering

His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
 _____ which, as they taste,
 Soon as the potion works, their human *countenance*,
 The express resemblance of the gods, is changed
 Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,
 Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
 All other parts remaining as they were,
 And they, so perfect in their misery,
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
 But boast themselves more comely than before;
 And all their friends and native home forget,
 To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.”

In all that we have ever read or heard, we remember nothing that so completely illustrates the brutifying, transforming power, of vicious indulgence upon its willfully unconscious subjects. The “human countenance is changed,” the countenance that expresses the character, “all other parts,” the outward appearance, “remaining as they were.” The soul transformed from a human, nay, divine nature, to that of a loathsome brute, but still inhabiting a human form.

“And they, so perfect in their misery,
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
 But boast themselves more comely than before.”

What can be more expressive of the condition of willing, entire subjection to evil? At moments when the conscience is not aroused, but the passions of the vicious are excited, how completely is this picture verified in the ordinary scenes of life—it is an abstraction, but true to life!

After the exit of the attendant spirit on the approach of these characters, they themselves are brought in, and the play proper commences.

mences. With inimitable felicity the poet makes them exhibit the qualities ascribed to them. The reader himself is almost entranced, and is fully prepared for the spell which the foul sorcerer cast upon the young lady.

The next idea developed, upon the approach of the victim, is the maliciousness of vice, and the deceptive garb it assumes in order to find its way into the heart. Comus says—

“ Now to my charms
And to my wily trains; I shall, ere long,
Be well stocked with as fair a herd as grazed
About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
My dazzling spells into the spongy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion.
* * * * *
I, under fair pretence of friendly ends
And well placed words of glozing courtesy,
Baited with reasons not unplausible,
Wind me into the easy-hearted man
And hug him into snares.”

One seems at once to be let into the secret of the operation of evil; its false exterior, its plausibility, and its willful deception, by these words put into the mouth of the deceiver himself. The victim appears endeavoring to strengthen herself by the power of an unstained conscience. She is assailed and led off by the fair falsehoods and allurements of Comus. Meanwhile the scene changes in order to portray the strength of virtue, and the confidence to be placed in its ultimate triumph or final delivery. The brothers appear lost, like the lady, in the wood,

“ The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and weary passenger,”

and, in anxious converse, discuss the probability of the lady's fortune. Says one,

“ You may as well spread out the unsunned heaps
Of miser's treasure, by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on opportunity,
And let a single helpless maiden pass,
Uninjured, in this wild surrounding waste.”

The other replies,

“ Chastity, my brother, Chastity,
She that has that, is clad in complete steel.
* * * * *
——— this I hold firm—
Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled.”

The scene changes again, bringing into view Comus and the lady, in order to exhibit the arguments and allurements of vice, and the struggles of virtue to strengthen itself and resist. A new act is then introduced, that forms one of the most interesting parts of the play, and furnishes another example of the poet's power of exhibiting a common idea under original conceptions and beautiful imagery.

The lady is now under the power of the sorcerer—has become spell-bound. It is time for the crisis of the plot—for the rescue—for the delivery of virtue from the enchantment of vice. But how can this be done? How does virtue or piety ever recover from the shock given it—the spell cast over it by the principle of evil? Two means of this recovery, as it seems to me, are distinctly set forth by the author. The brothers rush in with “brandished blade,” wrest away the sorcerer's cup, but allow him to escape, carrying off “his wand.” The spirit speaks:

“What! have you let the false enchanter 'scape?
O, ye mistook, ye should have snatched his wand
And bound him fast; without his rod reversed,
And backward mutters of dis severing power,
We cannot free the lady that sits here,
In stony fetters fixed and motionless.
Yet stay, be not disturbed, now, I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be used.
There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That, with moist curb, sways the smooth Severn stream;
Sabina is her name, a virgin pure.
* * * * *

— she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
If she be right invoked in warbled song,
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
In hard besetting need.”

The first means is represented by the

“rod reversed,
And backward mutters of dis severing power.”

This certainly means the exposure of the true character of evil. The mere removal of the occasion of wrong-doing, of an individual temptation, as by the driving away by force of the enchanter and his rout, is insufficient to recover the fallen victim from the influence and effects of vice. This has no efficacy to “free the lady in stony fetters fixed.” The “rod” must be “reversed,” the true character of sin, the steps of downward descent that have been passed over unconsciously, must be exhibited to the cleared mental vision, that, by this means, consciousness may be restored and temptation afterwards shunned. But there are other means which may be used. Under the figure of the

nymph, that is thus invoked, herself "a virgin pure," and finally completes the rescue, the poet indicates, unless we greatly mistake, the power of virtuous example, the reclaiming influence exerted by an upright upon a fallen mind. By "sprinkling drops of precious cure," she destroys the charm and undoes the work of enchantment. These are the beautiful similes under which the poet suggests the methods of rescuing the fallen from the domination of wrong.

This notice would be incomplete, without touching upon the beauties of style so strikingly exhibited in this short poem. Its classical richness I have already commented upon. Much of its wonderful interest results from the dramatic effect in the management of the several characters; for example, the address, in the stillness of vast wood, of the lady to Echo, of which the listening swain afterwards says—

"I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death."
"Even Silence was took, ere she was 'ware,
And wished she might deny her nature."

The same effect is combined, with beautiful description, in the address of the swain to Sabina, the nymph.

"Sabina, fair,
Listen where thou art sitting,
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lillies, knitting
The loose train of thy amber dropping hair;
Listen, for dear honor's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save."

The piece abounds with rich imagery and impassioned eloquence; but we close with one other example of dramatic effect and condensed various description. It is the freeing of the lady by the nymph.

"Shepard, 'tis my office best
To help ensnared Chastity;
Brightest lady look on me,
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops, that, from my fountain pure,
I have kept of precious cure;
Thrice upon thy finger's tip;
Thrice upon thy rubied lip;
Next, this marble venom'd seat,
Smeared with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms, moist and cold.
Now the spell hath lost his hold,
And I must haste, ere morning hour,
To wait in Amphitrite's bower."

A Communication from Parnassus.

Messrs. Editors:—The periodic time for the appearance of another No. of your Yale Lit. is now rapidly approaching, and you perhaps are eagerly beating about among your College poetasters for a contribution, to appear as the nominal representative of the poetic department. You have thus, perhaps unconsciously, thrown that part of your College community into an alarming ferment.

Some, with exoteric neglect of toilet—hair studiously disheveled—cravat purposely forgotten—and eyes in “fine frenzy rolling,” are stalking abstractedly about, dispising the ‘ignoble vulgus,’ nevertheless deriving no slight satisfaction in translating its wondering gaze into imaginary compliments of this nature: “*he’s thinking great thoughts, he is! he’s going to write something soon!*”

And some, not being impeded by thoughts at all—those stubborn things that *must* be worked over and over, polished and cut to match the metre—write on fiercely.

The palpable misconception of the legitimate office of the Muses, compels me to check, if possible, this aspiring corps. I must tell them plainly that in their desperate efforts for an ephemeral notoriety, they are most blindly uncharitable to us.

Allow me, Messrs. Editors, through your columns, to give a candid, truthful statement of our grievances.

Your poet becomes conscious of a few meagre ideas, prowling their “misty way” through his brain, probably in search of companions, or more likely smarting under the indignity of having been recently *stayed*; and mistaking this uneasiness on the part of the poor thoughts for a laudable desire to be introduced to the literary world, he reads Milton, Byron or Pope for a few days, just to polish his style and get the “jingle of rhyme a notion of running in his head,” and then deliberately plots how to entrap these ideas in his rythmical net-work—a process very like that of the southern hunter catching wild colts in his lasso, and frequently as dangerous—for the poet encounters desperate resistance in attempting to bind his ideas to the inquisitorial rack of his *metre*. But once fairly entangled, the poet reads them over with that self-complaisance which seems to say, ‘this will be read when Shakspeare is forgotten!’ Very likely. I can’t predict with certainty the exact standard of literary excellence at that distant period, but I would venture to hint that—*it never will till then!*

Now these failures are all attributed to us. People say, ‘how dull his *muse* was!’ and the disappointed poet reëchoes it in the aggravated form of expression,

‘Confound my stupid Muse.’

Now to charge this upon us is manifestly unjust, for the Muses have had no share in the manufacture of such articles. No Muse has ever denied herself the luxury of sound, wholesome slumbers for the sake of tuning the lyres of *such* brilliant writers!

When a poet strikes out a new train of thought, attempts to adorn some truth in new and striking style, or to awaken new chords in human nature that have long slept untuned, *then* he always finds the Muses ready and willing to furnish him the richest treasures of Parnassus.

In conclusion, I would disclaim all intention to interrupt the equestrian gambols of your poets. They may ride our Pegasus as much as they please—only take good care

of the pony. He not unfrequently comes back from these crusades against common sense, poor and half famished—his mane nearly torn off by the awkward gestures of his inexperienced riders to maintain their seats. I must insist, too, on his being ridden over deserts less barren and pastures more copiously supplied with fresh fountains and cool oases.

And now, Messrs. Editors, in case you should not find a great supply of poetic articles lying on your table, allow me to become a contributor to your Magazine, by enclosing a communication that has just been handed me by some of my Muses. It seems to have been suggested by that event which cast a gloom over the literary world—THE DEATH OF SIR THOMAS MOORE—and the return of his Muse in sadness to Parnassus.

Night's starry veil enshrouds the brow
Of proud Parnassus' lofty height ;
And Silence, night's mild queen, steals now,
On velvet tread, and steps so light,
Their echoes fall like gentle dreams
Around the couch where Beauty sleeps ;—
Now with sweet breath the flow'ret teems,
While from its half closed lids it peeps,
As though, while sleeping, it would make
The Zephyr vassal till it wake.
Across the moon's pale, modest light,
How soft the clouds that gently float,
Like down, blown from the wings of Night,
And wafting on to realms remote.

This is the hour when Muses throng,
In lovely bands, this home of Song ;
When round each others' brows they twine
Cool wreaths, in which bright dew-drops shine ;
When music sweet, from well tuned lyres,
Enkindles Poesies' soft fires,
While kneeling round the Castalian spring,
Its limpid waters covering
With rose leaves, plucked by gentle hands—
An offering that their god demands.
This hour, beneath the fig tree's shade
That overhangs this clear cascade,
The Muses fly, with joyous glance,
To mingle in a fairy dance.
Euterpe plays the mellow flute,
While listening nightingales sit mute ;
The laurel-crowned Terpsichore leads
The dance through rosy, flowery meads.
Ah ! happy are the Muses bright,
Who gambol on Parnassus' height !

But why to night that throng so sad—
 Why now each Muse in mourning clad !
 Why now, instead of rosy wreaths,
 Each twines the weeping willow's leaves !
 Why all those lyres, with joy once strung,
 Now on the mournful cypress hung !
 Why heaves each snowy breast with grief,
 Those heavy sighs, Love's sweet relief !
 They weep in sympathy for one
 Whose earthly course for e'er is run ;—
 That one, the loveliest of the train,
 This night, in sadness, came again,
 After long years of bliss on earth,
 To seek the spot that gave her birth ;
 All her fond dreamings now are o'er—
 Death's dart hath struck her loved *Tom Moore* !

How mem'ry, turning, sadly lingers yet,
 O'er joys too dear, too lovely to forget !
 She thinks how long she sought in vain to find
 One sparkling genius, one congenial mind ;—
 And when she saw *Moore*, in his youthful pride,
 How quick, how joyful flew she to his side !
 She tuned anew his silver sounding lyre,
 Already brilliant with Castalian fire,—
 She taught his fancy's light to glow
 In hues as varied as the bow
 That spans the black cloud's fading form,
 When sunbeams kiss the passing storm.
 She moulded, polished every thought,
 With love's and truth's endearment fraught,
 Till, glowing 'neath her magic art,
 Its genial warmth enwrapt the heart
 In one bright focus of delight ;—
 Thoughts that like lenses blend the rays of light,
 But yet so loosely that each ray is bright—
 Truth twined so closely with love's sweet disguise,
 We're charmed with both, yet doubt which most we prize.

Sad Muse, 'tis lovely thus to weep
 O'er withered joys that buried sleep ;
 While round their graves Hope's angels moan,
 Like Niobe, till changed to stone !

And must I leave thee now, dear *Moore*—
 Must I thy loss so soon deplore !

I, who once taught thee those sweet tales,
 Sung by the bard of Cashmere's vales,
 Whose winning accents quickly took
 A pining captive, 'Lalla Rookh,'
 Who wept, when Azim's lovely bride
 Sunk, crushed beneath affliction's tide.
 'Fond maid,—the sorrow of her soul was such
 Even reason sunk, blighted beneath its touch;
 But though ere long her sanguine spirit rose
 Above the first dead pressure of its woes,
 Though health and bloom returned, the delicate chain
 Of thought, once tangled, never cleared again;—
 Warm, lively as in youth's happiest day,
 The mind was still all there, but turned astray—
 A wandering bark, upon whose pathway shone
 All stars of heaven, except the guiding one.'
 I, who the Peri's home regained,
 And brought to Eden pure, unstained—
 Must I now breathe the farewell sigh?—

O, would that poets could not die,
 These tearful eyes would now be dry.

Her sisters feel her voiceless grief,
 And kindly answer in relief;
 All that thou lovest of Moore still lives,
 His song, still sweet, pure pleasure gives.
 The rose perfumes the opening glade,
 More fragrant as its beauties fade.

This wins a bard immortal fame—
 This on our memories stamps his name—
 To utter thoughts we all have felt,
 Thoughts that have long impatient knelt
 At the heart's door for utterance,
 Yearning, passionate, intense;
 The bard that gives these captive thoughts a tongue,
 Sings sweeter far than other bards have sung.
 Think not that Poesy's too frail to endure—
 Like truth, it shines divinely pure.
 'The blind old man of chios' rocky isle,
 Doth still delight us, still our hours beguile.
 This binds our memories to Burns,
 And makes him dearer as each year returns;—
 Rome's glories yet may feel oblivion's pall—
 Burns' Highland Mary will outlive them all.

Greece' fame—her story be forgotten soon—
 But who can cease to cherish "Bonnie Doon!"
 Think not, sad Muse that poets ever die,
 True bards have registered their names on high.

All nature is one boundless field of song,
 Celestial beauties round our vision throng.
 Not for dull use alone was nature's plan,
 She strove to please, to cheer, to gladden man.
 The birds might build their little nests in Spring,
 And never pause their joyous songs to sing ;—
 The trees might glad us with autumnal fruit,
 And Spring's sweet blossoms ne'er our eyes salute ;—
 The brook might wind in silence through the grove,
 Nor think to murmur tributes of His love ;—
 The storm might pass in grandeur, solemn, slow,
 But beauty decks it with the bright rainbow ;—
 Ocean might rest, nor lash his sounding shore—
 Hush its huge voice, and cease its mighty roar ;—
 Morning might come, and sparkle not with dew,
 But nature's Author is to beauty true ;—
 The sun might sink in gloom each night to rest,
 Nor tinge the cloudlet's downy, blushing crest ;—
 The soul might grovel gloomy, dark, along,
 But He has cheered it with the Poet's song—
 He gilds its setting, like that sinking sun,
 More lovely as its earthly race is run ;
 Bards are His care, when He shall know decay,
Then, not till then, shall cease the Poet's Lay !—

Behold, and let thy tearful eyes be dry,
 Thy Poet lives—true Bards can never die.

They ceased,—her changing features joy now wore ;
 Close by her side, she saw the *immortal Moore*.
 Her lyre anew with sweeter chords she strung,
 And echoes listened to the lay she sung.

'Sweet isle of the Shamrock,' thy glad tributes bring
 To the Poet immortal, who sung thy sweet lays ;
 Still, still may thy maidens his melodies sing,
 As fresh o'er his grave they strew green laurel bays.

Ah ! Erin, when tyrants wring tear drops of wo,
 Let '*Oft in the Stilly Night*' sooth thee to rest ;
 Though gaunt Famine's form too, too well thou may'st know,
 Still cherish, still clasp thy loved bard to thy breast. MUSA.

"We are Passing Away."

THE instability of human things is a theme upon every tongue, and a truth deeply engraven upon every reflecting mind. The affairs of the world are ever changing, like the shifting scenes of a drama; one generation, with all its interests, passes away, and another generation cometh. Change and decay are written upon every object connected with man. The stern decree of Heaven pronounced upon a lapsed family, "dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return," seems to embrace all that appertains to the human race. Hence the futility of all those efforts which the aspiring and ambitious have employed to perpetuate their memory when they shall have passed like shadows from the earth. The monumental pile, the splendid mausoleum, and all that genius could devise and art construct, have mouldered like their founders. The all-wise Creator, to humble the pride, inspire reflection, and to teach man the lesson of his mortality, has surrounded him with objects which in their increase and decay exemplify in the most striking manner the various stages of human life. Who will not listen to the touching appeal and audible accents of Nature? They are as the voice of God. For we can trace, in the unvarying laws by which she governs her operations, the distinctive appointments of the Deity himself. Here, then, we may find a volume containing not man's shallow knowledge, but wisdom deeper than the unfathomed depths of ocean, and broad as earth itself. The crystal streams of instruction, ever emanating from this inexhaustible source, are equally free and intelligible to all. The works and operations of Nature are a living epistle of God, known and read of all men. The poverty-stricken wretch, borne down by the cares and toils of life, the victim of famishment and disease, as well as the rich and intelligent, may fix his languid eyes upon the starry vault of heaven, or upon the varying scenes of earth, and, looking through Nature up to Nature's God, gain instruction which he seeks in vain among the gilded productions of the human intellect.

Nature, annually, even daily, proclaims to man his short-lived existence. As the emerald hue of summer is destroyed by the chilly blasts of winter, so manhood's prime is soon followed by the frosts of age. The sun, as he travels in splendor his meridian heights, and sinking in the west buries his burning disc beneath the horizon, admonishes us of the solemn truth that we too are passing away. We are scarce permitted by the hasting monarch to enjoy the sweets or feel the thorns incident to any one period of life, before other scenes arise, and other operations claim our attention. But a moment is given us to contemplate the relation we bear to the world around us, then we are summoned to occupy different stations and to perform new duties. Thus, onward is the watchword. The past is wrapped in oblivion, while indistinct outlines of honor or wealth, towering in the

distance, are dimly seen by the uncertain twilight of the future, and like the deceitful mirage of the desert they inspire us with zeal to advance along the pathway of life. It may not be improper here to remark, that these visionary phantoms, though false and deceitful, exercise a most salutary influence over the human race. They bring into action every latent energy of the mind, and oftentimes prompt to noble and patriotic deeds, although when exhausted in the race, the successful candidate for fame may seek in vain the prize he saw stamped in living characters on the laurel wreath. In the distance it was rich and priceless, but when once obtained its wealth is passed away.

The morning of life, when the mind begins, like the opening flower which expands its petals to the early sun, first to develop its powers, is spent in interviews with ancient worthies, in separating from the dross of superstition and barbarism the rich pearls so abundant in the classics. The student wades through the philosophy of Plato, learns wisdom at the feet of Socrates, dwells on the lofty strains of Homer, or drinks in the pathetic melody of Virgil. Gems are dug from every mine of science and literature, and carefully preserved in the casket of memory. This is a season of enjoyment. The youth cherishes many overwrought and romantic hopes. Wherever he turns his eyes he is greeted with novel and lovely sights. Unacquainted with the schemes of mad ambition which distract the world, or with the follies and vices that destroy the fair prospects of the gladsome future, he looks only on the bright side of the picture, but fixing his eye steadily upon the beacon of hope, eagerly presses on with that wild cry, *Excelsior*, till he learns by sad experience the frailty of his expectations.

But the golden season of youth is of short duration. The academic grove must be changed for the contact of the giddy world. Former scenes fade upon the vision; they lie buried among the wrecks of by-gone days. And as the youth plants his foot upon the verge of manhood, mingles with the monster realities of life, and sees the unsubstantial pageant of former days dissolve, he feels impressively the truth that childhood and youth are vanity. View him as he engages in the whirl of business. On his horizon, which was clear and spotless, may be seen the gathering clouds; they grow darker and yet more dark, till, wafted on by freshening gales, the tempest bursts with all its fury on his head. Where now are his fondly cherished visions of the future? Where the air built castles, the work of many an idle hour? Swept away like mists before the morning sun. Thus are the schemes of man, the offspring of his brightest thoughts, frustrated by the cares and troubles incident to him.

History has acquainted us with individuals who have burst upon the world at distant intervals, like some blazing meteor, dazzling the eyes of the beholders. The brilliancy of their intellects, their giant minds and untiring zeal in the pursuit of preëminence, were themes of general admiration. They could no more be checked by difficulties and dangers, than the mountain torrent can be stayed by the petty obsta-

cles it meets in its wild career down the rocky steep. But just as the world began to feel and appreciate their worth, and was ready to exclaim, such gifts are worthy immortality, they had passed from among the living. Such a man was Luther. Bold and enterprising in the work to which he was most evidently called, his power, zeal, and influence seem at no time more imperiously needed by the world, than at the very moment that he vanished from the earth. All experience proves that thus pass away alike the great and the humble, the useful citizen and the bramble of society, with only this difference, one falls as falls "the stranger in the crowded streets of busy London—a short pause, a few inquiries, and the crowds pass on;" while for the other, a nation is clad in mourning.

The fear of being forgotten, that dread that the tomb shall swallow up the name as well as the body, has in every age prompted men to measures to perpetuate their memories. The warrior, actuated by this desire of rendering his name immortal, rushes to the battle-field, with coolness and undaunted courage faces the cannon's mouth, and drenches the earth with the gore of his fellows. How vain the effort! time rolls on, the strong arm is paralyzed by age, and the proud hero of the bloody field sleeps with the humble and penniless beggar. The kings and rulers have erected gorgeous palaces and towering monuments to attain this coveted end. "Though these have survived the names of those who reared them," even these fall victims to the merciless tooth of time, and like the nameless builders, soon moulder into dust.

Those mighty monuments of national folly and vanity, the Pyramids of Egypt, still lift their towering tops to heaven, and cumber the earth with their massive forms; but where are the generations by whom they were constructed? where the civil and political institutions of the Ptolemies and Pharaohs? These mighty molehills of the desert, that were designed to commemorate their glory, and tell posterity their fame, have failed to subserve the purposes of their projectors, and have not even protected the remains of the noble dead from violence and rapine. The remorseless Arab tears from the tomb the bones of the dead, and scatters them abroad to bleach on the sandy waste. The tourist beholds these mournful wrecks of former greatness, wanders through the desolate uninhabited cities, once teeming with life, and feels his heart sink within him, as he learns the lesson so impressively taught, by these mementoes of decay. Nations as well as individuals pass away.

We need but cast our eyes across the Atlantic, to see many illustrations of this truth. There we may see the remains of many great empires which have had a proud existence in the book of time, and whose history may be briefly recorded—they rose, reigned, and fell. Other kingdoms, which had been as minor constellations, have merged from their obscurity, and are now enjoying the spring-time of their existence, in their turn must also fade from the map of time. Americans need not look beyond the watery waste, to behold the remains of

power. On our own continent, the curious traveler has discovered much to excite wonder and astonishment. In the dense and almost unbroken shades of the mighty forests of Mexico and Guatamala, monuments speaking of better days stand out in bold and solitary grandeur, their hoary sides adorned with sculpture, and inscribed in a tongue long since palsied by age. Who shall trace out and reveal these mysteries? Who shall make known to the world the mysteries of Copan and Palenqua? 'The historic page, or legendary tale, which recorded their honor and magnificence, is torn from the book of Time. Not a gleam of light rests upon their history. All is wrapt in one impenetrable pall of darkness. "On their fallen fame, exultant, mocking at the pride of man, sits grim forgetfulness." These nations doubtless were once mighty on the earth. Now a mass of rock only tell that they have lived. They add their testimony, and serve to confirm and impress this mournful truth :

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that wealth, all that beauty ever gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour ;—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

H. D. B.

Evening Thoughts.

At eventide, when the call to prayer
Rings out on the silent autumn air—
Through the wood's dim aisles, and on waters wide,
Where the fisher-boat sleeps on the glassy tide—
When the sun, declining, sheds a ray
Of softened light on the towers gray—
Through the dark old elms, and on the wall,
Where the shades of evening alternate fall—
Where the golden leaves, in the sunset's glow,
Wave gently and silently to and fro ;
And the Indian Summer's dreamy spell
Is on the hill-side, and in the dell—
When the solemn notes of the evening hymn
Swell through the chapel's twilight dim ;—
Oh then, borne up on its music meet,
The thoughts are hast'ning loved ones to greet,—
Thoughts of scenes that were like to this,
Where such sounds were heard in joyousness,
When the village bell gave its music forth,

'Mid the dark pine woods of the rocky North—
 Or its echoes rang through the forest deep,
 Where Southern streams to the ocean sweep—
 Or over the prairie's waste of flowers,
 In the solemn stillness of sabbath hours—
 Of home, and the loved ones, far away,
 Come thronging then, at the close of day.
 Then dreams of fame flee the burning mind,
 As the flushed cheek cooled by the evening wind;
 And yearnings strange fill the softened heart,
 That with proud ambition have no part.

At the noontide of a life well spent,
 Of glorious thought and action blent;
 When a summons comes through the vaulted air,
 And the silent aisles of the heart at prayer—
 And o'er the tide of subsiding care,
 When the sun of life sheds its sunset ray
 O'er the dark'ning past of life's long way,
 And a glow of memory leaves behind
 In the tremulous thoughts of the old man's mind—
 Oh! then, the soul to communion high,
 Is borne, as by heavenly melody!
 Thoughts of a home in the distant sky;
 And loved ones gone flit before his eye;—
 The world has fled with its dreams afar;
 The soul is wrapped in a voiceless prayer,
 Fading away, as the evening fair,
 On the stillness hushed of the autumn air.

HESPERION.

Machiavelli.

THE character and motives of Machiavelli have been most unequivocally condemned, by the generality of mankind. In the estimation of the multitude, no epithet seems too vile to be applied to him. The decisions of the majority, however, upon the character of individuals, are often erroneous; inasmuch as a very accurate knowledge of the circumstances in which a man is placed, is requisite, in judging of him. The world is constantly undergoing changes, and, consequently, different lines of conduct become necessary at different periods. In the present instance, there are numerous circumstances

that lead one to question the justice of the vulgar decision. Let us divest ourselves of all prejudice; let us, if possible, disperse the clouds of calumny and detraction, that shroud the virtues, and magnify the faults of Machiavelli, and endeavor to form a correct opinion of him, by a careful examination of history and the facts in the case.

To one unacquainted with the history of Italy, Machiavelli's writings must seem strange and repulsive, since we find in them passages indicating the greatest obliquity of moral principle; thoughts, that the most hardened criminal would blush to own, professed with incredible coolness and audacity. They contain directions for lines of conduct, which we often follow, but are startled to behold exposed in all their naked deformity. The best known of his works are, "The Art of War," and "The Prince," and it is from these alone that an estimate has been formed of his character. Surely, the "Art of War" can give rise to no bad opinion of the man, for it is not only perfectly free from all objectionable sentiments, but, in the opinion of all good judges, merits unqualified approbation. Its clearness and beauty of style is such, that even the reader, ignorant of the art it teaches, is charmed by it; while the soldier is deeply impressed by its wise and prudent maxims. To "The Prince" then must we look, in order to find the cause of the opprobrium that has been heaped upon the author.

This treatise has been misunderstood by a great many. Some have considered that it was written to teach tyrants the art of keeping their subjects under control; others, that it was a deep laid plot for the destruction of Lorenzo de Medici, by urging him to employ such measures as would incite his subjects to revolt. Others, again, have supposed it to be a piece of grave irony.

That Machiavelli was no friend to tyranny and oppression, in any form, is sufficiently evident, from the account we have of his life, which I will give in brief.

He was born at Florence, in 1469, of a noble family. There is but little known of his private life, which is good evidence that it was irreproachable; since, had it not been so, his numerous calumniators would have so informed us. He was engaged in the service of the State nearly all his lifetime, and, although he was at last ignominiously turned out of office, and imprisoned by his ungrateful country, he never sought vengeance for his wrongs. He filled the office of Secretary of State in Florence, fourteen years, and found leisure, amid the multifarious duties of his office, to go on many foreign embassies. Although nominally a Roman Catholic, he was not at all backward in calling attention to the corruptions of the court of Rome, which he did, in a passage so terribly severe, that it has gained him the enmity of the whole Church. At the end of fourteen years, he was turned out of his office of Secretary, by the power which had then become dominant, and prohibited from entering the "Public palace." Soon after, he was arrested and cast into prison, where he suffered a short but rigorous confinement. After his release, he em-

ployed himself in writing "The Prince," and in other literary pursuits until his death, which took place in the year 1527.

Can any one suppose that *this man* would labor to uphold tyranny?

Nor would he resort to dissimulation, to deep laid plots, to ruin his enemies. He was always straight forward, bold and daring. If he had designed "The Prince" for public perusal, he would not have placed it, as he did, in the hands of a single individual. Machiavelli has told us, in "The Prince" itself, what was the design of this work. He says—"it being my intention to write what may be useful to men of intelligence, it has seemed to me more to the purpose, to follow the practical truth of things, than any visions of the imagination. * * * * * The manner in which men live is so different from that in which they ought to live, that one, who leaves what is for what ought to be, is in the high road to ruin; * * * * * it is therefore necessary for a prince, if he would sustain himself, to learn how not to be good sometimes, and to use that knowledge according to the exigency of the case." In another place he says—"How honorable it is in a prince to maintain good faith, and act with integrity, every one must be sensible. Yet experience hath shown us that those princes of our own times, who have made the least account of their word, have done the greatest things. I will even venture to assume that the semblance of good qualities is useful, while their reality may be prejudicial."

It is plain to be seen that the rule of action laid down in "The Prince" is one of pure selfishness. The author did not intend "The Prince" for a treatise on morality; but for an art of politics, a system of expediency. He does not himself uphold tyranny; but shows how it *may* be upheld. You can find various passages in his writings, wherein he condemns tyranny in the strongest terms, taking as examples Agathocles, Ferdinand, and Cæsar.

It is true indeed that two of Machiavelli's principles—dissimulation, and disregard of faith, when there is anything to be gained by so doing—cannot fail to be condemned. These, however, should be considered rather the fault of the age, than the man. There is a strange inconsistency in his writings. They contain sentiments of the most incongruous nature. In the compass of a single page, we find acts of the most different character, calling forth alike, expressions of unqualified approbation. The writer, at one moment, seems to have a very acute, at another moment, a very blunt moral sensibility.

The man and his writings are an enigma, to the unraveling of which the only clue is the state of moral feeling among the Italians of that period, since it is most probable, that Machiavelli was, at least in some degree, imbued with the spirit of the then existing society. At this juncture, society, in Italy, was in a most degraded condition. The sun of civilization, which was pouring its morning beams on the rest of Europe, dispersing the mists of ignorance and superstition, which had so long brooded over the land, was unable to penetrate the thick cloud of papal oppression, misrule, and wickedness, which shrouded

the fair shores of Italy. Humanity recoils from the heart-sickening picture of flagrant wickedness, soul-debasing tyranny, and triumphant treachery, which the annals of that period present. This was the age of Cæsar Borgia, the most infamous monster that ever polluted the earth. It was the age of Lucretia Borgia; of Alexander the Sixth; and of Oliverotto. The history of all these persons is well known; and we will not stop to describe them. Suffice it to say, that Italy, at this time, was in a most demoralized state; true morality was unknown; and, provided an end was gained, no regard was paid to the means by which it was accomplished.

Is it strange, then, that Machiavelli, living in such society as this, was tainted by the universal corruption? Each age has its peculiar vices, and is but too prone to condemn the vices of earlier ages, while it overlooks its own. "We see the mote in our brother's eye." Viewed in connexion with those of his own age, Machiavelli's character appears to great advantage. In whatever he differed from his associates, he differed for the better.

Machiavelli's writings were, at first, received with great favor by all. They would never have excited the odium which they did, had it not happened that they contained very severe strictures upon the church of Rome. They were prohibited by the Council of Trent. The prohibition was, however, taken off, after a few unimportant passages had been stricken out. Machiavelli was not only a political writer, but also a dramatist, a poet, and a historian. His history of Florence is one of the finest special histories that we have. In candor, clearness, and beauty of style, it is equalled by few. Much might be said concerning his dramatic and poetical works, but our limits forbid. Suffice it to say, that these, by their beauty of language, delicacy of sentiment, and richness of imagery, fully sustain the reputation of their author.

D. P. S.

Raising "Old Nick."

[FROM AN UNPUBLISHED AUTOBIOGRAPHY.]

WHEN at this distant day I sit down to narrate the events of my "most eventual history," I am often surprised at the vividness with which some of them present themselves. Scenes which have been unthought of for years, at the summons of memory, once more arise in so clear a light, that the smallest particulars, the most minute points, are clearly discernible. And in no one instance is this more the case, than that which I shall now attempt to set before you.

It was in my eighth year. During my childhood I had read with the most intense delight all those little nursery rhymes that are usually

placed in the hands of children, the melodies of Mother Goose—the pathetic story of Cock Robin—the Babes in the Wood—Jack the Giant Killer, &c., and thought them wonderful. But when these began to appear childish or had been almost committed to memory from frequent reading over, it so chanced that there fell into my hands a copy of those wondrous tales, *The Arabian Nights*. Whatever may have been my delight in perusing the forementioned productions, you may well know that in devouring this, it was increased an hundred fold. For so enrapt did I become in it, that the exterior world was entirely lost to my vision; I lived but among the characters and objects therein portrayed; I suffered untold agonies with Hassan in the cave of the Forty Thieves—I rode the magic horse with the king's son—and oh! how I trembled at the approach of the dread genius, obeying the commands of the magician in the story of Aladdin's Lamp! So much was my imagination excited by this book that I was under its supreme control; when the book was before me I could scarcely be dragged away from it, and when it was out of my sight, its strange stories still haunted me.

Just at this time, when I was continually dwelling in enchanted castles; standing in awe by the side of some stern magician, or fearfully surrounded by mysterious genii, by chance I formed an acquaintance that by no means tended to better my condition; that of an Irish cobbler. He had but lately set up his little shop in our village, yet was already well known to all the boys of my own age in the place. He was a true son of Erin, and possessed all the peculiarities of his countrymen; a natural overflowing good-humor, a love for all amusement, and a gift of language so peculiarly the characteristic of his race. Yet he was very ignorant, and beyond his Bible, interpreted to his understanding by numerous outlandish illustrations, he possessed but one other book in the world, and "thereby hangs the tale."

He was a great story teller, and nothing seemed to delight him more, than when the labor of the day was ended, to gather around him us boys and pour into our attentive ears his unending store of tales, ranging through all the realms of fancy and imagination, and all tinted more or less with that ingredient I loved the best, the supernatural. While summer lasted with its long twilight and mild breezes, we would cluster around him as he sat in his shop door, and by our entreaties often keep him till the shades of night had gathered thick around us. But when the cold winds of winter began to approach, he would admit the larger ones of us into his little room, and there, while the stove glowed with heat, entertain us with the accustomed evening repast.

The place was very small, and, besides his working bench, could contain but one little three-legged stool. The sides of the room were of the roughest boards, unadorned, with the exception of a single picture, obtained from some itinerant peddler, which represented St. Patrick, his great namesake, in the act of expelling all the snakes and frogs from Ireland. In the evening the only light was obtained from a far-

thing-candle, precariously stuck in the mouth of a large black bottle, unto whose sides the remnants of former candles most lovingly did cling. But here would we be content to stand around and listen to marvelous adventures of divers Irish gentlemen, who had been beset with witches ; to the varied history of children stolen by the gipsies, or the dreadful fate of persons who had failed to profit by the example of Dr. Faustus, and sold themselves to his satanic majesty, until the space between the shop and our house, when it was time for myself and the son of our black nurse, an almost constant companion, to go home, would become filled with more hobgoblins, witches, and beings of another and worse world, than were seen by Tam O'Shanter in "Allo-way's auld haunted kirk."

After we had enjoyed Pat's stories all to ourselves for some time, we were finally alarmed by an intrusion upon our private circle, by the apprentice of the village tailor. But, to say the truth, we had by this time become a great nuisance to Pat, and he had not been so very obliging of late, as at our first acquaintance.

This young man besides, gave Pat something else to think of during the long winter nights, than the stories which he was pleased, to our no small dislike and Pat's no great pleasure, to call "great lies made just to scare green-uns." Yet, he himself was the greatest braggart, and at the same time, the greatest coward imaginable ; he was afraid to be alone in the dark, yet continually boasted of his courage, and while he laughed at us for believing in the supernatural, not a rat could squeak under the floor, but that he started, trembled, and turned as white as his collar.

His great attraction for Pat was his knowledge of playing cards, a pack of which was in his possession. This art Pat was desirous of learning, both to increase his acquirements and while away the tedious hours of the night. Though no table could be brought into the shop, a substitute was soon contrived. A square pine board that had once served as a lid to some candle box, was nicely balanced on the centre of Pat's working bench, and that there might be light, the black bottle on one side was always balanced by a heavy cobbler's hammer on the other. And thus the players at either end of the bench, found that with a little caution and dexterity they could play away with as much security as though possessed of a table *bona fide*.

Here was an end to all enjoyment if this was allowed to continue ; and some of the boys, unknown to me, determined to break it up or have some sport in the attempt, at least. The contrivance for a table pointed out the plan of attack. Since the work bench at night was always drawn around from its place next the wall, and set in the middle of the shop between the door and the stove on the farside, it suggested itself to the enemy that if they could unperceived fasten a cord to the foreside of the board, balanced on the bench for playing, bring it down under the bench, and conduct it outside under the door, by a sudden jerk they might produce such a sudden and alarming revolution of things on the inside, as would be quite astonishing.

The night came round on which they determined to carry their design into execution, but still I heard nothing of it. It was a cold winter night, with a slight snow on the ground, that creaked as you walked over it. I, with my faithful Achates, the black boy, once more was in the shop; and, besides the apprentice and Pat, there were none others. The wind howled without, the night was dark and cold, and everything invited a story, and a story I must have. I teased and teased, until Pat, having lost his Jack at seven-up, by having his attention distracted by me, suddenly turned his full reservoir of hard names upon me, and had nearly overwhelmed me; but soon repenting, pulling from his bosom the queer book, which I have mentioned as the only one he possessed besides his Bible, he told me, if I would keep myself still, I might have that, and it would satisfy me with strange sights forever; for, said he, by reading three lines in the right place, and at the right time, quickly and backwards, you can raise "Old Nick" whenever you want him. It was an antiquated looking volume, with black cover, red edges, and brazen clasps. I had promised, much to the relief of the brave apprentice, not to open it till I was alone; so I could not tell just then what was within. What a treasure though! all the wild tales I had read now rushed upon me, and I already saw the castles rising in the air, reared by the spirit which I had at last under my own command. While I was closely examining the book, and the black boy was almost white with fear, lest I should open it, one of the conspirators against Pat's recreation entered; the cord was arranged successfully, and he carelessly retired.

Just as he went out a great altercation ensued between the players—"Board's up"—"Board's down," I heard repeated louder and louder. Now was my chance. I unclasped the book; it was old English; my great desire enabled me to quickly spell it backward;—just as I had accomplished the third line, the black boy and the tailor's apprentice both saw me. When—Heaven save us! what had I done! A lurid flame shot across the room, and a cracking, crashing noise near the stove sounded like the rattling of rusty chains; a wooly head was jammed into my face, a bony hand was on my throat, and

"At once there rose so wild a yell,
Within that dark and narrow cell,
As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell."

I gave one faint struggle to free myself, muttered one cry for help, and all was mantled in gloom. I had fainted. When I awoke, I was still in the shop. Pat was gathering up the cards and pieces of glass that lay scattered in every part of the room, and throwing them into the fire; the apprentice was stoutly denying the assertion of the boys, now gathered around, that when they rushed in they had found him coiled up in one corner, too scared to look up; while my black Achates, the marks of whose nails were upon my throat, and whose ter-

rific scream has frightened me out of my wits, grinning, declared, with a shake of his head, that *he* believe it was the "*dehle*" yet.

What became of the book I have never learned; but have seen many a prayer-book since, that much resembled it. Years have passed since the occurrence, but it is as bright in my recollection as yesterday, and I shall never forget it.

My Star.

AMID the worlds that blaze afar,
There twinkles one, a tiny star,
That seems to me
As coyly peeping from the sky,
As from a veil of azure dye
Some sweet Sultana's precious eye,
That few may see.

Unskilled in Astronomic lore,
Amassed in ages 'gone before,'
I cannot tell
If 'neath the "*Virgin's*" hovering wing,
Or where old *Cepheus* sits, a king,
This little, trembling, glimmering thing
Is wont to dwell.

For me, 'tis full enough to know
That, when I flee from toil and wo,
To rest and dreams;
And sings the Fall's Aeolian Choir
To dancing leaves, in gay attire;
Serenely points our village spire
To those faint gleams.

Dear, gentle gleams! they bring to me
Sweet thoughts of one I used to see—
To love me given;
For, ere she soared to her bright home,
She pointed to that star-lit dome,
And sweetly murmured—"Soon I'll roam
Those fields of Heaven;—

And often will I fold my wings
 And pour the notes an angel sings,
 From yon dim star ;
 And though thy mortal ear may miss
 Tones ringing from those realms of bliss ;—
 When rustling leaves sweet zephyrs kiss,
 Breathed from afar,

My spirit-tones, in earthly form,
 (As *God* is vocal in the *storm*)
 Then may'st thou hear ;—
 The imaged rush of Seraph wings,
 As gently sweeping golden strings,
 Jehovah's praise the Seraph sings,
 In accents clear."

Whene'er I list an autumn breeze
 So softly sighing 'mid the trees—
 Breathing from far ;
 I quickly fix my ardent gaze,
 Not upon worlds that *brightest* blaze,
 But where out peep the timorous rays
 Of that wee star !

Then seems to sing a heavenly voice,
 Of one all pure 'mid heavenly joys,
 Enthroned above ;
 I nightly hear, ere sunk to rest,
 A summons sweet, to me addressed—
 To dwell for aye among the blest,
 Where all is love !

B.

The Battle Field.

THERE is a principle deeply implanted in the human heart, which has, in every age, impelled men to strive for distinction, and struggle for lasting glory. Nor has it influenced individuals merely ; whole nations have felt its intoxicating power, and actuated by its promptings have endeavored, by deeds of superlative greatness, to gain never-fading renown. This principle has given rise, in a great measure, to the tragical events of History, and has acted no second part in bringing about those great revolutions which have both cursed and blessed mankind. Nay, so universal has its maddening influence been felt in

time past, that the human race present the character of a great tribe of Ishmaelites, and the world of an extensive battle field.

Though this principle has been the cause of numerous and great evils, still acting as a great volcanic power to move, from its lowest depths, the stagnating pool of humanity, it has served to purify it, and advance the condition of mankind. And when modified by civilization and Christianity, it becomes a most efficient motive power to urge men to deeds of benevolence and greatness, which ultimates directly in elevating society and blessing the human race.

It has been the prevailing belief of past ages, and has even come down to us, that the battle field is the great fit place to gratify this immortal principle of the soul, and to gain an honorable existence in the memory of mankind. The ancients, while they ostracized their true patriots, and administered hemlock to their most distinguished philosophers and orators, deified their victorious commanders, and reared magnificent statues in commemoration of their illustrious deeds. And while they kept no record of the natal spots of their sweet singing poets, and of their polished and refined literary men, they regarded their battle fields as places enchanted, and deemed them hallowed spots. And in modern times we look upon our Bonapartes, our Wellingtons, our Lafayettes, our Washingtons, and our Taylors, as more than men. And we regard with almost religious scruple our Waterloos, our Bunker Hills, our Monmoths, our Yorktowns, and our Buena Vistas; and well we may, for they have witnessed inexpressible sufferings, have drank the blood of patriots, and have become great burial grounds.

It is right and highly proper that we should deem him worthy of our lasting memory and gratitude, who, fearless of danger and regardless of suffering, has borne forward the standard of liberty, and has dedicated his life to the service of his country and race. And it is rational that we regard, with interest and respect, those spots that have witnessed the triumphs of liberty over tyranny, and that remind us of self-denying and patriotic effort. But indiscriminate worship of battle fields, and deifying of military heroes, are at once unworthy of an enlightened age and Christian people. Such a spirit retards the advancement of truth, and robs Christianity of much of its disseminating power. It causes mankind to overlook real merit and disregard moral worth.

Thanks be to God, the days of chivalry and violence are passing away, and a new, bloodless, and world-extensive battle field presents itself, on which the ambitious may gather honors that shall retain their living freshness, long after the laurels of chieftains have withered and perished. A battle field where the intellectual and moral hero may distinguish himself, and gain a fame that will grow brighter, and still brighter, when every vestige of military prowess has been blotted out, and oblivion has become the portion of earth's enslavers. Truth's battle field, where men are saved, not slain, where liberty is extended, not destroyed, and where the interests of civilization and Christianity

are not disregarded, but in the highest degree promoted. Let others wear their plumes and epaulets, and pave their pathway with the bodies of their slain, but give us the unembellished armor of truth, to labor unobserved, as a private soldier, for the triumph of true freedom. Let others lay their ashes beneath cloud-piercing monuments, that laud their bloody achievements to astonished posterity, but let us sleep beneath a humble slab, honestly preserving the memory of a soldier, valiant in the cause of truth. Give us but a single laurel leaf, plucked from truth's battle field, and we ask nothing more. B.

Editor's Table.

WITH that most profound bow, we come before you, dear reader, with our usual store. But before we can have our accustomed chit-chat with you, that frown must be removed from your brow. We are a little behind our time; but like a boy with a broken pitcher, we can say, "we didn't go to." The fact is, "accidents *will* happen in the best regulated establishments." Have you never, at the close of some afternoon in summer, when the sun had slackened his fierce fires, and the refreshing breeze had begun to revive exhausted nature, supposing that it would be a good long time before "prayers" determined to take a stroll towards the Bay, or East Rock; or, perhaps, admiring the beauties of the goodly city of New Haven, strolled forgetfully along under its elms, until you were suddenly arrested in your course by the well known sound of the distant college bell? and in spite of all your hurry, running until flushed with heat and out of breath, have you not seen the relentless monitor, as you rushed late into the chapel, coolly mark you accordingly? And did there not at the moment arise within your breast the generous resolve, that if ever you became a monitor you would give the fellows a chance? We know there did. Now you are a monitor, and we ask that you "do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Time has gained a march upon us, and in spite of all our haste we are tardy. As you seem to be mollified now, we will drop this rather unpleasant subject, and proceed.

We need not ask how it has been with you since we last saw you, for how could it be but "first rate." Home always has its enjoyments, and for no one more than the student, whose short absence from them but tends to heighten them on his return. But did you ever pass a vacation in New Haven? We will believe, through respect for your wisdom, that you never did; but such things have been done. We plead guilty to the folly of having done so no longer ago than last vacation. And such a vacation! The first few days went well enough, to be sure,—that much we could enjoy negatively. But when we became tired of doing nothing, and yet found nothing to do, we began fast to sink into that unhappy state—the blues.

There lay the old college, "long, low, and dark," like a suspicious craft at sea. Without a living soul about it, wrapt in silence, save when the tree-frog set up his monotonous song, or the sleepy bell slowly tolled the passing hour, with shutters all fastened and doors all closed, it looked like "desolation made desolate." But New

Haven was still left! Yes, it was *left*—by all who could get away—and was as *still* as a Sabbath morn. The life of Chapel street, that great artery, ebbed slowly away, day by day, from the first, until, before the vacation had fairly set in, its pulse was gone entirely. Those beautiful faces, that smile so lovingly along its walks through all the term, had suddenly departed—why, we shall not say—whither, we cannot tell. One remnant of the past, however, lingered lovingly around the place—the “organ-grinders.” And the solace of their sweet strains was a great relief to a melancholy spirit. You have heard them, reader, and have no doubt marked their peculiarities. You have seen the German, dreamingly turning away at *his* organ, as though his chief object in playing was to frighten away any vagrant ideas that might otherwise obtrude themselves upon his mind; or the Italian, playing a waltz for his little puppets, to whom the jingling of silver seemed much pleasanter music than that made by himself. But have you ever seen Brother Jonathan in the trade! We think not—and we put it down as a “streak of good luck,” that this *rara avis* appeared to us. Jonathan in this, as in everything else, is truly original. One would suppose he played but for the love of music. To be sure, he is “very thankful for small favors, and for large ones in proportion;” but that is not *the* object of his playing. With eyes wide open, and ears erect, the music seems to absorb his entire soul. You can see his enthusiasm in everything. Other persons in his trade have some respect for personal comfort, placing themselves in a safe and easy position—supporting an awning post, or the side of a house; but Jonathan has forgotten *himself*, and there he goes, dodging and capering around in the middle of the street, one moment letting out some shrill note under the nostrils of a terrified steed, and the next bringing his store-house of mellifluous notes in rather close proximity to the wheels of a passing butcher-cart. He evidently has studied his trade; see with what artistic effect he turns his crank, interspersing what would otherwise be a monotonous grind, with numerous sudden, lively jerks, sending the frightened note forth with an emphasis. Now he slowly, but decidedly turns out the grumbling barytone, and again returns with evident delight to the quick, rattling notes, like those of Yankee Doodle, as heard at general muster. The arcadian pipe is always close at hand—lip rather—held to its place by a flaring red, yellow, and blue handkerchief, to help out the organ when its *low* notes (“few and far between”) would not be apt to reach the ear; but then he shows himself a worthy successor of the sylvan god; its notes can only be surpassed by the “vile squeaking of the wry-neck’d fife.” The jews-harp is wanting; for even Jonathan’s ingenuity has not devised any plan to draw forth its sweet notes without the “laying on of hands.”

But this *relief* wore itself out, and as it continually intruded upon us, it began to grow entirely too much of a good thing, and what were our pleasures became our tortures. We will not pain you, however, with a recital of all we suffered, while you were away and rejoicing, but say we were “amazingly well pleased” when that old bell once more tumbled out the announcement that vacation was over.

We should feel delinquent, did we leave out of our table all notice of some of the important events which have transpired since we last had the pleasure of appearing before you.

“Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque Yalenses
Cantabunt Soboles, unanimique Patres,”

is the motto inscribed beneath the figure on our title-page; and recreant indeed would we be to pass over the last anniversary of Yale, without at least a passing word. Yale's one hundred and fiftieth birth-day was celebrated in a manner becoming her station and her worth. Never have our old alms looked down upon a more brilliant or talented assemblage than was gathered beneath their over-spreading branches on that joyous occasion. The old, the middle-aged, and the young, gathered from every part of our wide extended country; all had come up together to do honor to their common mother.

"E longinquo convenerunt,
Protinusque successerunt,
In commune forum."

The old man, whose hairs Time had sprinkled with snow, came to look at the field of his first battles, and call back the pleasant scenes of his boyhood once more before he died; the man of middle age, who in the rude contact with the cold world had lost some of the fire of his youth, came to replenish his torch again at the altar where had been lighted in his soul the first sparks of a generous ambition, and renew the friendships that a long separation had estranged; the young man came because he could not stay away from such a jubilee.

The address of our venerable President, to the Alumni, displayed his usual patient research, and that lively spirit which marks him as a speaker, and was generally most admiringly received. We can speak at no great length of it in passing; but, if rather long, as hinted by some, we consider it but tended to heighten the enjoyment of those who could not live on intellectual food alone, at that dinner which immediately succeeded it. And about that dinner. We fortunately became one of those inside of the tent, (no matter how we got there,) under which it was given, and we can testify to the powers of all true Yalensians in one respect at least. We *understand* that the material part of the feast was excellent, and we can testify that the intellectual part was truly "a feast of reason and a flow of soul." Presided over by the portraits of Yale and the previous Presidents of the institution, the sons of Yale, with the distinguished guests present, spent the hours till sunset, with mirth and wisdom so intermingled that satiety arose from neither, and the sun went down too soon for all. Of the numerous fine things said, of the odes so finely sung, we have not space to speak; but must say, that so long as Yale can call around her so many faithful, noble sons, as paid her homage then, she may glory in her strength, and bid defiance to Time, as with "effacing fingers" he erases the monuments of the past.

Of the oration and poem before the Phi Beta Kappa, and the Commencement exercises of the next day, we can only say, that with the exception of the poem, they were of the common grade of such performances. The poem, which has since been published, is in many parts beautiful, in some witty, and is generally marked with that smooth versification for which Mr. Holmes is so noted. The principal defect, however, is want of unity. The parts of the poem seem like "beauteous pearls at random strung."

AUTUMN is again with us, and we only regret that so many poets and editors before have heaped their compliments upon him in such numbers, that there are scarcely any left for us to use. But we must say, we consider him a kind old friend,

sober withal, but not without a kind heart within him. Though he goes about robbing the trees and shrubs of their gay summer robe, how often does he seem from pity, to halt in his work of destruction, and put on the kindest smile of Summer. Like a judge, he seems to be weighing the claims of Summer and Winter; when he leans towards the one, the sun breaks forth, the birds once more take up their song, and Nature smiles; when to the other,

"Then falls the frost from the clear, cold heavens,
As falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of her smile is gone
From upland glade and glen."

We shall not moralize upon the season, but leave you to your own thoughts upon the subject. If young, let Autumn be to you the type of maturer years, when you shall reap the fruit of the seeds you are now planting; if you feel yourself becoming rather "ancient," and fast sinking into "the sere and yellow leaf," let it teach you that all earthly things must change, and as the flowers of summer wither at the approach of winter, so fade the hopes of youth as age creeps over us.

OUR MAGAZINE now enters upon its sixteenth year. Yes, "fair sixteen" has dawned upon it; and the fondest parents cannot be more rejoiced when they behold their only daughter just budding into maturity, than every true Yalensian, as he sees our dear *Maga* putting on the first year of maidenhood—

"Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet."

It is really something to boast of, that we have reared our favorite to such an age; and we can now entertain the fond hope that it will continue to grow in beauty and strength as each year passes by. It however depends upon the public spirit of college, which we feel, however, will not be wanting. Subscriptions and contributions must be freely bestowed upon it. Let the Magazine be considered, as it really is, not a party, not a class, but a college Magazine; and let no one, who supposes he has a piece fit for its pages, be backward in offering it, and hereafter, as heretofore, it will stand a glorious index of the talent and liberality of Yale.

We had a word of advice laid by for the "young gentlemen who have lately entered college," but their late unprecedented *success* (?) on the foot-ball ground and elsewhere, has led us to suppose it would be useless. However, as they have by this time, doubtless, acquired a taste for *smoking*, we hope they did not fail, in this "weak, piping time of peace," to take advantage of the advent of the noted "Wandering Jew," to repair the damages of war. "Oh, yeah, shentlemans, dey iah de real meer-schaum; I pay jist forty-five—no—jist forty francs for him in Germany. Now you got any old pair of pants, I give him to you. So you make a fine bargain. Gott bless you! Gott bless you!"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

That poem on the "Parthenon" has been laid in the coffin; it was voted decidedly as "*The non par.*" The author can obtain it by calling.

"Republicanism" has also been rejected.


"Lambia," though short, is not very sweet. We would advise him to try again, give something longer, and, if possible, something more original.

The piece upon "Electra" had merits, but was of too great length.

The piece by "Rob" did not come quite soon enough for insertion into the body of our Magazine; but lest the beauties of his production should be entirely lost to our readers, we venture to insert the following quotation. His subject, which, we are sorry to say, he did not put at the head of his piece, seems to be the "*Ultra Reformers*." "While we have the best right in the world to *grovel* at those slow-movers, who are continually pulling back, and, as it were, clogging the wheels of progress; at the same time, we have as good a right to laugh at those audacious pioneers of civilization, who, leaving behind the great body of mankind, go plunging into regions which the light of advancement has not yet penetrated; where they are as likely to be guilty of absurd blunders, as the inhabitants of the dark ages, upon whom they look with so much surprise and pity." Now for his illustration. "They forcibly remind us of the boys who run along with a procession of soldiers. Astraddle of some stick hobby, they go prancing up and down away in front, with all the pride of leaders; until, getting beyond the reach of the music, they *turn around the wrong corner*, and only find out their mistake, when looking back, they find themselves at the *tail end* of the body they thought to *head*." We think the author rather pushes things to *extremities* here, yet the prevailing sentiment of the piece is good.

The article by Q. we are sorry did not come in time for publication.

We can only account for the dearth of contributors, from the pleasantness of the fine autumn weather. We hope, however, that the cold winds and frosts of winter may soon appear to prick their energies, and lead them to exert themselves for our successor, though forgetful of us. It may seem strange for editors to be continually drumming for contributors, since they are supposed to be fully capable of performing the whole *Herculean labor* of getting up the Magazine. Yet we wish that our friends would consider that the Magazine should be an index of the mind of the whole college, not entirely of a few individuals.

 All communications for the next number must be handed in immediately.

OUR EXCHANGES.

We have upon our table, "The Nassau Literary Magazine," for September, but have not yet received the October number. We do not fear, however, but that this excellent college production, hitherto so regular, will yet appear. We also acknowledge the advent of the "Indicator." The "Ciceronian Magazine," conducted by the Ciceronian Society of Georgetown College, Kentucky, we heartily welcome. May it succeed in its object! its neat appearance and good matter certainly deserve it. We have no doubts but that, as the editors suggest, the West is fully able and willing to support a college magazine, especially when presented in as neat a form, and displaying such ability, as the Ciceronian.

CONTENTS.

Chayandanequa,	
The Parallel to the Misery and Glory of War,	
Thomas Carlyle and his Literary Career,	
In Memory of —	
The Hope of the Republic,	
Sympathy as an Element of Poetry,	
Germanism, or the Song of Germany,	
Efficiency,	
Editor's Table,	

THE
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Chayendanegea.

STRICT justice to individual character is seldom given. The partialities of friends and the prejudices of enemies render both unfit to form a judgment in exact accordance with truth, and one who is neither friend nor enemy seldom has motive sufficient for the task. The historian, who determines to be impartial, unconsciously assumes the friend or foe, and allows personal feeling to give a coloring to facts, which is quite as likely to mislead as false statements. In reference to many subjects, early education has instilled a prejudice, which no after-acquaintance can completely eradicate. A single sentence often suffices to fix our judgment of a character, although we are aware that the best men are at times guilty of acts which are by no means a true index of their real character. Of most men it may be said, they must be studied to be known. Every man is so concealed by an envelop of circumstances that we are likely to be deceived by first impressions. To know what a man really is, we must place ourselves as nearly as possible in his position; we must look not only *at* the man, but *through* him at the objects which engage his attention. Nor is looking alone sufficient. We must hear him speak. Many things invisible affect him, which his tongue alone can describe. The Indian writes no histories. The pen of a stranger, and in most cases of an enemy, records his deeds. The prejudices of our fathers against him we have inherited. He was their foe, and we love to fight over their battles. Our poets have immortalized his vices, and we have echoed back the song. Our historians have concealed his virtues, and we have seldom asked whether the picture has not another side. Our sympathies may have been stirred for a moment by the pathetic eloquence of Logan, but we have checked the rising tear by attributing his woes to inexorable fate. The Indian dies, and the white man writes his epitaph, not to cherish his memory, but to load it with reproaches. His kindnesses are forgotten, but his cruelties remember-

ed; his services are without a name, his crimes without apology. Such in general is the Indian's fate; yet a moment's reflection will satisfy us that all Indians are not savages, nor all whites, men. There have been among the sons of the forest those who have exhibited as true nobility as the highest peers of royalty. Civilization may be slow to discover their full merit, but is compelled to admire some of their virtues.

Endeavoring then to divest ourselves of that prejudice which is almost inevitably ours by inheritance, let us look at that greatest of Indian warriors, Joseph Brant. Although the bare mention of his name was once sufficient to fill the mind with horror, since the din of battle is hushed, and the war hatchet is buried, we may without terror look on the face of our foe, and perhaps a close inspection will reveal to us something beside the eye gleaming with malice, and the brow knitted by revenge.

Before entering on the distinct consideration of his character, it may not be amiss to notice one circumstance which has added not a little to the prejudice against him so generally entertained. Campbell, in his *Gertrude of Wyoming*, puts the following language in the mouth of his Oneida warrior.

"This is no time to fill the joyous cup;
The Mammoth comes—the foe—the monster Brant—
With all his howling desolating band;— * * * *
'Gainst Brant himself I went to battle forth:
Accursed Brant! he left of all my tribe,
Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth:
No! not the dog that watched my household hearth,
Escaped that night of blood, upon our plains!
All perished!—I alone am left on earth!
To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
No!—not a kindred drop that runs in human veins."

The author of this beautiful and thrilling poem thus unwittingly did Brant great injustice, but some years after the publication of the poem, the author became acquainted with Brant's son, who informed him that in point of fact, his father was not present at that terrible massacre. By way of repairing the injury he had done, in a note to an edition published after this interview, he says: "The name of Brant therefore remains in my poem a pure and declared character of fiction."

It is not claimed that Brant did not in any degree possess that trait which has led the whites to stigmatize the Indian as a savage, but that he was not that monster usually represented by English historians.

Leaving all question about his parentage to the general historian, we may properly notice a few circumstances in his early life intimately related to what he afterward became. About the year 1761 he was sent to the "Moor Charity School" in Lebanon, Ct. by Sir Wm. Johnson, at that time Superintendent of Indian affairs, and husband of Mary, sister of Brant. He remained but a short time at school, leav-

ing it before its transfer to Hanover, N. H., by which it became the foundation of Dartmouth College. He was however commissioned by Dr. Wheelock, then Superintendent of the school, and afterwards President of the College, to act as an agent for the school among the Indian population. Soon after this he was employed as an interpreter by a missionary to the Mohawks, who testifies that "His house is an asylum for the missionaries in the wilderness." In 1765 we find him settled at Canajoharie, having married the daughter of an Oneida chief, and another missionary to the Six Nations being sick at his house, says of him, "Joseph Brant is exceedingly kind." He remained at this place several years, acting sometimes as the agent of Sir Wm. Johnson and at others assisting the missionaries. About 1772 he connected himself with the church, and evinced great zeal in efforts to Christianize his people. Both from his family relation, and his great talents and integrity, he became the intimate friend of Sir William. His relations to his old instructor, and to the missionaries, made him also their warm friend. But the Revolution breaking out soon after this time, he was obliged to choose between the loyalists and the revolutionists. Possibly he might have followed the policy suggested by the Oneidas in a communication addressed to Governor Trumbull of Ct., in which they say: "Let us Indians be all of one mind, and live with one another; and you white people settle your own disputes between yourselves." But we must not forget that the alliance of so large a body of brave warriors as the Six Nations was a matter of great consequence to both parties, and that both made strenuous efforts to secure it. Sir William had by his long and uniformly kind intercourse with the Indians gained a controlling influence over them. Is it strange then that Brant, and his people decided to take the side of the English? Before the commencement of open hostilities, Brant had been appointed Secretary of Guy Johnson, the successor of Sir William as Superintendent of Indian affairs. We must hereafter then look at him as the public enemy of our country, and though we find him engaged in the work of death among our citizens, we must not fail to award him that humanity, which a man does not necessarily lose by the "horrid trade of war," provided his conduct be not more inhuman than that of British officers in the same war. It may with propriety, however, be remarked, that his decision was not made in a moment. It was not till his visit to England, in 1776, that he was fully decided to espouse the royal cause.

The reason for his course is given in the following language: "When I joined the English in the beginning of the war, it was purely on account of my forefathers' engagements with the King. I always looked upon these engagements, or covenants between the King and the Indian nations, as a sacred thing." Trained to battle from his boyhood, often employed on various missions among his own people and more distant tribes, well acquainted, by the most familiar intercourse, with the whites, and endowed by nature with uncommon sagacity, he was preëminently qualified to be a successful leader in war. And we surely cannot blame him if, at times, he employed the

peculiar tactics of Indian warfare, since we know with what extreme reluctance even civilized nations adopt the customs of others. When the question is raised in the councils of enlightened nations, whether a particular war shall be prosecuted or not, we find the most profound as well as humane statesmen on different sides of the question, and yet no one presumes to assert on the ground of this fact alone, that one is a saint and the other a savage. Justice requires us to acknowledge this principle in judging of the character before us, and also that we should make allowance for some circumstances, which could not influence the commander of a British or American army. His authority was great, but the subjects of it were not easily tamed by reason, when drunk with the madness of battle.

He has been represented as the mainspring of all the atrocities committed by Indian hands during that protracted conflict, whereas he might more properly be considered the balance-wheel of that terrible engine, Indian warfare. It was set in motion by British influence, but propelled, guided, and checked, very much by the agency of Brant.

A few instances must suffice to illustrate his character as a warrior. In the summer of 1777, General Herkimer, hoping to dissuade him from taking an active part against the Colonies, advanced at the head of several hundreds of militia to Unadilla, ostensibly for the purpose of holding a conference with him. Failing at the first interview to obtain such satisfaction as he wished, he laid a plot for Brant's destruction, which however failed. At the last interview, Brant, knowing his strength, addressed General Herkimer as follows: "I have five hundred warriors with me armed and ready for battle. You are in my power; but as we have been friends and neighbors, I will not take the advantage of you." Here we see an American officer, attempting from motives of policy to assassinate his foe, but on the other hand, the Indian War Chief, yielding to the dictates of humanity and friendship, and that too when he rightly suspected that the object of his favor was ready to violate that friendship, provided his end could not otherwise be gained. But lest we do injustice to Herkimer, we should remember, that the peril of his situation, and the danger he saw threatening the community around him, may have influenced him to resolve on an expedient, which in his calmer hours he would have abhorred. In the battle of Oriskany he received his death-wound, and seeing his fate approaching directed a Bible to be brought to him, and after reading a portion appropriate to his situation, "like a Christian Hero died."

In the expedition against Cherry Valley in Nov. 1778, Brant played a conspicuous part. Awful as were the scenes there enacted, the following incidents will show whether he was alone responsible for the inhuman butcheries there perpetrated. Being desirous of saving a family of the name of Wells, he left the Indian ranks, and made his way across a ploughed field to the house, but arrived too late. On entering another house and finding a woman engaged in household matters, he said, "Are you thus engaged while you neighbors around you are murdered?" She replied that they were of the royal party.

"That plea will not avail you," said he. "They have murdered Mr. Wells' family, who were as dear to me as my own. I have not the command and know not that I can save you; but I will do what is in my power." And in reference to an old acquaintance who had sent him a challenge, he said: "He is a brave man, and I would have given more to take him than any man in Cherry Valley, but I would not have hurt a hair of his head."

In 1780, Brant meditated an attack on Schoharie, and early in the Spring directed his course thither. At this time a party had been sent about 30 miles from that place to manufacture maple sugar. Their commander was Col. Harper. While busily engaged in their work, the first intimation they received of the enemy's approach, was the sharp crack of his rifles. Three of the party fell, and the remainder were taken prisoners. Brant was instantly recognized as the leader, who rushing up to Harper, exclaimed, "Harper, I am sorry to find you here." "Why," asked Harper, "are you sorry, Capt. Brant?" "Because," rejoined the Chief, "I *must* kill you, although we were school-mates in our youth," at the same time raising his hatchet to execute his purpose. Suddenly his arm fell, and looking Harper in the face with an eye that seemed to read the secrets of the soul, he asked whether there were any regular troops at Schoharie. Harper perceived his intention and stated that there had been a reinforcement within two or three days. This assertion, though entirely false, was maintained with such apparent sincerity, that Brant determined to retrace his steps. Harper was obliged to follow him and expected that Indian custom would compel him to run the gauntlet. On their journey they came near a place where nine Indians, on the previous night, had been put to death by their prisoners. As they approached the place, the death yell told them there had been foul play. On learning the truth in the case, the warriors cried aloud for revenge, and their tomahawks glittering in the sunbeams menaced the life of Harper and his companions. There seemed less than "a step between them and death." Suddenly the only survivor of the murdered party rushed into their midst, and, with a waive of the hand, having gained a hearing, gave utterance to a powerful appeal in their behalf, on the ground that they were innocent, and to take their lives would be offensive to the Great Spirit. His appeal was heard, their lives were spared. Where is the white man, that would have done more, or even anything worthy of a man, to save the life of an Indian, when the established law of his country demanded his death? But this is not the end of this exhibition of Indian generosity. Brant, anxious to save the prisoners from the usual ordeal, sent forward runners to concert with Powell, the husband of Harper's niece, who enticed the warriors away from the forts for a frolic, and kept them away till after the prisoners arrived. Thus by the humanity of Brant were they spared the torture of the dreadful ordeal of Indian warfare.

A single incident more must suffice to illustrate Brant's magnanimity in war. This occurred at fort Hunter. Among the many who were offering their complaints was a woman, in an agony of grief for the

death of her husband, and the loss of her infant, which had been snatched from the cradle. Early the next morning, while the American officers were at breakfast, a young Indian bounded into the room with an infant in his arms, and bearing a letter from Brant to the commander of the rebel army. It read as follows: "Sir, I send you by one of my runners this child, which he will deliver, that you may know whatever others do, I do not make war upon women and children. I am sorry to say that I have those engaged with me in the service, who are more savage than the savages themselves." Where, in the history of our conflicts with Great Britain, is an instance to be found exhibiting a higher degree of humanity and magnanimity than these? When have the annals of civilized warfare recorded exploits, which in the days of Chivalry would have wreathed the victor's brow with more unfading laurels? When we are pointed to the white man, who has come forward in the tribunals of his nation to avert unjust judgment from the condemned and sentenced Indian, when we find one more opposed to wanton waste of life in war, then may we assign this dauntless son of battle an inferior place in respect to those qualities so justly the admiration of the world. So long as the names of Andre and Hale live in our memories to recall a fate, which though many lament, few call unjust, must we award to this preserver of his foes, the praise which his clemency deserves. Till the name of Ledyard perish from the list of heroes, who in dying but begin to live, and the name of Arnold, purged from infamy, cease to stir the contempt and indignation of every honest mind, we cannot allow the charge of implacable cruelty to rest on the name of Brant. Though an Indian and a warrior, was he not also a man? Prejudice may deny his claim, enmity scoff at it, and pride overlook it, but his deeds will vindicate it. Driven to engage in a work fit for fiends alone, he nevertheless was human still.

This sketch would be very imperfect without some notice of Brant in the civil and social relations. After the termination of the Revolutionary War, the English government had no little difficulty in satisfying the claims of its Indian allies for services in that war. The Six Nations, having no longer a home in the valley of the Mohawk, accepted a grant of the territory about Grand river, in Canada West. Nevertheless they began to appropriate the lands than disputes with the English government arose: the former claiming the right of disposal of their lands without any restraint from a higher power, the latter asserting that the right of sale and transfer belonged to the Crown, and that the Indians were to cultivate, but not to give a free title. Brant was the most strenuously opposed by Brant. His speeches against the counsels of the confederated Nations, and his letters addressed to the agents of the Crown, evince a most unbending determination to obtain for his people the acknowledgment of that individuality, which none pretended to dispute before the conclusion of the war. He was often thrown into the most trying situations of his rivals. Yet he never wavered. He was never silent when his services were freely re-

dered in his nation's cause, with duplicity and treachery, when the unsettled nature of the relations between the United States and England made it impossible to pursue any course which would meet the approval of all; although illegally deposed from his office, yet he toiled on for his nation's glory and his nation's good.

In a council of the faction which opposed him, he triumphantly vindicated himself, and administered a most withering rebuke to those who had sought his overthrow. No less than sixteen of the most distinguished chiefs residing at Grand River signed a declaration of their belief in his integrity. To this was added a request that he would continue in his office as land agent, and the hope was expressed that, by his abilities, all difficulties would be removed. In accordance with the authority thus vested, he determined on a visit to England, for the satisfactory adjustment of the Indian claims. But in consequence of pecuniary embarrassments, and suspicions that some factious spirits would foment dissensions in his absence, this purpose was not carried into execution.

He next turned his attention to the social and moral elevation of his people. In this work he had great obstacles to oppose. The Indians had in a measure forsaken their primitive mode of life, yet their roving propensities had not entirely given place to a desire for a fixed habitation, and a more regular way of living. Their state was one of transition, and it required all the sagacity and prudence of their chief to keep them under control. He was desirous of bringing them into a state of society more refined and exalted in spirit, though he preferred many of their ancient usages to the forms adopted in civilized countries. His efforts to secure for them systematic religious instruction were untiring. Nor was mental training overlooked. One of his first stipulations with the Commander-in-chief, was for the building of a school-house. Two of his sons were sent to Dartmouth College. The solicitude manifested in his correspondence with the officers of that institution, not only for their mental, but also for their moral training, shows the tenderness of his heart as a father. He sought education for them, not to make them men of fame, but men of worth. Nor was he himself indifferent to literary pursuits. When the noise of war was stilled, and wranglings about land had ceased, he seriously thought of learning the Greek language, that he might make a more perfect translation of the New Testament into his native tongue. He also projected a history of his nation, which, unfortunately, he never carried into execution. While in Europe the second time, he visited Paris, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the national records would throw any light on the origin of the Tumuli found in various parts of the West. Indian tradition, as well as certain utensils found in them, led him to suppose they might be the work of French immigrants, who had been utterly destroyed by the Indians, from jealousy of their growing numbers and power. Nothing satisfactory was found, but the search was at least honorable to his curiosity. His time was so occupied in active duties, as the father and legislator of his people, as to forbid any great attainments in literature. Yet his correspond-

ence with many of the first men in this country shows a degree of intelligence, common sense, and mental vigor, which might well be envied by many who complacently affirm that,

"Treat him as you will,
An Indian will be nought but Indian still."

A brief extract from a letter on imprisonment for debt will be sufficient to confirm this remark.

"We have among us no splendid villains above the control of our laws. Daring wickedness is here never suffered to triumph over helpless innocence. The estates of widows and orphans are never devoured by enterprising sharpers. In a word, we have no robbery under the color of law. No person among us desires any other reward for performing a brave and worthy action, but the consciousness of having served his nation. Our wise men are called fathers; they truly sustain that character.

"The palaces and prisons among you form a most dreadful contrast. Go to the former places, and you will see, perhaps, a deformed piece of earth assuming airs that become none but the Great Spirit above. Go to one of your prisons; here description utterly fails. Kill them if you please—kill them too by tortures; but let the torture last no longer than a day. Those you call savages relent; the most furious of our tormentors exhausts his rage in a few hours, and dispatches his unhappy victim with a sudden stroke.

"But for what are many of your prisoners confined?—for debt!—astonishing!—and will you ever again call the Indian nations cruel? Liberty, to a rational creature, as much exceeds property, as the light of the sun does that of the most twinkling star. But you put them on a level, to the everlasting disgrace of civilization."

Although often in refined society, he loved his own people. For them he lived, and loved them to the end. On the eve of his departure he said to his nephew, "Have pity on the poor Indians; if you can get any influence with the great, endeavor to do them all the good you can."

In war, he was a General second to none; in council, a Statesman surpassed by few; in peace, a Legislator worthy of imitation; in life, the Benefactor of his race, and in death, an example of faith triumphant. Though he warred, it was not for hate. The last act of his last battle was to save. Sometimes he erred; but who has not? To elevate and to Christianize was the work which best he loved. Long shall it be said in honor of his name, that the first Episcopal Church edifice in Canada West was reared by his instrumentality, and the first Church bell which summoned worshipers to its altar of prayer, was the purchase of his toil. Though no statue may perpetuate his fame, yet, living in the affection of his people, his memory is blessed.

The Parallel to the Misery and Glory of War.

How many things there are in this little life of ours, to fill men's hearts with trembling and sorrow, what a world too of hope and joy! But, alas! we are prone to wander very far from a just appreciation of these; we are pained by those sufferings which are uncommon, whilst we look with unconcern upon those which are every day to be met with around us; we are attracted by the splendors of renown, whilst we lightly esteem those virtues which are unaccompanied by the prestiges of fame. The "ills the flesh is heir to" have crowded upon men's apprehensions; death has been crowned king of terrors; but the mind has its diseases and there is a death more to be dreaded than that of the body; physical courage has been extolled, but there is a moral courage infinitely higher. It is to war, great from its nature as affecting the fate of rulers and nations, that men are wont to look for deeds of terror and of glory. Let us take one or two of its scenes and compare them with those which occur in the common life of man.

An anxious sight is the battle field, when the clash of arms is commencing, when hearts are beating strong with the fluctuations of terror and rage, and men are raising their eyes to the sun, hoping almost against hope that they shall behold its setting, the muscles quivering as they feel that with their fate may be linked that of empire; but the drums beat, the artillery send their iron death messengers howling through the air, the trumpet's clangor signals the cavalry charge, the unseen bullets hasten to and fro, and the ringing steel is crossed with steel. Then comes that which is most terrible, the contest of the base passions of men; mercy, pity, and love have fled; revenge girds himself up, rejoicing in his might; the strong men who came into this world to aid the weak and fainting, are turned against each other; lips that were formed to bless, are eloquent in curses; despair infuriates the yielding. When the foemen have ceased their contention, when the artillery is mute and the steel sheathed in its scabbard, even then is the battle field invested with horrors. There are the dead whose life-stream so lately strong in its coursing, still warmly gushes from the bayonet's breach or the bullet's lodging place; the manly cheek marble pale save the red mark of the death-stroke, or where the iron hoof of the horse has left its mangled impress; the groans of the dying on their hard and gory death-pillow; the prophetic thought of the widow's sob and lone orphan's tear.

These are terrible, but the passions often in common life, work a fiercer destruction than contending armies, and leave a wreck more heart sickening than the mangled piles of the battle field. It is in the crowded city near where wealth has taken up her abode, and profusion spread her wares, that we would sketch the companion picture, its outline even wilder and its tinting still more sad. As war bath its gewgaws, the swelling notes of fame to drown the dying groan, honor

and glory to shed their halo around the hero's death-bed, rich music, white waving plumes, silken banners floating in the breeze, so does the misery of every day life seek to invest itself in the habiliments of happiness, and vice appears with her bracelets sparkling with gems stolen from truth, her deformed body girt with the white robe of innocence. But these banners hang only on the outer walls ; it is an easy task to pass to the strong-hold, where all is manifest. Though the wild notes of the revelers strive to counterfeit joy, yet we know by the rattle of the gambler's dice-box, that covetousness is in their hearts ; the oath tells of reckless hatred to God and man ; in their midst we see the robber hiding his spoil, and the assassin lurking from justice. Here are men armed not only against the body but the soul. For in the turmoil of this battle field the affections are crushed, the ties of the soul rent asunder, the intellect paralyzed, conscience seared as with heated irons ; in the fearful wreck which it leaves we behold manly strength become an abomination, female sweetness and purity turned to barter and sale, painful disease which arouseth no sympathy, and poverty undeserving of pity, childhood without innocence, and gray hairs which inspire no reverence. Here too are death-beds, for the grim monarch has sent hither agents as trusty as the musket and the sabre, agents that need no sure eyesight nor vigorous arm to aid them in their task. Stand by that bed-side—the soul in its parting hath cast off its mask, and begins to appear as it will be seen in the hereafter. There is that in those corrugated features which tells of agony fiercer even than that which disease is wringing from the disordered nerves, for whilst the blood is curdling around the heart, now stopping, and now crowding furiously on, remorse is lashing the wasted energies to unused action, her furies excite the lingering life drops, and despair takes its seat in the seething brain. Feathers and down may be a more painful death-pillow than the gory turf of the battle field. Why do men fear and tremble so when they behold the murderer of the body, whilst they walk with security and lightness of heart amid them that slay the soul ?

Let us turn to another sad picture of war's desolation. Look out upon a rich landscape which a glorious autumnal sun is gilding with its morning lustre ; in the distance a noble river is rolling its tide to the ocean, the carelessly winding fences, slightly broken cart-paths, and wide scattered farmhouses seem a part of nature, so well do they harmonize with her spirit. A noble looking young man on horseback is riding down the road ; the eye of a painter flashes beneath his dark brows and a poet's soul illumines his features. But he regards not the loveliness of the landscape around him, for his breast is heaving with other thoughts ; a few hours' ride yet before him—hours of mortal danger—but those hours once safely past, bring honor, wealth, and rank. Thus hope masters fear, for a true soldier's heart beats beneath his peaceful vestments, and what soldier thinks of danger when the summit of a soldier's ambition is to be thereby gained ? Suddenly his heart begins a convulsive throbbing, for directly in his path stand three men, well armed. A closer view stills that heart's throbbing, for one

wears a coat of scarlet faded and soiled, yet still of scarlet—the same hue which adorns his own wrapt up vest—for awhile he feels assured of safety, but not long, for they were at heart enemies—deceit was met with deceit—instead of safety and the hoped for reward, he meets a certainty of death. The poet, the painter and soldier dies as dies the felon. Far away over the waters are his mother and sisters. Bitter indeed is their anguish when the tidings reach them, that he whose smile was so joyous, and his loving care so tender, had perished; perished, not by disease, which carefully sends its warnings to prepare the way for death, permits the offices of affection, and gives that soothing memento, the legacy of the impressive dying words; perished, not as the soldier wishes to fall, if fall he must, in the battle's din, with his face to the foe, and his comrades around him, but surrounded by enemies and on the scaffold. This is terrible—but the gallows hath other tales still more terrible.

Let us look into a festive hall, where bright lamps are shining, but beneath them young eyes sparkle still more brightly; upon the beautiful pictures which adorn the walls, still more lovely faces are gazing; young feet trip lightly to the breathing of music's richest notes, but young hearts beat still more lightly as their cords are thrilled with ecstasy by the harmonies of feeling. It is sweet to look upon such a scene, where all that meets the eye speaks of youthful friendliness, hope, and joy. So to the mariner, when his bark rides lightly upon the waters, appear the unnumbered smiles of ocean, but the mariner knows that the ocean does not always smile, but that the fierce winds may raise the waves in wild contention, when his bark must be strong and his helmsman skillful, or certain destruction comes upon him. So upon the sea of pleasure cometh storms which prove the thews and sinews of body and soul. Amid that gay throng there moves one whose face indeed is smiling and his lips uttering careless words, but there is a storm rising around him which will one day wreck his happiness and sink him into the unsounded abyss. Through that tempest we will not follow him, but turn at once to the last sad scene, when the drifting bark has struck the fatal rock. The gallows reared again not now for the soldier, but the citizen, the man of peace, deeply versed in human knowledge, from whose lips men had been wont to receive lessons of wisdom. Not his enemies, but the companions of his daily walks are about to stop the stream of life. Many stand eager to catch his last words; he has striven to give himself a name, but he is now solicitous to utter nothing which can hinder its being forgotten. Another mother and daughters are weeping for one who has gone from them to die, but these are not parted by the broad ocean nor by hostile soldiers, but by the stone and iron of the murderer's dungeon. The sculptured marble raised in a holy temple announces a nation's sympathy with the friends of the executed soldier, but for these mourners the most expressive sympathy is silence, their only comfort the hope of oblivion.

We might go on multiplying our pictures, but these are enough to show what we mean when we affirm that war's most terrible deeds

have their counterpart. Let us now look at a single bright example of its glory.

Another battle field—a regiment of stalwart grenadiers are marching steadily to the charge. None can withstand the shock of their terrible bayonets ; wherever they advance they heap the ground with the fallen foemen. But he who was in the foremost rank when that bloody charge commenced, who had led them in their anxious night march, and toiled with them up the rocky cliff, he is lying ghastly pale upon the earth, his fading eyesight still turned watchfully upon his men, his passing spirit still absorbed in the things of life. The shouts of victory fall upon his ears—it was all he had been so long toiling for—he had now earned the full reward of genius and labor. Why should he not die content, for he knew that men would mention him but to praise, that poetry would wreath his name into her sublimest strains, and the artist depict on the highest panels of fame's temple, the scene of his death struggle ? That renown in obtaining which he would have counted a lifetime of toil as nothing, was well worth dying for. Nowhere can the votaries of fame behold a more glorious death-bed, than that of the hero sinking to his eternal rest, with his head pillowed by the signals of his triumph, and his spirit buoyed by the full consciousness of the gorgeous halo which surrounds its setting. But I have heard of a death-bed which the golden beams of the sun of truth light up still more gloriously. It is that of a soldier in the warfare of truth, as he falls not in the midst of shouting legions, believing that fame will catch his dying words and bestow upon them an immortality among men, but far away from all friends, among men speaking a strange tongue, bitter enemies to the cause in which he was laboring, none at hand to tender the kind offices of affection, none to bear his last words to his family, none to care for the body after the soul had fled. The master whom he served seems to have led him forth as he did one of his servants ages before to die where none should know of his sepulchre. Thus we have no certain knowledge how he died, but men die as they have lived, not indeed always as their outward life was, for often as the tide sets upon the shores of eternity, the undercurrent surges up with the fragments of a mighty wreck of the real character. It could not have been so with him, for his most severe trials had already been passed triumphantly through ; nothing remained for death to do but to award the crown of his victory. What matters it now that home and friends are far away, for the doors of an everlasting home are opening ; as the forms of men fade from the eye of sense, the eye of faith beholds bright and loving angels, and the heavenly anthem begins to vibrate upon the ear of the soul ! The artist may employ his fairest tints and most skillful touches in depicting the warrior dying in the moment of his victory ; the poet may embalm his memory in his most stirring lays ; these must one day pass away. But if that eternity which all either with hope or trembling expect ever come, and if then, as we all believe, the mind turns back to the events of time, then shall be heard sweet strains telling of the Christian war-

rior who fell on his battle field. Earthly praise must perish with the earth, but the heavenly shall live when form and matter shall be known no more. * K. *

Thomas Carlyle and his Literary Career.

OUR readers are doubtless more or less acquainted with a somewhat remarkable series of tracts, commencing February of the present year and ending in August, edited by a distinguished critic and essayist of Great Britain, and called "The Latter-day Pamphlets." With the name itself, we do not quarrel, for it has at least the merit of originality; although we can see no good reason for such an eccentricity, unless their Author has become ambitious in these latter-days, and is thus courting the patronage of a certain deluded class who have at certain periods within a few years been seen arrayed in white night-dresses at midday, which they called "ascension robes, and who have also been known to ascend shade-trees to a considerable height, in the vain hope of meeting the Lord in the air." We have not learned whether these papers have enjoyed a large circulation among the sect known as Millerites, or not. If however any of this persuasion should be attracted by the title, we fear they would derive little edification from the contents of these Pamphlets; for of all writers who have attempted to anticipate the future at all, Mr. Carlyle is the least sanguine, or rather, the most despairing. On his title page our Author has inscribed a short extract, from a voluminous German Novelist, which seems to apply to the contents following in a sense which even the Author did not intend. "But as yet struggles the twelfth hour of the night," says Jean Paul. "Birds of darkness are on the wing; spectres uproar; the dead walk, the living dream. Thou Eternal Providence wilt make the Day dawn." And surely if the good natured blue eyed German had foreseen this gloomy series of Melancholy and ill-boding Pamphlets he would have thrown down his pen at such a prolific sentence, and exclaimed with Macbeth,

Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more:

And yet the eighth appears.

We do not propose to say much about these Latter-day Pamphlets. They are already passing away from the attention of the public, and will soon be laid up to accumulate dust till some enterprising antiquarian, like the imaginary Mr. Caxton, shall pull them down from the same shelf with "Hobbes' Leviathan" and the 'second advent prayers,' to form one chapter in some vast 'History of Human Error.' We would, however, from the brief interest which they have excited, make a few observations on their distinguished author, and notice some peculiarities in his literary and political views. And we are the more encouraged

to do so, from the well known influence which he exerts on a large class of American readers—an influence which makes any errors he may cherish only the more dangerous. The popularity which Mr. Carlyle has enjoyed on both sides the Atlantic, is neither wonderful nor undeserved. There may be found many a profound and well-trained intellect, which owes no small share of its depth and originality to an intimate acquaintance with his writings. So much is this the case that when we hear an expression unusually original, or listen to a sermon or lecture freer than usual from common-place thoughts and stereotyped phrases, we are apt to suspect that the author had ‘Sartor Resartus,’ Oliver ‘Cromwell,’ or ‘Past and Present,’ on the table where he wrote. There can be found many a young man at that most interesting stage of mental developments, when he begins to form opinions of his own and adopts as his motto the well known line of Horace—“Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri”—who finds in the blind and ambiguous sentences of this Pythian Oracle, a force and even beauty which he cannot feel in the lofty declamation of Burke, or the brilliant and sparkling antitheses of Macauley. There is also something in his earnest and straight-forward way of getting at a subject well calculated to attract and interest the American mind. To many readers in this country, Carlyle is a very suggestive writer. More than one ‘popular’ institute lecture, and numerous sparkling and able contributions to our monthly reviews, have been only good specimens of exegesis from his New Testament of literature. The barbarian dialect in which he writes has given a decided tinge to the verbiage of modern literature, and done more than almost any other cause to corrupt the originally pure and simple Saxon.

It is interesting to trace the course of this Author’s mind, as displayed in his writings—that the thoughts of a boy at eighteen should differ widely from the profounder reflections of the man at forty, is surely no novelty. This discrepancy is seen in almost every author who has left his boyish crudities to be compared with the fruits of his riper manhood: while the nature and extent of this change, varies with every kind of genius and temperament. In this also, as in most other things, Mr. Carlyle preserves his idiosyncrasy. Milton at seventeen, in his lines “to a fair infant dying of a cough,” did not sing like the blind bard at sixty, dictating the “Morning hymn of Paradise” to his attending daughters. Yet the flower had a rare and delicious fragrance, which gave promise of the golden fruit which followed. Bacon at eighteen, and Bacon at sixty, do not write much alike; and Byron’s ‘Hours of Idleness’ at eighteen do not point so high as Childe Harold and Manfred, which were written only a few years later. But the change in Carlyle from the *Life of Schiller*, to this last August Pamphlet on Jesuitism, is unlike each of these, and seems to reverse the order, so that we are almost led to wish that the Great Critic had always remained in his teens, and never lost the simplicity and hopefulness of his unsoured Youth.

This *Life of Schiller*, with which Carlyle opens his literary course, is to us one of the most charming pieces of Literary Biography in the

English tongue. In it are displayed some of the highest qualities thought necessary to a Biographer.

To a most familiar acquaintance with the works of his author, he adds a deep and even affectionate sympathy with his peculiar genius and temperament. At this early age he had begun to feel the essential difference between the world without and the world within; between that which *is* and that which *seems* to be. He saw that to give a true sketch of the Man, he might not choose for his stand-point, that brilliant literary circle of Wiemar, when in the company of men themselves scholars and students, the modest and melancholy Poet appeared like a scholar among men of the world.

Nor from the simplicity and modest demeanor which he commonly wore would he underrate the vast intellectual wealth, which was not even thus concealed, or the dignity and majestic movement of that princely imagination.

He takes us at once into the intellectual workshops of the Poet, and there introduces to us the Earnest Thinker, with his pale and spiritual face, praying at the unwilling oracle of truth, and we are beside him in those silent midnight vigils, where the keen spirit rises victorious over all pain and weakness, and at length consumes the body itself in the heat of its own deathless fire. We can witness the labors and throes that accompany the birth of each of those "children of the Soul," and admire the sublime faith with which they are given forth to Mankind and Eternity. We can trace the various changes through which the melancholy, fiery, and ill-directed youth becomes the earnest, profound, and philosophic *man*. There are also interspersed through the biography, several passages of philosophy and criticism, in a spirit and style alike admirable, of which the "thoughts on the Lives of the Poets," is a fair example. Here also is displayed that feature of Carlyle's literary character which afterwards gains undue prominence and tinges his whole system. We refer to his excessive *admiration* for certain prominent historical characters. Thus early can we see his profound admiration for human Worth, as displayed in the life of Schiller, and happy had it been for the correctness of his views, if he had never discovered a great man with greater vices and less amiable virtues, than the elegant and sublime German Poet. He is one of the few men to whom general superlatives may be applied without much danger of error or extravagance.

It is natural to cherish a personal and affectionate regard for those favorite authors, who have been our spiritual companions in hours of retirement and solitude, who have been to us wealth in poverty—liberty in bondage—wealth in sickness—society in solitude. It is even beautiful in youth, as a token of that expansive charity and generous aspiration, which seems fanciful and extravagant after the sober trials, and perhaps more sober disappointments of manhood. To that fresh and elastic period, as to the infancy of the world, it may be permitted to indulge fond dreams of human perfectability, and dwell with admiration upon the Strength, the Worth and Heroism of certain men in history. It is expected, however, that such views will be considerably

modified by later experiences in the Universal Weakness and Depravity of human nature.

But notwithstanding the perversity and dullness of the great masses of which Mr. Carlyle has since complained so bitterly, he seems to have retained all his early and ardent admiration for certain distinguished authors, and among these especially a countryman and personal friend of Schiller—the divine Goëthe. We suspect if there be anything of science in what is called Phrenology, a skillful cranilogist would find the organs of marvelousness and veneration remarkably developed on the head of Mr. Carlyle. Fowler would probably mark them as high as six on his scale of proportions, and if he push his fine-spun theory so far, would add “developed by vigorous exercise.” This tendency to deify human Worth, thus displayed in the Life of Schiller, and accounted for perhaps on phrenological grounds, very soon changes from a tendency to an actual fact, and it soon becomes a habit of his mind to humbly prostrate itself in the august presence of heroes, and like the worshipful old Greeks, sing hymns in celebration of high spiritual exploits.

These exalted opinions of his certain characters, are developed in a work which he calls “Heroes and Hero-Worship,” in which humble and devout worship is solicited for the very diverse characters of Shakspeare, Dante, Mahomet, Cromwell and Goëthe, as severally representing certain classes of Heroes.

At about the same time we have the result of his mystical readings in German Metaphysics, and an account of his ascent into cloud-land, presented to us under the curious title of ‘Sartor Resartus,’ a book of many general and rambling meditations, and with about as much aim and unity of purpose as the fragments of an exploded sky-rocket.

The various contributions of Mr. Carlyle to the Edinburgh Review, are the least faulty of his writings, and we are often led to admire the clearness of conception and force of expression which are there displayed. But here also we can see the same tendency to exaggerate the virtues and excuse the faults of Great Men.

But this worship of greatness tends only to make him impatient and intolerant of all merely valuable or respectable men. The same taste which gloats over the slightest exhibition of genuine heroism, and cast a mantle of the broadest charity over all its imperfections, is haughtily fastidious in respect to any second-rate nobility. His sagacity in detecting a bad or small man, is like the scent of a bloodhound, sure, but cruel. Modest and unpretending works, decent mediocrity, and respectable but second rate talents, had better go anywhere else than to him for encouragement or assistance. He divides all writers into two classes; the few brilliant geniuses, and the many muddy fools; the few deep thinkers who alone have clear insight, and the great mass of dolts and scribblers. He seems to know no middle ground. His decision is as expansive as that of Christ himself when he says, ‘he that gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad.’

After noticing a few signs, and asking certain questions about ‘Force,’ ‘Penetration,’ ‘Insight’ or ‘Sphere-Music in the Soul,’ he makes a

summary decision, and if the unfortunate author be not a diamond of the first water, and rival of Dante, Shakspeare, and Goëthe he might as well have been stained glass, red clay, or even a "pewter imitation of a pinch-back original." The common laborers in his vineyard, like those in the parable, are treated alike, and it matters not whether they come in at the eleventh hour or have borne the heat and burden of the day, they receive "every man a penny."

But Mr. Carlyle (whether fortunately or unfortunately we will not say) has not confined himself to literary criticism alone. He is known of late years, and especially in the Latter-day Pamphlets, as a political writer, and if writing *ad populum* alone were sufficient to make a writer popular, he at least might present that claim. His 'Past and Present,' so far as its nature and tendency are intelligible to an American reader, is a political writing in which he earnestly exhorts his countrymen to be less selfish, and more sacrificing of their own ends to the good of society and mankind at large, and thus join the great army of saints and martyrs who have gone before them, among whom, as the king and protector of "these British Isles," he enrolls Oliver Cromwell as his darling model man and illustrious pet hero.

Considering what notions of human nature Carlyle had already displayed in his literary writings, and remembering that he carried these same views into politics, it would not need a Yankee to guess the side he would take.

'The great mass of men govern themselves?' he would exclaim—Impossible! Self-government! Why this is the highest attainment of heroic natures, and what can a town-house full of dolts, ignoramuses, and legalized voters do at such a problem? Why, sir, all they can appreciate is beer, balderdash, and popular oratory. It is idle and insane for such creatures to talk about a Republic and self-government.

Accordingly he would set about him to discover some great man or one of nature's noblemen ordained by Heaven, and appointed from the foundation of the world to be an office-holder, a master, lord or king over his besotted and slavish fellow creatures. He would probably denounce the axiom at the head of our Declaration, a grand lie, and laying down the opposite doctrine declare that some men are born to be great, others to be small; the many to be ruled, the few to rule; the servile to be forever bondmen, the lordly to be forever masters. No wonder then that in these latter-days of fierce Democracy, when the old notions of the middle ages are exploding into revolutions all around us, that Mr. Carlyle should turn away in consternation and disgust, thinking that the great Latter-day-glory, when kings ordained of Heaven shall rule "from the River to the ends of the Earth," and Poets inspired of Heaven shall sit and sing on the summit of Olympus, is yet a great way off.

We do not wonder that the great modern apologist for Monarchy, should grow melancholy at the signs of the times, and as a last resort, call upon "Eternal Providence to make the day dawn." Some men are said to be in advance of their age and born a century too soon, but Mr. Carlyle seems to belong rather on the other side of the present.

His notions would have suited the eighteenth century better than the nineteenth, and perhaps the eighth better than either. He is not ignorant of the present time. He seems to have carefully noticed the modern revolutions as indeed most thinking men hear, but he does not interpret these movements aright. He sees an infallible Pope running away from the Eternal City in exquisite ignominy. He saw Louis Phillipe fleeing precipitately from France in terror of the tread-mill or worse, and the streets of Paris turning up their pavements like the troughs of the sea, and thinks that he never knew the like of it since the destruction of the old Roman Empire by the inroad of the northern barbarians. Yet the only lesson he can see in all this, is, that nations should be careful about their king; that these nations by a melancholy mistake happened to get the wrong men at their head, and in consequence we suffer all this disturbance. It is to him as the blunder of an Apothecary's apprentice who gets the wrong sort of acid into his alkali. To us these great political uprisings have spoken a different language, and been eloquent not in behalf of the old shattered system of kingships, but in favor of this bill which is getting itself passed in all the nations—a bill for the universal prevalence of Democracy, Self-government, and Republican Institutions. We do not conceive that the aged and fortune-tossed Louis was personally so obnoxious to the French people, or that the young and peaceable Pope was hateful above all others to the people of Rome and Italy. It was the principles they represented that had been long unpalatable, and were now become quite nauseous and disgusting. To resume a figure just employed, the blunder of the Apothecary's boy was not in *kind*, but in *substance*. It was not the wrong acid: he should have used no acid at all, and then he would have had no volcanic displays and wars of the elements. Mr. Carlyle's use of words also shows his erroneous views. With him 'kinglessness' is a synonym of 'anarchy.' When he hears of a country without a king, his mind must at once be filled with melancholy images of some

—"Dark

Illimitable ocean without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth and heighth,
And time, and place are lost, where eldest night
And chaos, ancestors of nature, hold
Eternal anarchy."—

No wonder then that he looks at our vast and thriving Republic with mingled incredulity and astonishment, and without knowing much what to say, calls us at once 'eighteen million of bones.'

The truth is, Carlyle makes a most pitiful figure when attempting to stand as the apologist of Monarchy, and notwithstanding his assertion that we are working against nature and 'the Destinies,' it is only an assertion, and unsupported by proof, becomes a "vox et preterea nihil."

We do not wonder at the querulous and disconsolate tone of Mr. Carlyle's later writings. To borrow one of his own comparisons, all his historical reading has been but a weary diving into the great cess-

pool of human folly and stupidity in search of a few scattered pearls of heroic worth; and having discovered and rejoiced over most of those, he finds little remaining but its dark and bitter waters. As he now looks at the world, it is rolling away as swiftly as possible to the aphelion with its load of crazy wretches, vainly attempting to govern themselves, and unable to discover among themselves any heroic, Heaven-anointed kings.

France with its 'Red-Republics,' England with its 'Red-tape' and melancholy awkwardness at 'horsemanship,' its thirty thousand starving unfortunate females and the great Irish giant behind, he thinks are bad enough, and cannot be much worse without sinking at once into chaos and death. And even for America, proud and happy in her vigorous youth, he cannot predict success. We too must lose ourselves in some political quagmire, and pass through the valley of the shadow of death, before we can catch any glimpse of the delectable mountains.

It *may* be so, and Thomas Carlyle be right, and all the rest of the world in a grievous error, but we do not believe it, and for the present shall keep on our course, and by a good use of ballot-boxes and 'stump oratory' take care of ourselves, and laugh to scorn the groundless forebodings of this sublime grumbler.

A. *

 IN MEMORY OF —.

.χούφα σοι
χθὼν ἐπάνωθε πέσοι, γύναι.

EURIP. ALC.

LIGHT lie the earth upon thy gentle breast,
Who bloomed, the flower of loveliness, below;
Gone, sadly for our broken hearts, to rest
Where the bright streams of love celestial flow.
Gone—we will mourn thee, gentlest of us all,
Pale, faded lily, 'neath the dark grim pall!

We saw th' advancing shadows, of that hand
Of death, steal o'er her love-inspiring eyes,
Glassing those pools of sweet affection, and
Marring the mirrored image of the skies:—
We watched the last, faint, hope-begotten smile—
Mocking our grief, death did his work the while.

And she is gone. When comes the twilight eve,
And bright remembrance wakes from her day-sleep;—

When widowed souls oppressed, may grieve
 Unseen in earth's kind shades ;—how then will creep
 Past scenes, in gloomy floods, from their dim graves,
 And whelm me with affliction's sigh compelling waves !

Lay softly down that form, within the tomb,—
 So no rude shock of careless hand disturb
 That everlasting sleep, begun in gloom—
 And ye, who daily dig men's graves, here curb
 For once your spirits harsh, and let the sod
 Sink gently there—my love sleeps 'neath the clod.

They tell us time abates the stream of tears,
 And heals the wounds inflicted on our souls ;
 But I will mourn *thee* through earth's circling years,
 Until the tide of joys eternal, rolls
 Around us both, entwined in sweet embrace,
 Companions ever, in that blissful place.

The night of death has fallen on thee first,
 But its dark shadows sweep across my heart,
 Clouding the storm of grief, that fain would burst,
 And drown the grave wherein thou liest apart
 From me ;—but I have done—peaceful thy rest !
 Light lie the earth upon thy gentle breast !

H.

The Hope of the Republic.

THE American Republic has long attracted the attention of the civilized world. Although it has withstood the rude shocks of internal commotions and outward assaults for more than seventy years, yet so wedded are the minds of many to old forms and ideas, that they still doubt its permanency. Men are prone to regard with reverence long established governments, although founded in error, and to distrust such as have not been tested by age, although based upon truth. But error, though sanctioned by age and upheld by authority, cannot find a perpetual lodgement in the human heart, while truth, however depressed by circumstances, must at last become permanently enthroned there.

Believing that our government is established upon correct principles, and that it is adapted to the wants of enlightened man, we cherish the hope that it will continue as long as human law shall be necessary.

What is the nature of our government?

Its fundamental principles are freedom and equality.

It was the hope of liberty—freedom was the one great object that animated our fathers in the revolutionary struggle. That they might free themselves and their children from the chains of iron, forged to shackle the body, and the chains of error that had bound the soul, they were willing to sacrifice comfort, treasure, and life. When they had achieved their independence, they felt it their duty to transmit it to the millions of posterity, who, as freemen or as bondmen, should inhabit this land, and bless or execrate their names. Well might they have paused in view of their responsibility, and scanned the history of the world for an example of a perfect government, and drawn wisdom from the fate of past nations. The voice of history spoke to them in no cheering tones, for neither republic nor monarchy had secured to its subjects those rights which government ought to protect. The ancient republics presented the spectacle of almost incessant contests, in which the higher classes struggled for supremacy, and the lower for equality, and in which oppression and anarchy held alternate sway. Monarchies had always elevated a few and degraded the masses. The selfish sovereign had enlisted the people in the service of his passions, and from their toil, suffering, and blood, had sought to distill a few drops of pleasure to gratify his basest desires. Profiting by human frailty, he had perpetuated his power by perpetuating ignorance, superstition, and bondage. From the page of history our fathers turned their thoughts within themselves, and read the truth which God has written in the heart.

Reason taught them that man is capable of self-government,—that intelligent and honest men are as likely to know and to provide for their own interests, as imbecile or selfish monarchs and lords are to do it for them,—that slaves to passion are unfit to rule men,—that if misgovernment must be suffered, the temporary and self-corrective evils of freedom are preferable to perpetual tyranny. Holding such views, they gave the power to the people in whom it originates, and spurning the empty titles of nobility and the glittering baubles of royalty, they recognized the freedom and equality of all.

Whatever useful political truth they had gathered from experience or nature, they concentrated in that embodiment of wisdom and justice—the Constitution of the United States. Pervading, animating, and controlling all, is the republican principle—that the will of the people is the supreme law. Yet while the authority of the deliberate judgment of the people is acknowledged, a prudent distrust of their passions is manifested. The framers of the constitution knew that the people would often be swayed by prejudice and excitement, and would need to be protected from their own rashness. Accordingly, by making the judiciary independent, and entrusting to the State legislatures the election of Senators, they introduced a conservative element—rendered the action of the government slower, and the influence of political excitement less direct, and while they left each State an independent republic, united all in the support of the general government.

Still farther to prevent popular excesses, they gave to the representatives, senators and president, official terms of two, six, and four years respectively, during which they are required to act conscientiously and independently. Hardly any human transaction evinces a deeper practical wisdom than that nice adjustment of the different parts of our complex government, by which they endeavored to maintain the sovereignty of the people, and at the same time to restrain them from abusing their power.

From this view of the nature of our government, we turn to inquire, What are the essentials to the permanency of a republic? We answer:—

I. A favorable geographical situation.

Monarchs know that republicanism is engaged in a war of extermination with despotism. For ages they effectually and securely maintained their sway. Like potent magicians, by the syren song of the "divine right of kings," by the fascinating splendor of royalty, they arrested the progress of free principles, and, as it were, paralyzed the powers of the human mind. But the soul cannot be chained forever to the car of tyranny, or be crushed to nought beneath its wheels. Weighed down by oppression it must at last recoil. The pent up fires of liberty will burst forth, as in Poland, France, and Hungary. In such crises brute force may decide the conflict, and the sword of the despot may sever the arm that strikes for freedom. Never did the flame of liberty blaze brighter than in Poland, and never were manlier hearts crushed by the tyrant's steel. But the legions of oppression proved valiant slaves, and dug a deep grave for freedom.

Thus it was with Hungary. All the skill of her generals, all the gallant devotion of her soldiers, could not have stemmed the tide of brute force which tyranny poured over the land, even had no Geörgy been found in her ranks.

Surrounded by superior and hostile powers, Poland and Hungary met a natural and inevitable fate.

II. Patriotism.

While an instinctive feeling binds the hearts of all to their native land, in many it degenerates into selfish vanity. These exult in its military glory, or on the extent of its territory, but feel no earnest desire for its real prosperity. They seek the apparent rather than the real, and are usually the ready advocates of war and conquest. They are the worshipers of heroes—of the Alexanders, the Cæsars, the Bonapartes of history. Such men deserve not the name of patriots.

He who consecrates himself to the welfare of humanity—who seeks not his own but others' good—who values freedom as a means of promoting the happiness of his race, he is the true friend of his country—a high priest at her altar.

The man who regards the glory of his Maker as the great object of his life, and devotion to the highest good of mankind as one great means of accomplishing this object,—he is a patriot—a reliable defender of his country's welfare.

True patriotism, therefore, becomes a safeguard of a republic, by

averting not only dangers from without, but those still greater, which arise from the ignorant minds and vicious hearts of the people.

III. Knowledge.

Here is a wide distinction between monarchies and republics. Under monarchical governments the duty of the subjects is simply obedience. Should they become sensible of their natural rights, they would probably take the sovereignty into their own hands. The stability of a monarchy, therefore, depends, in a great measure, upon the ignorance of the people. Accordingly we find those kingdoms the least disturbed by popular outbreaks, in which the minds of the subjects are the most unenlightened.

But the permanency of a republic requires intelligence on the part of the people. Every voter wields an influence in the government, and that too whether he exercise his right to the elective franchise or not. If he votes, he manifests his own will; if he withholds his ballot, he acquiesces in the decision of the majority. Duty and interest unite in requiring him to know the consequences of his acts. Honesty cannot compensate for the absence of intelligence, for a nation will often commit unintentional wrong, unless its conscience is enlightened and its passions are subjected to reason.

Popular intelligence, then, is essential to the perpetuity of a republican government.

IV. Virtue.

In order to secure the prudent and conscientious action of a self-governed people, duty must not only be clearly known, but deeply felt. Otherwise they may prefer immediate pleasure and aggrandizement, to the substantial happiness and future prosperity of their country. Through the ballot-box the moral as well as the political sentiment of the people is uttered in tones of authority. If an enlightened conscience governs their action, peace, liberty, and justice will gladden the land; but if selfishness is their ruling motive, the most valuable interests of the country will be disregarded. If bravery, patriotism, and love of freedom could have perpetuated a republic, France would have remained forever one of the proudest monuments of republicanism. But destitute of deep religious feeling and abiding moral principle, she mistook licentiousness for liberty, and, while denying the authority of God, she forgot the rights of man. Let the patriot ponder well her fate, and learn the lesson written there in letters of blood,—that *a republic cannot remain permanent without fixed moral principle.*

V. Energy.

Intelligence and morality cannot be established in a republic and made to control the action of the government, without energy on the part of the people. It is not transient zeal, but a living principle. It should be an element of character, for as liberty can be won only by manly toil and noble sacrifice, so it can be retained only by unceasing vigilance. Many labors must yet be performed, many dangers be braved, and battles fought, before mankind shall have reached that golden age when freedom shall be safe, and her champions may lay aside their armor, and rest from the strife.

Such are the essentials to the perpetuity of a republic.

Whether we possess them in a sufficient degree to give permanence to our government, time alone can decide; yet relying on the goodness of God, and the improvement of mankind, we cannot but cherish the most sanguine hopes of the future.

I. We are fortunate in our geographical position.

A kind Providence seems to have watched over our republic in its weakest hours. It was planted far away from the strong holds of oppression—where the servile hosts of tyranny must wage an unequal war—where no despot's throne was reared, no cringing slaves were ready to do his bidding. A wild and almost impassable ocean rolled between it and its foes, and battled for freedom. The roar of its waters was the anthem of liberty, and the knell of oppression.

What was at first a bulwark of protection against British power, is now, when foreign might is no longer dreaded, a barrier to the vices and corruptions of the old world.

II. Our citizens possess patriotism.

The circumstances of the origin and progress of our republic, and the nature of its government, have created in the people a love of country which few nations possess in an equal degree. We love our country, not because of its military glory, its vast conquests, or its immense territory, but for the dangers through which it has passed, for the blessings it secures, for the graves of our fathers, and because it is our own native land. We feel that our country's interests are identical with ours;—that we share its glory or shame, its prosperity or adversity. While time strengthens and extends our influence abroad, it renders more sacred the objects of our affection at home—invests them with a holier interest—and engraves the sentiment of patriotism more deeply on our hearts.

III. Intelligence pervades the people.

This is a feature of our national character that has universally attracted the attention of foreigners visiting our country, and one that has exerted no small influence in developing its resources, and in advancing the arts and sciences. Art is the handmaid of Science. Science is the noble patron of Art. The labor of an educated artisan is more valuable than that of an ignorant one; and the investigations of the philosopher are both assisted and called forth by a practical application of principles. Our institutions tend to unite the two by abolishing ranks, and thereby dignifying labor. Consequently, we have become a thinking as well as a laboring people, and are therefore less liable to suffer from injudicious political action. Knowing that if we err through ignorance, the consequences must be suffered by ourselves, we seek to prevent the effect by avoiding the cause. Where the people have no direct agency in the government, one of the strongest incentives to popular education is wanting, and the public opinion upon this subject is necessarily different from that in our own country. There, knowledge is regarded as the privilege of a few—here, it is considered the indispensable qualification of all. The means of education are so abundant in our country that comparatively few are totally

ignorant of literature, and these are looked upon as without excuse. Besides our institutions of learning, another powerful agent in promoting useful knowledge is the periodical press ; which, acting in connection with the Post Office system, diffuses scientific, political, and religious intelligence throughout our land.

IV. The moral sentiment of the people is of an elevated character.

The greater part of the American people deeply venerate the Christian religion. The religious devotion of the early settlers is a theme of historic interest. They fled from the pleasures of civilized life to the sterile hills of New England, happy to find some place where they might live in religious freedom. Advancing civilization has somewhat smoothed the ruggedness of their character, but its great outlines still remain firm as the enduring granite, and clearly defined as the sun in heaven. It sustained the heroes of the revolution in their darkest hours, cheered them in defeat, and hallowed their victories. Wherever their descendants have gone, they have carried the Bible and planted the institutions of religion. Their enthusiasm has triumphed over all obstacles, until Christianity is nowhere more firmly established than here, and to no land do the friends of religion as well as of freedom direct their gaze with brighter anticipations of the future. We look for no miracles ;—we expect no millennium in our day ;—but there is much to encourage the belief that the influence of religion is increasing in our land, and therefore, that the political institutions which it sustains are becoming more firmly established.

V. Energy characterizes the Americans.

If there is one race that possesses more true energy of character than any other, it is the Anglo Saxon ;—a race that is actuated not by momentary impulses, but by a fixed determination, which will not be thwarted by opposition—a spirit of enterprise, which seeks difficulties and dangers, that it may triumph over them. That the Americans share this quality in its full extent, is manifest from their works, both public and private, from their unparalleled national prosperity, and from the physical and moral superiority which they have shown, both in peace and in war.

For the above reasons we have confidence in the perpetuity of our republic. We cannot draw aside the veil that hides the future from our view, but neither in the past nor in the present condition of our country do we see anything that indicates its downfall. On the contrary, time, which invests even the worst governments with dignity, seems to add increasing stability to ours. It is absurd and even impious to suppose that a nation obedient to the laws of nature and of God, must necessarily work out its own destruction. Political as well as physical evils can be prevented by a wise understanding and a fearless performance of duty.

We do not believe that our government is perfect, but that it will advance in excellence as mankind progress towards perfection, until men shall become so wise and upright as to need no other law than that of God. Intelligence and virtue are the great ultimate sources of American liberty—the foundation upon which our republic rests ; and

while these shall guide our people, neither foreign might nor internal faction can destroy it. Both are rapidly and steadily advancing. Our age is the time of their widest diffusion—our land is the scene of many of their proudest triumphs. With them our republic shall stand ;—in their increase it shall gain strength ;—by their final establishment its continuance shall be made sure.

E. P. U.

Sympathy as an Element of Poetry.

GETHE, I believe, has furnished the best representation of the Devil. His Mephistopheles is composed of pure intellect unwarmed by enthusiasm, and impervious to passion or sympathy—a monster having so little in common with humanity, that it is proof of the highest genius to have created and so well sustained it. The Satan of Milton, less nearly perfect, appears to be only a huge personification of pride, ambition, and malice, but not entirely without an apprehension of goodness and truth. This intellect without sympathy, is the most characteristic quality in our conception of the Devil ; and human beings verge towards a likeness to him in exact proportion to their possession of this distinguishing trait. On the other hand, they seem to approach to our conception of the Divinity, when great intellect is joined to genial sympathy with all actual or potential being.

We shall not inflict upon you any *great* amount of learning in regard to what have been considered the essential elements of poetry. We would merely state that a vast deal of profound erudition on this subject, is supposed to be in existence, of a knowledge of which, however, we are perfectly innocent. For us to say, therefore, whether the views here presented are ORTHODOX or not, is impossible, and it is of but little consequence, since you will derive your *opinions* from your own reflections or from some higher authority.

Two qualities of mind which seem to us very important, if not essential, to the poet, are the power of detecting resemblances leading to the representation of things not necessarily as they are, but as they *seem* to be, and a cordial sympathy with human nature, and with whatever can interest the feelings or the imagination. We shall confine our remarks to the latter.

To however great an extent sympathy may be coincident with kindness, it is not benevolence. Sympathy enters into the feelings of others—thinks their thoughts and experiences their emotions. It laughs with the jubilant, and raves with the frantic, “becoming all things to all men.” Benevolence changes not. It seeks out the wretched and relieves their wants, feeling a sufficient reward in the consciousness of well-doing. It cannot comprehend “the pleasures of madness,” said to be “known only to madmen.” Sympathy revels

in it all. There is a difference between feeling pain at the sight of suffering, and feeling pain with a sufferer. Sympathy feels the latter.

It is in his unbounded sympathy that the "myriad minded" Shakspeare rises so immeasurably superior to every other writer. His mind seems competent to take into itself all other minds—to realize their sorrows and their joys—their agonies and their ecstasies. He seems to know what even the trees, the brooks, and the stars would say if they understood English. He is equally successful in the creation of Spirits, those beings half imagined shadow, half imagined substance, like the description of Death by Milton, when he says,

—"What seemed his head,
The likeness of a kingly crown had on."

His ghosts seem to be authentic, and we could not have blamed the good people of Salem if they had caught and hung his witches. Sympathy makes him equally at home as Puck, as Hamlet, or as Christopher Sly drunk and in the ditch.

Burns ploughing in his field, burglariously breaks with his unfeeling coulter into, and destroys the warm nest of an old mouse. He stops to lament her misfortunes in some verses which show the real goodness of his heart, and at the same time, his power of feeling emotion with mice as well as men.

"Wee sleekit tim'rous cow'rin' beastie,
O! what a panic's in thy breastie,
Thou need nae start away sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle,
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee
Wi' murdering prattle."

* * * * *

"That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble,
Has cost thee many a weary nibble."

Again his unlucky plough turns out of its place a mountain daisy. He stopped his team and rescued the

"Wee modest crimson-tipped flower,"

from the clods which were about to entomb it alive. Resting on his plough handles, he became absorbed in thought till he felt that the sad fate of the unfortunate flower growing alone, and amid the storm to deck "the histie stibble field," and at last to be torn rudely up and laid all soiled "low in the dust," was like that too often experienced by suffering worth, and his own untoward lot came full before him. Who could smile to see the tear spring to his eye as he said to himself, or rather to the daisy—

"Thou's met me in an evil hour,
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem" ?

He says of his old sheep Mallie,

"A friend more faithful ne'er came nigh him,
Than Mallie dear."

This cordial sympathy with all animate and inanimate nature, is, in part, what makes Burns so dear to Scotland, and in fact to all the world. To let his works die and be forgotten is impossible. They are the genial companions which cheer us in our lonesome hours, and to lose them, is to lose the best mementos of our kindest friend. He was the poet of peasants, and his heart went out in gushing streams of sympathetic feeling towards all that peasants hold dear. These two immortal poets, so different in almost every other respect, have this genuine, heartfelt sympathy in common.

It is no affectation of feeling. When Shakspeare raves with Lear, can any body suspect he is intending merely to amuse us with an exhibition of passion? If any maniac was ever frantic with rage, Shakspeare was when he penned those terrible lines in which Lear (no weakling in any respect) upbraids his daughters :

* * * * *

“ But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter ;
Or rather a disease that’s in my flesh
Which I must needs call mine : thou art a boil
A plague sore, an embossed carbuncle
In my corrupted blood. * * *

You unnatural hags,
I’ll have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things—
What they are yet, I know not—but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I’ll weep,
No I’ll not weep :
I have full cause of weeping ; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I’ll weep. O fool, I shall go mad.”

Raving almost to unconsciousness, he hurries forth into the storm, that dismal and portentous howls about him, till the tempest of his rage breaks down and sweeps over all mere words, and spends its fury in heart piercing shrieks, and mutterings deep and awful, like the rumbling of an earthquake. It is impossible to believe that any human being could have placed those words together, without being for the time, as completely overborne by passion, as any madman in bedlam. But Shakspeare differed from the real madman in having the power of ending his transports at will, and of producing in himself any other feeling just as real and just as incapable of being counterfeited.

When Burns sings a song the tears which “ unbidden start” at the very tones of his voice, prove that it is the genuine expression of feeling, and no solemn mockery of our most sacred affections. If we carefully examine poetry that has been preserved on account of its intrinsic worth, we shall find that unaffected sympathy is one characteristic of every true poet—one test of genius—one important distinction between poetry and fustian. Affectation done up in verses,

seems always to have swept over society like an epidemic. Such poems now lie decaying along the banks of Time's channel, like *white fish along the sides of Mill Creek*. Sympathy gives immortality to poetry. "The heart has a language which is understood by all," and the genuine expression of feeling is ever new and ever refreshing. There are so many dreary wastes in literature, that the few life giving springs that appear from time to time, are in no danger of being forgotten.

J. S.

Grimnis-mal, or the Song of Grimner.

FROM THE ICELANDIC.

WE read in the Elder Edda,* in substance briefly as follows: Hrodung, king of the Goths, had two sons, named Agnarr and Geirröd, aged, at the time the story opens, ten and eight years respectively. One day, while fishing in their boat, they were driven out to sea by a storm, and finally wrecked in the night upon some unknown land, where they were cared for during the winter by a peasant and his wife, who were in reality the divinities Odin and Frigga in disguise. Frigga took under her charge the elder brother, while Odin took pains to instruct Geirröd, the younger, in many things; and, on their departure in the Spring, in a boat, with which he kindly furnished them, gave him much advice apart. When they reached the shores of their father's kingdom, Geirröd, leaping from the prow, pushed off the boat, and, with a malediction, bade his brother "begone where evil spirits might possess him." On reaching the palace he found the throne vacant by the death of his father, and, becoming king, rose to distinction.

Meantime Odin and Frigga, sitting in Hlidskialf and scanning the world, fell into a conversation about their foster sons, in which Odin boasted of the prosperity of Geirröd, while Frigga threw into the other scale his want of generosity and his stinginess. Odin disputing her assertions, a wager was laid; whereupon Frigga sent her chief maid, the nymph Fulla, to fill the mind of the king with fears and suspicions which should tend to make him inhospitable, while Odin, disguised in a blue cloak, visited in person his kingdom. He was arrested because the dogs could not be made to touch him, (that being a sign given by Fulla to Geirröd of the man who was to be feared;) and because he would give no further account of himself than that his name was Grimner, he was placed by the king between two fires and tortured for a week. It so happened that the king had a son named, after his uncle, Agnarr, at this time eight years old. This child brought to Grimner a full horn and gave it him to drink, expressing his belief that the king was wrong in torturing him, an innocent man. The fires increasing in heat had by this time become so fierce as to burn his cloak; and he sang as follows:

* Edda Saemundar hinns fröða. See also Pigott's "Man. of Scand. Myth."

Hot, hot, oh fire ! art thou, and waxest still
 In fury ; though more closely round my form
 I wrap my fur-bound cloak, and gather in
 Its folds, 'tis burned to cinders by thy rage.
 Eight weary nights I've borne this torturing heat
 Uncomforted ; no man hath offered food
 Save youthful Agnarr, Geirröd's only son,
 Who only o'er the fearless Goths shall rule.
 My blessing on thee, Agnarr, for that draught !
 More rich reward thou never couldst receive
 E'en hadst thou filled the horn with dew from heaven.

Lo ! near the Aser and the cunning Elves,
 Holy the land which spreadeth before my eyes !
 But Thor in glorious Thrudheim's ancient halls
 Shall dwell, till falleth the twilight of the gods.
 In Ydale hath Uller made his home ;
 The gods, to much loved Freyr,—to mark the day,
 When through his infant flesh, in pearly rows,
 Appeared his earliest teeth—in the morning of days
 Gave Alfheim. These are the first and second homes
 In Asgard. Valaskialf is the third home called,
 Because, in the olden time, Vale for himself
 Obtained it ; there the cheerful gods o'er all
 The house have spread untarnished silver's sheen,
 'Neath which they taste of pure unending joys.
 The dismal sound of roaring waters, cold
 And restless, ceaseth not in Söcqua-beck,
 Where joyful Odin drinketh every day,
 With Saga mirthfully draining the vases of gold.
 The fifth is Gladsheim, where, brilliant as gold,
 Ariseth Valhalla's spacious dome, whither
 Hropter daily calleth men slain by the sword.
 Easily 'tis known from the other palaces
 By those who come to Odin ;—its roof is wrought
 With spears—its walls with hero-bucklers hung,
 And coats of mail are strewn along the seats ;—
 O'er the western gate hangeth a wolf ; and there
 An eagle hovering soareth aloft in pride.
 And next is Thrymheim, where, in olden time,
 Thiase dwelt—that powerful giant !—now
 Skada dwelleth there in the ancient home
 Of her Father. Seventh is Breidablik, and there
 Hath Balder made his glad habitation.
 In that blest spot where nought of roughness is,
 But all is love, and peace, and purity.

The eighth is Himinbiörg, and Heimdall there,
 They say, guardeth the sacred palaces;
 There dwelleth the merry warder of the gods,
 And, in his happy home, quaffeth good mead.
 Folkvangr is ninth, and there hath Freya power
 To seat her daily guests around the board;
 Daily she chooseth unto herself the half
 Of fallen heroes, and half Odin owneth.
 The tenth is Glitner; there from golden shaft
 And capital, the silver arches spring,
 And bear aloft th' o'erhanging silvery dome
 'Neath which Forsete sitteth every day
 In chair of judgment, and with soothing hand
 Husheth to sleep the civil strifes of men.
 In Noatun Niörd hath made his home—
 The blameless king of men—who, first of all,
 Is knelt to 'neath the temple's holy shade.
 With thickets overgrown, and rankest grass,
 And pliant osier, is Landvide seen;
 But Vidar there descendeth from his steed,
 Active in vengeance of his father's wrong.
 These are the homes where the powerful Aser dwell.

Andhrimner from Eldhrimner bringeth forth
 Sæhrimner, seethed,—most excellent of meats—
 And few can tell how many Einheriar feed
 Thereon. Th' illustrious Father of armies, with food
 Sateth Gera and Freka; but Odin, great
 And noble in arms, liveth on wine alone.

Huginn and Muninn, over the fields of earth
 Fly daily; fear creepeth upon my soul,
 Of Huginn, lest he come not faithfully;
 But of Muninn I have greater fear than this.
 Thiothwitis howleth at Thund, and still
 Fish-like, remaineth in the river's depth;
 Too swiftly rolleth the stream its angry flood
 For swift Valglaumer safely to pass the bank.

Holy, in the plain before the holy gate,
 Standeth Valgrind; ancient the court, but few
 Can tell how late shall close its clanging gates.

Five hundred and forty the gates Valhalla hath,
 And twice four hundred Einheriar through each gate
 Shall move in close array, on that last day
 When they go forth to fight 'gainst Fenris the wolf.
 Five hundred and forty, I think, are the spacious halls
 That stretch beneath Bilscirni's winding roof;

Of all the hall-filled piles which I have known,
 Greatest, I know, is the palace of my son.
 The goat, which over the hall of Heriafauthr,
 Standeth, and nippeth for food the boughs of Læraeth,
 Is Heithrun; Skaptker daily shall brim with her milk,
 The sparkling mead which never can cease to flow.
 The stag, which over the hall of Heriafauthr,
 Standeth, and browseth for food the boughs of Læraeth,
 Is Esikthyrnir; and into Huerigelmer
 Droppeth from his horns the limpid dew; thence flow
 All rivers—Sith and Vith, Saekin and Eikin,
 And other ten which roll through Asgard's plains
 Their sparkling waves, and circle round the homes
 Of joyful Aser; Vina, and Vegsuinn,
 And fifteen more of darker waves which pour
 Their sluggish streams through Midgard, near to men,
 And thence, with mighty thunderings, fall away
 To Hela; Kaurmt and Aurmt and the two Kerlaug's,
 Through whose cold streams great Thor maketh his way
 When he goeth to Yggdrasill, the ancient ash;
 On Glathr and Gyller, and other eight steeds are borne
 The Aser, when they too go to Yggdrasill.

Downward from Yggdrasill three roots extend
 Triverse; 'neath one is dark-browed Hela's home;
 Beneath the second dwell the Hrimthursi, fierce
 In war; and under the third dwell learned men.
 The squirrel that runneth on lofty Yggdrasill,
 And down to Nidhauggr bringeth the eagle's words,
 Is Ratatöskr; also four stags there are—
 Daínn, Dualin, Duneyrr, and Durathror—
 Who, twisting their necks, gnaw the boughs of the ash.
 Few can number the serpents that lie beneath
 The tree of ages; Goinn and Moinn, the sons
 Of Grafvitner are there, and other four
 Whose fate-allotted task it is to waste
 Forever its branches, shooting forever anew.
 Greater labors than mortals can know, the Ash,
 Yggdrasill sustaineth; above, a stag
 Devoureth its branches; its aged trunk is weak
 With wasting sickness; and the tooth of Nidhanggr
 Gnaweth below.

May Hrist and Mist, fair ones,
 Fill for me the golden goblets with wine,
 While Herfötör, and other sisters ten,
 With names as sweet, to happy Einheriar bear
 Full bowls of sparkling sherry for their lips.

Svalinus standeth a shield before the sun,
Before his fiery glances ; full well I know
That if it fall, the rocks, and e'en the sea,
The briny flood, shall burn with roaring flames.

The wolf, whose eager eye followeth the sun,
The brilliant god, unto the girding sea,
Is Skaull ; but Hati, great Hrodvitner's son,
Goeth before the softly shining moon.

From Ymer's flesh, in the dawning of time, was made
The earth, and from his blood the raging sea,
The rocks from his bones, and from his hair the trees
And plants ; his skull became the vaulted heaven ;
And Midgard, from his fringed lids, the gods
Kindly have fashioned for the sons of men ;
And from his brain, the clouds that dress the sky
Of Summer, or dart their lightnings in the storm,
Their first substance had.

Once Invalda's sons
To build Skithbladner, strove, the best of ships,
For Asa Freyr, Niörd's all-worthy son.
Of trees the greatest is Yggdrasill, of ships
Skithbladner, Odin of the Aser's host,
Sleipner of horses, of bridges, Bifraust, Bragi
Of poets, of hawks Habroc and Gramr of dogs.

I tell thee, Geirröd thou art drunk ; too much
Hast thou drunken, blinded art thou by wine ;
Thou fallest from high estate, for by my aid
In favor with th' Einheriar hast thou stood
And with Odin. Much wisdom have I sung,
But in thy memory thou retainest few
Of all my teachings. Round thee, fallen in toils,
Thy friends stand. Lo ! falleth a sword all stained
With blood—the blood of my friend. Now Yggr shall get
One whom the sword hath slain. Thy life, I know,
Passeth ; the Disir have no pity on thee.
Now mayst thou see Odin ; such now my name ;
Just now 'twas Yggr ; ere that 'twas Thundr. Hnicarr
And Vacr, Skilfingr, Vafuthr, and Hroptatyr,
Guatr and Ialcr among the gods Ofner
And Suafner—all these I wot are names of mine,
And I am Odin. Come near me if thou canst.

King Geirröd was sitting, with his sword half unaheathed upon his knee ; when he heard that Odin was there he arose to lead him away from the fire : his sword fell from his hand, hilt downward : he stumbled and fell ; and, the sword piercing his body, he died. Then Odin disappeared, and Agnarr was king long thereafter.

Efficiency.

EVERY age, every society has its master spirits, minds whose formative power is felt wherever their efforts are directed. Often fame is theirs while living, influence always living and dead. They are sometimes men of genius, always men of power. They live not to be praised, but obeyed; not to *array* formal orders, but to fasten hearts to their cause. While many wish for their influence, few understand the secret of gaining it, and fewer are willing to be what they must be, in order to possess it.

Let us endeavor to analyze such a character, and trace its influence back to its hidden source. And here it is not necessary to fix upon any individual, or to imagine an intellect of the highest order. We need only to look at a mind that is controlling in its own proper sphere of influence, whether large or small. Nor must we confine our attention to a case where that control is universally acknowledged, for mankind are often obedient to the purposes of some commanding mind, while they refuse to acknowledge that it is their leader. The trains of influence set in motion by a thoroughly stirring spirit, are often so numerous and so interwoven with the concerns of every day life that it is impossible to escape their control. Evasion in one direction is sure to bring him who attempts it, more completely into their power in another.

There is an influence of station in a measure independent of him who occupies it. Money, authority, reputation will often give an inferior mind a temporary control over others, or in a state of society where the universal mind is torpid, even permanent despotism. But it is obvious that such a man cannot be called efficient. *The working out* he cannot show.

By efficient man, we mean one who accomplishes what he undertakes, and undertakes to do what is worth doing. In our analysis of such a character we shall find prominent this element, *strong common sense*. This trait, which seems to lie at the foundation of success in any and every department of business, is not so general as its name imports; but wherever it exists, whether connected with high mental cultivation or not, it is sure to make its influence felt. We may be delighted by the brilliant speculations of a mere theorist, and highly gratified by the striking truths disclosed to us by the master of science, but when we have great practical questions to settle, questions involving our interest, our pleasure, and our character, we seek counsel from the man of strong common sense. We feel that a man whose views of the concerns of life accord with the reality of things may be safely trusted. It is nothing unusual to see a man of very brilliant and varied acquirements, a scholar of almost infinite research, whose judgment after all, in a plain case that immediately concerns human welfare, would evince the folly of a child rather than the wisdom of a

sage. And on the other hand we see men plain in speech, rude in manner, and not too abundantly furnished with matter, whose decision nevertheless on questions of practical importance, show that they *understand*, if they cannot describe the relations of things. The former may be admired and praised, the latter *will* be obeyed. The inflated vanity of exquisites may affect to despise plain common sense, but it will be obliged sooner or later to pay substantial tribute to its power.

There is indeed no necessity for separating learning and sense, yet there is not such an affinity between them, that one cannot exist without the other. Nor do I mean to assert that the unlearned are most likely to possess a discriminating judgment, but to say that if they do possess it, it qualifies even them to exert a controlling influence, provided its legitimate power be not neutralized by the coexistence of traits positively bad.

A second element of a thoroughly efficient character is *fixed purpose*. Here is the starting point of action. It is not enough to have a general indefinite purpose, but the will must be brought to bear in one direction, nailed to the attainment of one great object, which object must be not the gaining of an influence, but the exerting of one's energies according to a definite plan of action, for the good of others. It is often said that determination will almost infallibly gain its end. But there is a wide difference between carrying one's point in a given case, and writing on the hearts of others lessons of virtue, not to be stored in memory, but to be practiced through life and reproduced in generations to come. The demagogue may achieve the first, apparently sweeping everything before him, but excitement so far as it is not the result of a settled conviction of important truths will subside, and a sober review may lead to the undoing of what a little before seemed so completely done.

The fruit of real efficiency is permanent success. But although every excellence may be pressed into service by bad men to gain their own ends, either as public or private persons, yet the nature of the excellence is not changed, nor its efficiency in securing a better end impaired. If purpose is mighty for evil, it is no less so for good. Valuable results are not of spontaneous growth, at least in this state of being. The earth, though an inexhaustable storehouse of precious treasures, does not yield them up till persevering study has invented the key to unlock its hidden wealth. A few hours of dreamy speculation could never reveal the science of Astronomy, but purpose, diligently, laboriously pursued, has led the way to unknown worlds and disclosed wonders almost beyond belief. Whoever brings to light a great truth in reference to matter or mind, is a benefactor to the race; and as there is a wide world for discovery, genius need not yet sigh for a field of efficient usefulness.

The sea of human passions is too stormy to be navigated successfully by an aimless mariner. He who would even escape being wrecked must see that his compass needle is steady, ever true to the pole. His course must be set straight for the goal, and diverse winds made subservient to his progress. There is no such thing as drifting to the right place. Tides, tempests, whirlpools, all, forbid.

A third element of efficiency is *elevated moral sentiment*. The worst of men may succeed in schemes of ruin, but their influence will sooner or later be counteracted. They will not be satisfied with maintaining opinions that are mere abstractions, and inducing in others a belief of their correctness. Their *end* is not to philosophize; but by plausibly philosophizing to secure some gratification that can be realized. And when the true nature of the fruit is discerned, mankind will condemn the tree that bears it, and their sentence will not be one of empty words. Immorality is under the ban of universal judgment. However much a man may be addicted to some one form of it, he will condemn it in general, and sometimes even that form of it, the most unsparingly, or apologize for his indulgence by claiming that in the given case it is no immorality. An immoral man is generally suspected of even more than he is guilty. We dare not trust him any farther than we can watch him. We know that there is a very intimate connection between one species of wrong doing and another, and if we detect one, we infer that the other is likely under different circumstances to flow from the same fountain. But on the other hand, if we see an immoral man engaged in well doing, we give him no credit for it, inferring that this act is not from within, but from constraint by something from without. But it is quite possible for such a man to profess belief in the noblest of moral sentiments. Is this sufficient to give him commanding influence? Not the highest degree of which he is capable, even while his hypocrisy is undetected; for, however well he may succeed in gaining the confidence of others by his profession, this sentiment to become an element of great power in himself, must be wrought into his own character, must become not his, but him. We are influenced most, not by the man who shows that he is aware of what he ought to be aiming at, but by the one who shows that he is aiming at what he knows he ought to be.

The last element of efficiency I will mention here, is *sympathy*. Of its power to incline others toward the possessor, I do not propose to speak; but as an element of power in the possessor. Few need prompting to do what they feel to be for their own interest. By sympathy a man makes the cause of another his own. Whatever affects the object sympathized with, affects him in the same manner. Consequently such an one gains a better knowledge of what he is to do, as well as of the way in which it is to be done. Many of the most powerful motives, which without sympathy he would entirely disregard, are thus brought to bear upon him, and it is easy to see that under their influence he will do far more than he otherwise could. Feeling is often the promoter of true knowledge. Fondness for the most abstruse sciences enables the scholar readily to master difficulties, otherwise quite insurmountable. The rigid exactions of teachers may secure the committing of a lesson, but can never make a scholar. There may be an accurate repeating of words, but there will be very little knowledge. Thought may creep, but will not soar. The mind may toil, weary, and even sink under the weight of its burden, and yet accomplish nothing but its own undoing. But let it be im-

pelled to labor by its own thirsting for truth, let it be drawn out into that ocean of knowledge which it is eager to fathom, then will the greatness of its attainments show how potent is sympathy with truth to energize the intellect.

Want of sympathy is closely allied with bigotry and narrow-mindedness. Unless a man's impulses lead him out of himself in a cordial friendship with his fellow-men, he will be very likely either to hate or despise them. In either case he is impotent to do them good. Nay more, he has no heart for the trial. But there is a wide difference between seeking the welfare of our fellow-men, and agreeing with their vices. A man may sympathize tenderly, heartily, and constantly with his neighbor, while he feels obliged by the very law of kindness to reprove him faithfully. It makes comparatively little difference with the man, who enters heartily into the real wants and woes of his race, how his efforts are received. He will neither be charmed from his work by honorable eulogiums, nor driven from it by undeserved censures, nor even by the ingratitude and abuse of those he seeks to benefit. Feeling that the evils he would alleviate, and the good he hopes to secure, not to himself, but to others, are real and great, he has in himself the foundation for an ardor that will never cool, and of a beneficent activity that will never tire.

No one of the elements here enumerated is sufficient of itself for success, but in combination they form a character well fitted to win the admiration, control the will, direct the judgment, and improve the heart.

M'.

Editor's Table.

As we have no faith in any attempts to counterfeit wit, and do not pretend to professional dealing in the genuine article, we must be content to say a few plain things, which many of our readers have wished a thousand times to say for the special benefit of a character we shall endeavor to represent so that it shall be recognized—viz—a *college bore*. How often do we hear the exclamation, half pathetic, half indignant, "I do wish that fellow knew enough to mind his own business and let mine alone!" Now this character is, of course, entirely ideal? a mere "general conception," that has no embodiment in human shape? yet it is the source of so much trouble and vexation about College that it requires a very philanthropic effort on the part of all who have the means, to abate the nuisance. Although there is nothing very substantial about this existence, it is no ghost, for it is quite as likely to appear by day as by night; neither is it purely air; for often, after it has been withdrawn, those subjected to its presence have been heard to say, "now I breathe free once more." Perhaps it came originally from the same stock as that wonderful thing called genius, for without exertion it can produce *monstrous* results. Yet

we must not allow ourselves to believe that it has no good qualities. O! no, for in its adhesive friendships it never fails. Although from the lowest depths of your good will, (to yourself, not to it,) you kindly suggest that you will not put it to the trouble of watching with you longer in your severe indisposition, it meekly and uncomplainingly holds out to the end—of your patience, and a little beyond. If you are laboriously engaged in a very difficult work where your individual mind must be the only worker, though it grieves because it cannot help you, yet, by its presence, smiles, and words of hope, it is *ever* ready to keep up your *spirits* (temper,) and will not allow you to sink down into a quiet resignation to your fate, (unless the calmness of despair can be called quiet resignation.) If you sometimes take the liberty to chide, in terms that would seem harsh to most, it does not “fly off in a tangent,” and threaten never again to “darken your door.” It quietly waits till you have done, (and oh that its waiting might end there,) then pleasantly changes the topic, satisfied that you did not *mean* anything by what you just said. It is not quite certain, however, that it is incapable of taking offense, yet there is no need of alarm; for should it rage “like ocean into tempest wrought, to waft a feather, or to drown a fly,” it will soon expend its fury, and seek, by more complacent smiles and more constant attention, to assure you that it will never more detach itself from your interests. Nay, verily, it will place such an estimate on your superior attainments that it will be most devoutly thankful if you will condescend to become its teacher, and spend a few moments now and then, which, of course, are worth nothing? to you, in bearing it over the rugged steep of this hill of difficulty, from which its tender sensibilities and unpracticed powers shrink back, quite unequal to the task. This request fully evinces its modest and confiding disposition, since it must be that you are more than amply repaid for the little trouble it costs you by the honor of having so distinguished a pupil. Surely kindness is seldom bestowed on one so ready to appreciate its worth, as is evinced by its unremitting demands for more. As half the bliss of doing a kindness is in having it appreciated and remembered, who will say that this is an ungrateful task? What reward can be richer than *its* bewitching smiles, which speak so eloquently and truly its new-born gladness, and *its* unmeasured praise, in words like these—“You’re a gentleman and a scholar”? Who can withstand the outpouring of such gratitude, or be so rash as to deny himself the opportunity of receiving it in one eternal stream? He who can do this must surely have a high sense of his own importance, and the value of his time. Is it not the very quintessence of benevolence to sacrifice one’s self for the sake of making others happy? And is not that the highest style of charity which gives most to the most *needy*? What poverty and helplessness can equal that of the object under consideration? Money is trash, and wealth is not in words, however choice their seeming, but he alone is rich who can boast great thoughts his *own*. Now nothing can be more evident than that this very unfortunate being is sadly wanting in the last named article. The whole tenor of its life seems to say, imploringly, “a penny for your thoughts”—“take my credit, but give me an idea—of this lesson.” Nor is this earnest entreaty without meaning; for the hour of trial is just at hand, and the poor thing, strange as it may seem, is held accountable; and, unless help can be afforded, it will be obliged to answer—“*not prepared*.” No wonder that the faintest conception of such a catastrophe should fill it with awful terror, for the consequences, ah! who may tell? If the

woes of the fugitive slave appeal to all of human that stirs in our bosoms; if the fate of the innocent about to pay the penalty for crimes he never dared to conceive, demands commiseration, then surely this most obsequious, most dependent child of want, which is utterly unable to defend itself, is an object of sincerest pity. Yet few can be found of so generous hospitality as to receive it under their roof, few address it kindly, and none are in earnest, when they see it doomed, to avert impending fate. Alas! whither have magnanimity, philanthropy, and humanity fled? And charity, too! has she, born of heaven, forgotten her origin—and is she, too, regardless of the weak, and the suffering, intent on her own aggrandizement? Shame! shame! and has our poor world come to this? Had Shakspeare fallen on such times, he would have exclaimed, “alack! alack!! alack!!! the day!!!”

But the story is yet only half told. This victim is not only without a friend to sympathize and defend, but it is strangely disordered too. The first dawn of morning often finds its heavy eyes yet not closed by sleep, and through wearisome (to others at least) days it drags out existence almost insupportable; full of pain from present disease, and of anguish from the apprehension of worse things to come, tossing to and fro, it finds no rest. But the body is sound compared with the mind. Reason sits lightly on her throne—conscience long since ceased to be—judgment is so unused as not to know its place—and will, from the tyrant, has become the slave. What a wreck! Prostrate it lies. The first clear tones of the morning bell but startle it in its troubled sleep; the pleasing calls of duty it must not hear—the glories of the rising sun it must not view—the value of science, and the beauty of truth it must not know. Fate! Fate! what worse couldst thou inflict? Verily, hath it not a devil?

Trusting that our readers have now a tolerable idea of this remarkable being, and recognize in it a tried (and trying) friend, we shall change our tone, and address a few plain-spoken words of advice directly ad perforatorem Collegii.

Now, Sir, whoever or whatever you may be, with all your excellent traits above enumerated, we think there is yet a little room for improvement, and to this end the following hints are given in all kindness and faithfulness.

1st. Never stop at a fellow-student's room without some business, unless by direct invitation. Never allow yourself to suppose that, because you, for the time being, “have n't anything special to do,” everybody else is in exactly the same condition. We are not all blessed with your remarkable tact of expediting business, so that we can get our lessons in a trice, and have all the rest of the time to—

2d. Whenever business makes it necessary for you to call, resolve that you will not stay more than two hours, if the business *can* be dispatched in that time.

We know that a man of your functions must have a great deal that it is *very* important to do and say, therefore we are willing to devote all necessary duration to your convenience.

3d. Be very particular on entering, to ask, “Are you busy just now?”

However desirous your friend may be to see you, if you come at an unseasonable hour, he will be very apt to *feel*, (if he does n't *say* anything,) “Your room is, just now, worth more than your company.” And certainly your regard for others' feelings will deter you from awakening such emotions in the bosom of a friend, to whom you owe so much, and who, besides, loves you so tenderly.

Finally.—It may not be amiss to consider that it is *possible* that others do not think *quite* so highly of your company as you do yourself.

To be sure, it may be their fault that they do not appreciate your merits, and *it* is certain they have not that opportunity of forming a correct judgment that *you* have. But stop! there's a mistake. It *is* certain that they have seen you much oftener, and studied you much more *anxiously* than you ever did yourself; *so it* may be they are right after all. If, therefore, you *can* consent to be a little more *scarce*, you will be much more *precious*.

With your permission, indulgent readers, we will now say just one word to that creature who so generously prevented you from making a bad use of your *calm* logues. The stealing of a man's good name used to be called slander. Nor *was* the epithet softened at all when it was done by a man of consequence. But now it seems a mere youth, in all probability a bare-faced stripling, may steal four or five hundred of the best names in the country with perfect impunity. How *times* do change! Now this *may* be all proper enough, yet we can't help having an *opinion* about it. Such conduct! We will not attempt to name it, but pass it over to the coiners of language, to be labeled as it deserves.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENT.

"The world is full of beauty" is such an exception to the motto, that we think *it* would not look well in print. We agree with the author that beauty *may* be found almost everywhere, but it is sometimes so hidden that we need a friend to point *it* out. We realize that difficulty in the present instance. For example—when he "rhapsodizes over the snow-covered beauties of the Alps," we are unable to climb the steep ascent, and could we overcome this difficulty, those glistening banks of snow would be quite too much for our weak eyes. But mark how "wildly beautiful the sea in a storm, when old ocean is fairly awakened from its lowest depths, and we see the dark masses of waves towering one above another, like a vast green hill." Surely here is "a *force* that would seem sufficient to shake the solid world." But we forbear, lest our readers be surfeited with such uncommon delicacies.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The "Indicator" we have read with no common satisfaction. If its pages are always as replete with good sense and wit combined, it must be regarded by others, as well as the Editor, as an essential part of Amherst.

The "Jefferson Monument" is worthy of its noble aim. We were particularly impressed with the good sense of the leading article, and the high moral tone of the Editor's Table.

The "Nassau Literary" comes to us, as usual, in a neat and elegant dress. Its manly sentiments are worthy of the Institution which it may well be proud to call Alma Mater.

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EDITED

BY

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



A. D. 1780. From a painting by J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R. S. A. (now in the possession of the Trustees of the British Museum.)

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CONTENTS.

Appreciation of Greatness,	77
The Victory of Dunbar,	81
Sir Thomas More,	87
University Life in Germany,	88
A Song for the Wind,	93
Mystery,	94
The Study of Geology,	97
Scene in a Court Room,	101
The Tailor and the Barber—A Sketch,	106
Assyria Receptum,	110
The Power and Mission of Genius—a Prize Essay,	118
Editor's Table,	122

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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No. III.

Appreciation of Greatness.

Great men seldom receive from their contemporaries that tribute of esteem and admiration which posterity pay to their memory. Why is it? Why is it that every generation of men, while it arrogates to some general superiority over all preceding generations, is still lavish of praise on the preëminent few of past ages, than upon its own? I conceive it to be owing, partly to influences which tend to detract from the just esteem of living greatness, and partly to influences which lead us to extol past greatness beyond its true deserts.

The familiar proverb, "that no man is a hero to his valet," is true in its wide signification. The contemporaries of a great man are his intimates. Their position gives them a kind of familiarity with him, that no means calculated to heighten their esteem of his merits. A man is great in all the elements of his character; to excel in a few qualities, and to be eminently successful in a few great efforts, is the highest achievement of genius. In their ordinary intercourse with society—in the garb in which they make their every-day appearance to the world, great men often resemble little men. They often have their foibles and their caprices. They often deal in non-places, and trouble themselves about trifles. On many subjects and in many pursuits, they discover no more than ordinary ability.

Great minds, of an exalted class, are subject to a morbid delicacy of feeling, which unfits them for contact with the rude world, and makes them shrink, like the feeble, from participation in its profane interests. Indeed, it is sometimes the fate of genius to be associated with those little failings which are usually taken as evidence of the want of common sense; and even the strongest and most admirably organized minds, in the intervals of great activity, are often subject to a sluggishness, which, to common discernment, differ little from stupidity. Thus, to the living mass around them, the weakness of great men is frequently more apparent than their strength; and this proximity with their failings, damps the ardor of our admiration of

their few great thoughts and great deeds. "Confidence," said Chat-ham, "is a plant of slow growth." We are slow to believe, that one in whose ordinary life we discover many imperfections, can possess merits which entitle him to be ranked with those illustrious characters in history, whom we have been taught to venerate as great. In the estimation of his associates, Goldsmith was a simpleton, to whom Heaven, by a random shot, had sent a faint glimmering of genius. To us, who have read the character of his mind in its imperishable productions, he was a genius, in whom, as we learn from history, nature had implanted some of the qualities of the fool.

Another fruitful source of disparagement to contemporary worth, is the spirit of rivalry. Among the many aspirants to fame with whom the world teems, what a vast deal of superiority it takes to distance competition! How infinitely more to silence the malignant voice of envy! When genius presents its modest claim, how does aspiring dullness vent its spleen in detraction! To what a clamorous host of Scotch reviewers does an English bard give birth! Were the fames of great men always at the mercy of their rivals, surely, their evil manners would "live in brass," and their virtues would be "written in water." Envy assails all men, of distinguished worth, as they rise, with her thousand creative eyes, detecting faults that exist not; and her thousand viperine tongues, spitting the venom of calumny. Had we no other means of judging of the merits of Pope, than the accounts of some poets of his own day, whose memories have been embalmed in the *Dunciad*, we should regard him with quite as much contempt as we do those immortal poets themselves. Indeed, it is the fate of worth to be more exposed to this kind of detraction, in proportion as it is the more surpassing, until, at length, it rises to an eminence where the shafts of malice cannot reach it—a position which few can attain.

There are certain narrow prejudices, moreover, which sometimes sway the judgment of contemporaries. One man of genius has emerged from an obscure place, and the sneering world exclaims, "can any good come out of Nazareth?" Another has risen from a low station in life, and Rank lifts her scornful eyes above his head. Another is found in an unpopular sect or party, or has earned his title to distinction, unaided by the advantages of learning, and authority and orthodoxy, or the schools, condemn him without a hearing. Thus the influence of many a great mind has been lost to his own age, by accidents of birth or fortune, which debarred him from notice.

There remains another, and a still more hostile influence. Great men are often doomed to live and die in neglect, because their merits are above the capacities of their age to appreciate. These are the great pioneers in the march of improvement—men who are far in advance of their own times—men who come into the world to teach posterity. Theirs is a work of hostility, no less than of benevolence. It is theirs to pull down, no less than to build up. It is theirs to combat long-cherished errors—to subvert long-sanctioned authorities—to turn the currents of human thought and feeling out of deep-worn channels. The progress of mind, in the mass, is necessarily slow; paradoxical.

truths struggle long before they triumph. He whose merits must revolutionize public sentiment on some great subject before they can be appreciated, must trust to posterity for his fame. When the light of the reformation of the sixteenth century dawned on the darkness of the middle ages, the cries of proscription rose long and loud from the votaries of blind superstition, and old Babylonian night

"Sent up its foulest fogs to cloud the morn."

The hero of that revolution, the parent of the great idea which developed it, and which was developed by it, lived to witness so signal a triumph of his principles, and to reap so rich a harvest of glory, as any great reformer that the world ever saw. And yet, even Martin Luther was not idolized by his contemporaries as posterity have idolized him; and widely as his principles have prevailed, there is still a great part of Christendom that can see nothing to laud in his character. It is a fact in the history of the human race, that its greatest benefactors have been martyrs in the cause of truth.

Thus we see what it is, that Johnson calls "the general conspiracy of mankind against men of genius." This world is blind and capricious in its dispensation of fame to the living. It is not sparing of its honors. It has its own heroes and its own gods; yet how often does it deny to sterling merit, that distinction which it confers on gaudy tinsel. Heaven sends more great men to every age, than it is willing to receive. Some of these it honors, though seldom overmuch; others it "damns with faint praise;" others it loads with maledictions; others it consigns to oblivion. Some few there are, indeed, who come into the world endued with a kind of imperial prerogative—who expose themselves to the scrutiny of a living age, only to command its homage—who, rising in conscious strength, dash competition from their "bleak unsocial sides," and extort from Fame and Fortune the tribute which they owe. But these are anomalies in history. These are master spirits, who appear in the galaxy of great names, like stars of the first magnitude, "few and far between." The common lot of greatness is to be depreciated or neglected until it is gone. Men of rare endowments, it is true, cannot often fail of commanding respect and influence, within a limited sphere, in their own day. Even moderate talent, when embellished with a kind of false glitter or favored by rare circumstances, may be estimated beyond its value. But how seldom is it the fortune of the truly great, to live to enjoy the full measure of their merited glory! A prophet is not without honor, except in his own country—except, also, in his own times.

In the course of time, these humiliating influences lose their force. Death brings all to a common level, and then there begins a reorganization of the ranks. Some that were obscure now rise to eminence, and many that were honored are now despised, or sink, with the mass, to eternal oblivion. True worth is now the title to glory. The petty prejudices that blind the judgment of contemporaries, for the most part with contemporaries disappear. Time and history bring the merits of departed worthies more prominently to view, than their faults. The

present is not jealous of the past. Calumny and detraction seldom intrude on the hallowed precincts of the grave. Malignant envy dies in the very struggle to fasten her fangs in that which is invulnerable. The esteem, which the ignorance or corruption of one age denies, will be conceded by the superior intelligence or virtue of some succeeding age. A new and important truth, when once promulgated, is not lost. In an age which cannot comprehend it, its progress will be slow; but it will wind itself, by degrees, into the hearts of nations, and, in the end, redound to the glory of its discoverer. Genius is as immortal as history—immortal as truth. The injustice of the living may humble it, may deny it, may consign it to a temporary grave; but it will rise again to a glorious life, like the phenix, out of its own ashes.

But while we depreciate our contemporaries, it cannot be denied, on the other hand, that we are prone to look on the great men of past ages through a magnifying glass. In the history of remote times, the multitude of minor actors in the drama of life naturally disappear, and the great leaders are rendered more conspicuous in proportion. We are in danger of assigning them a more prominent position among their contemporaries, than they really held; and in looking at the extent of their influence on after times, we sometimes overestimate the power which gave it origin, forgetting that small springs may give rise to great rivers, and that the influence of individuals in our own age, will, in like manner, extend over all nations and to all coming time. Age gains veneration for authority—to such a degree, indeed, that mankind will often cling to old error, in the light of new truth. In time as well as in space,

“Distance lends enchantment to the view.”

Charms of association cluster around the great names of the past. Poets have sung their praises; historians have commemorated, in glowing language, their virtues, their accomplishments, and their memorable deeds; their thoughts have become the thoughts of nations; their forms have been sculptured in marble, and their names have become household words. Imagination often clothes them with unreal beauties, and unreal perfections. Their most excellent traits, their happiest moments, and their most successful efforts have been immortalized; the rest has been mostly consigned to oblivion. We get but a partial view of their character. We see the bright, but not always the shaded side. And while we observe only their greatness, we are apt to imagine that they were nothing but great—that they were great in their whole character, and great throughout the whole tenor of their lives.

Such, generally, has been the history of highly gifted men. While they have been in the walks of life, they have not been strangers to the neglect, the cruel irreverence, the contumely and scorn of the world. When they live no longer but in memory, the world discovers the value of the pearls which it threw away, and strives to make amends for its own injustice, by worshiping those whom it once slighted and canonizing those whom it martyred. We may add, that, as mankind advance in civilization and knowledge, they become more rational

in their awards of fame and applause. Tinsel will not so readily be mistaken for gold, and gold will not so often pass for tinsel. Departed worth will not be venerated so blindly, and the passing age will more easily recognize its own Heaven-inspired souls. E. W. E.

•

The Victory of Dunbar.

NIGHT fell, and blacker grew the troubled sky,
The boding storm-clouds gathering hastened by ;
Loud roared the struggling winds, in fury driven—
Their tumult dark'ning o'er the face of heaven.
Beneath the uproar of the storm, concealed
In gloomy darkness, lies the battle field.
The battle field,—the morrow's dawning light
Shall usher in a fierce, revengeful fight—
A bloodier war its deadly missiles ply,
Than this that madly rages in the sky.

A stormy night o'erlooks the battle plain,
And dismal gloom and dreaded tumult reign ;
While, on a narrow frith encamped, there lies
An army, as if doomed to sacrifice.
Disjected and retreating, tired and sore,
But yet undaunted by the solemn roar,
Which sounds like some sad, wailing, funeral hymn,
In mournful echoes 'mid those mountains grim.

On Dunbar's narrow frith, this stormy night,
Was Cromwell's meagre camp—a cheerless sight.
Their fragile tents all tattered by the rain,
Which falls in drenching torrents on the plain.
Before,—the sea, whose raging billows ride,
In madness swell, or beat the shore with pride ;
Whose treach'rous waves with yawning chasms ope
Around their tottering ships, their last sad hope.
Behind,—a mountain range, around whose peaks,
With frightful gambols vivid lightning leaps,
And every cave, and cliff, and craggy rock
Sends back with deafening roar the thunder's shock.

Such was the night, and such the scene,—
But Cromwell gazed with calm, undaunted mein.

The storm was dark, and hope shone darker still,
 But these moved not his stern, unconquered will;
 Deaf to the roar that sounds destruction's verge,
 He heeds not angry blasts, nor foaming surge;
 But, while the storm-clouds rage, he gathers there
 His tried and trusty warriors in prayer.

A noble sight! around the chieftain's tent,
 An armed band in humble supplianee bent;
 And, mingling with the sea birds' wailing cry,
 Loud hymns of praise were wafted to the sky.
 No martial strains along the blast were borne,
 No war-cry rose, nor sound of bugle-horn;
 But notes of prayer were mingled with the gale—
 "God grant us help, and may his cause prevail."

The morning broke—and, with its first dim light,
 Each soldier stood in silence for the fight.
 Shrill trumpet notes sound to the bloody fray,
 And pealing cannons answer in dismay.
 List! to the mingled din of life and steeds,
 The clang of conflict, and of bloody deeds;
 List! to the vollied thunders, as they pour
 Their fires of death, with mad and deaf'ning roar;
 List! to the beating drums that fill the air;
 List! to the notes of anguish and despair.
 But hark! for loud above the deadly strife
 Of angry foemen, staking life for life,
 In thunder tones their watchword strikes the sky,—
 "The Lord of Hosts—The Lord of Hosts"—they cry—
 Then madly rush upon the startled foe,
 And o'er the battle field dread havoc strow.
 On, on they press, like mountain torrents pour,
 And dying thousands make their bed in gore;
 Still on, with battle shout and waving plume,
 Like demons, rush to vanquish and consume.
 Beneath the shock of death the foemen yield,
 With phalanx broken test the battle field;
 And when with steady step they slow retreat,
 They fall, like blades of grass beneath the feet.

'Mid carnage such as this the sun arose,
 And o'er the naked hills with brightness glows;—
 The fearless Cromwell looked, with rapturous gaze,
 Upon that rising fire orb's dazzling blaze,
 Then from his lips burst forth—"Let God arise,
 And may destruction wait His enemies."

Destruction comes! in terror and dismay
 The Scottish hosts cease from the bloody fray.
 The panic spreads—they fly the battle plain,
 Crimsoned with blood, and covered with the slain.
 The victors pause—those brave old “Ironsides,”
 Who scorn the face of death where Cromwell guides—
 Pause in the fight, and loud their voices raise
 In one united song of grateful praise.
 And when that mighty anthem died away,
 Again the war-shout summoned to the fray;
 Again the hardy Britons eager rush,
 And dying troops with maddened fury crush;
 With reeking sabre, and with iron tread,
 They strow the field of battle with the dead.

The day was won, and Cromwell free again;
 His tried and veteran braves fresh laurels gain—
 For there they stood, without a chance to flee,
 Between black mountain peaks and foaming sea,
 Around, above, the hosts of Scotland throng,
 Flushed with high hopes, and in their numbers strong.
 Fearful the odds when first the fight begun,
 But, bravely fighting, victory they won.
 They dared their all for holy truth and right,
 Devoutly trusting in Jehovah's might,—
 Nor vain their trust—for, strengthened by His arm,
 The priestly foes of freedom they disarm.

Thus may oppression ever meet its doom,
 And tyrants bite the dust 'mid war's fierce gloom.
 O! thus may Freedom ever strive and win,
 When all is staked upon the battle's din!
 And thou! O, Battle Field! forever be
 Devoted to the cause of Liberty.
 And ever aid, amid the bloody fight,
 The holy cause of God, of Truth, and Right.

W. W. G.

Sir Thomas More.

“Goodness and he fill up one Monument.”

ONE use of great men, is to be great models. Biography is profitable, when it presents not only deeds but characters. These are, perhaps, most apt to be judged with impartiality by men who come shortly after their possessors. Each, too far for contemporary detraction, and

too near to take the false magnitude which distance gives to ancient heroes, assumes with them his just prominence. Accordingly, as early Roman historians embroidered the pontifical records with traditional lays and funeral panegyrics ; so the biographer should add, to the bare recital of events, those pictures which show character and the curses or eulogies of immediate posterity. With this end in view, I shall try to traverse the enchanting ground before me as rapidly as its charms permit.

The life of Sir Thomas More forms one of the few entirely admirable scenes in the sad tragedy of History. When from low estate he mounted by merit to the Lord Chancellor's chair ; when he gave up the seals and the favor of the king, for poverty and the favor of God ; and when, after the mockery of a trial, he ascended the scaffold, he let nothing ruffle the simple serenity of his greatness. The praises of Europe, which went up mingled with mourning at his martyrdom, are the best proofs of his eminence and excellence. Character, however, does not guide imagination more than opinions influence judgment. As the sunrise cloud, by the gloomy, may be fancied a dungeon, and by the cheerful, a church ; so he who attended England's rising greatness, to many Protestants, seems a bigot, and to many Romanists, a saint. Still his integrity is made so conspicuous by the corruption of his age, that one cannot but admire the brilliancy of the jewel in so dark a setting. Clustering associations have hallowed his picture at Basle, the site of his residence in Chelsea, and the gothic tomb which holds his ashes. Almost all acknowledge that of the portraits of the great, which hang in memory's halls, there are few before which they love to linger longer in reverence and admiration.

This remarkable man was born near the end of the reign of Edward IV. Having the good fortune to belong to an " honorable but not distinguished family," he escaped the disadvantages of both obscurity and nobility. It is interesting and profitable to trace greatness and goodness to education. More's estimable parents gave his young heart and mind a direction which was never changed. Till fifteen, he attended St. Anthony's school, which was long noted for the illustrious men it produced. It was customary, even for noblemen, to send their sons to get instruction and to serve as pages in the families of the eminently learned. Chancellor Morton received his future successor. His patron was so well pleased with his wit and acquirements as to say to his guests,—“ This child here waiting at the table, whosoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvelous rare man.” At Oxford, kept by his scanty allowance from the vices of the University, he “ profited exceedingly in rhetoric, logic, and philosophy.” Here he studied the classics with his famous admirer, Erasmus. At the most noted Inns of Chancery and Court, his talent and diligence soon won him distinction. He was early chosen Reader or Professor, and got great applause and advantage by his lectures.

In his goodness and constant success he is more like an imaginary hero of a drama, than a real personage of History. The great poem of his life has here an episode which is worth noticing, from its influ-

ence on the rest of the plot. Enthusiastic and religious by nature and education, he became so enraptured with the works of the Fathers, as to think seriously of entering the order of St. Francis, whom he so much resembled. Notwithstanding the blind bigotry which bigots have attributed to him, his reason soon convinced him that monasticism gave little aid to religion. Concluding that his sphere was the law, he, from that time, preserved that unity of purpose which is essential to greatness. Though, fortunately for the world, he did not exchange the long robe for the gray serge garment, he was more firmly fixed in his allegiance to conscience. Instead of vowing celibacy, he shortly after promised to "love, cherish, and honor" a refined and virtuous lady, in whose society he got more profit and pleasure, than he could have gained from all the monks in Christendom.

He soon became a great barrister, held some minor offices, and was returned to the House of Commons. The Parliament had been called for the purpose of getting a subsidy on the marriage of Margaret to James IV, king of Scots. Henry, having a clear feudal right to a grant for his eldest daughter, tried to extort much more than was wanted for the dowry. While most heard the demand in careless or cowardly silence, More rose, and, in a grave and argumentative speech, urged that the exaction should not be allowed. This was the first instance, in the history of the House, of a member boldly and successfully leading a party opposed to the Court. It is hard to appreciate the intrepidity and love of liberty necessary to brave the horrors of the Tower and the vengeance of a Tudor. As Luther raised his single arm against spiritual absolutism, so did he against temporal. When we look from the Reformer, as in solemn pomp he marches through the streets of Wittenberg to burn the papal bull, to the young patriot, as in moral grandeur he stands in the Hall of Commons to oppose injustice, we find it difficult to say which scene is the more sublime. Fortunately the king, though baffled and enraged, thought it politic to spare his opponent. More, however, was forced to retire. While planning exile as the only means of security, he was relieved by the death of his sovereign.

Resuming his profession and position, he was soon introduced to Cardinal Wolsey and Henry VIII. On account of his zeal, firmness and knowledge, he was knighted, made Master of Requests and sworn of the Privy Council. According to the usual law of compensation, his note and station brought inconveniences. He was taken from his literary pursuits and domestic delights. The time not spent in public services, was given to the king or the distinguished foreigners who thronged to his house. Henry, who seemed never sated with his witty and learned conversation, used, on clear nights, to take him out on the leads of the palace, to learn the courses of the stars. Occasionally he would come over to his residence, and with his arm about his favorite's neck, walk for hours in the beautiful gardens. After serving on several important embassies, More became Treasurer of the Exchequer and Chairman of the House of Commons. With his wonted noble spirit, he contended for liberty of speech and against the extor-

tion of Wolsey. He was soon made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

Meanwhile, having lost the wife of his youth, he had married Alice Middleton. Though he found her a Xanthippe, he proved a Socrates. Speaking of his Utopian household, Erasmus says,—“You might imagine yourself in the Academy of Plato. But it would be more just to call it a school and exercise of the Christian religion. All its inhabitants, male and female, applied their leisure to liberal studies and profitable reading, although piety was their first care. No wrangling, no angry word was heard in it; no one was idle; every one did his duty with alacrity, and with temperate cheerfulness.”

On the disgrace of Wolsey, Sir Thomas, though not of noble birth or ecclesiastical dignity, was raised with all ceremony to the Chancellorship. Associated with unprincipled men under a violent and reckless king, he was at once involved in painful proceedings against his predecessor; and soon after in the delicate matter of the royal divorce. At first sight it seems strange that he consented to take the marble chair, in which to sit securely he needed a marble conscience. The result, however, showed that he was actuated by patriotism, and resolved to lose his head before his integrity. After dispatching the prosecution of Wolsey, he gained additional respect for his wise reforms, purity, and impartiality. His success in disposing of the arrears in Chancery, gave rise to the epigram—

“When More sometime had Chancellor been,
No *more* suits did remain;
The same shall never *more* be seen
Till More be there again.”

The king soon became impatient of delay in his matrimonial affairs. The pope being unwilling to pander to his desires, and the Universities being divided, Henry resolved to reject advice and authority, and, even before the farce of pronouncing the divorce, to marry Anne Boleyn. This, More could not conscientiously uphold. Though by giving up the great seal, he exchanged office, wealth, and renown, for retirement, poverty, and comparative obscurity; he preferred to be a *man* in the valley of life rather than a “pigmy, though perched on Alps.” His resignation was unhesitatingly presented and reluctantly accepted.

He was not long allowed to enjoy the pleasures of ease. The refusal of the first layman of the realm to attend Anne’s coronation, made “the pretty fool” his deadly enemy. Vengeance soon followed. Having triumphantly refuted a charge of bribery, he was arraigned as an accomplice to the treason of the Holy Maid of Kent. At first, the object was not to sacrifice him, but to frighten him into submission. The select committee, before which he was summoned, began by telling him that there was no worldly honor which the king would withhold, if he would approve the royal conduct. Finding this fruitless, they tried threats. More, though aware of the consequences, firmly refused to give his voice to what he deemed wrong. “I re-

joice," said he afterward, "that I have given the devil so foul a fall; because I have, with those lords, gone so far, that without great shame I can never go back." Henry, persuaded to defer the stroke, tried to make all swear "to bear faith and true obedience to the king, and the issue of his present marriage with Queen Anne, to acknowledge him the Head of the Church of England, and to renounce all obedience to the Bishop of Rome as having no more power than any other Bishop." Sir Thomas was soon summoned to Lambeth. We can see him, as he kneels in Chelsea Church and prays for grace to remain true to his conscience and that higher law which is above the king's commandment. We can see him passing through the water-gate, descending the steps, and seating himself by his "son Roper" in the stern of the barge. We can see him, when the liveried rowers bend to their oars, and a cloud seems floating over his serene gray eye. Presently, in his low, clear voice, he says,—“I thank the Lord the field is won.” On his refusal to take the latter part of the oath, or to listen to the entreaties of the Abbot of Westminster, he was committed to the Tower. During the tedious fifteen months of his imprisonment, his favorite daughter Margaret, proved a ministering angel. One day, as he was gazing with her, from the grated window of his cell, he saw some monks go by to execution. “Look, Megge,” said he, “dost thou not see that these blessed fathers be now going as cheerful to their death as bridegrooms to their marriage.” Thus calmly and joyfully, he could look on his fate.

As More was suffering for refusing the oath, he could not be affected by the Parliamentary enactment making it high treason. “The statute,” he said, “was like a two-edged sword; if he should speak against it, he should procure the death of his body; and if he should consent unto it, he should procure the death of his soul.” On the ground of this and similar remarks, he was arraigned in Westminster Hall before a packed jury, perjured witnesses, and partial judges. Where he had knelt to get his father's blessing in the robes of a Lord Chancellor, he stood, with his hair silvered by confinement, to hold up his hand as a criminal. It is needless to recount his noble defence, the emotion of the jury, the false oath of the prosecutor, and the horror of the dense audience at the verdict of guilty. When he landed at the steps of the Tower, his daughter rushed through the guard and parted from her father with frantic embraces. It would be vain to attempt to portray his feelings at this, the sharpest pang of death. “The heart knoweth its own bitterness.” When on the scaffold, he pronounced the *Miserere* on his knees, and then calmly lay down to his long sleep.

He was imperfect because he was human. Still his errors were those of the head rather than the heart. Though, by his education and the prejudices of the times, led into the errors of popery, he was even more liberal than the enlightened Romanists of the present day. His faults were generous ones. Enthusiasm sometimes made him a zealot, but never an inquisitor. His word should be enough to smother such slander as the stories about his “tree of truth.” Few purer pearls lie on the sands of History.

As an author, he is noted for the *Utopia*, some Latin Poems and the earliest historical sketch in the language. On a broad foundation of learning he constructed the first elegant English prose. As a statesman, he seconded his love of country and zeal for reform by powerful eloquence. His bold plea for liberty of speech, his assertion of the rights of the Commons, and his acceptance of the fatal Chancellorship, are proofs of the purity of his patriotism. As a Christian, he showed unaffected piety in all his relations to God and man. However we differ from his doctrines, we cannot but admire his upright walk in the path of duty, though it led through prison doors to the scaffold. By humble devotion and reliance on God, he conquered kings. Independence, always so fascinating, and when based on principle so nearly divine, was his chief characteristic. He dared to be singularly good.

The peculiar excellencies of many ancient worthies, seem centered in him. He united the cheerfulness and wit of Democritus, the philosophy and integrity of Socrates, and the learning and fate of Boethius. Among his contemporaries, he was altogether eminent. We are apt to throw about the imperfect instruments of the Reformation, something of the holiness and nobleness of their work. The vacillation of Cranmer and the crabbed ferocity of Luther, stand in strong contrast with the firmness and Christian mildness of More. Shakspeare seems to have sketched the noble chancellor in Wolsey's eloquent counsel to Cromwell :

" Be just and fear not ;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's; then if thou fall'st,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr."

L.

University Life in Germany.

WE do wrong in knowing so little of student life in those great Universities which furnish our grammars and text-books, our isms and our ites. We, as a literary people, devour greedily whatever morsel they may send us ; we delve into German literature, revel in German romance and song, pronounce it all exquisite, and yet never look into one of those great Institutions where they mold and make such men as Goethe and Schiller.

But aside from these considerations, there is quite too much poetry and romance in the life of the German student to be overlooked by us. Notwithstanding the cold shoulder which John Bull, in his unapproach-

able dignity, turns upon us, and the pharisaical impudence with which he would fain excommunicate us from the goodly fellowship of *Fellow Students*, we claim a legitimate title to that appellation, and seldom fall behind him in the appreciation of anything worthy of notice.

On this point, however, we are sadly deficient. We read German editions of the classics, and smoke a German pipe, or its counterfeit, and, for recreation, sing a German song, in the true spirit of

"Gaudeamus igitur, Juvenes dum sumus,"

and care not to look into the condition and manners of their authors. We have lost much by this negligence. Let us try and recover at least a part.

Our popular notion of the meaning of the word student is restricted and local. It never extends beyond the limits of our American Schools and Colleges. In some sense this is correct. The American Student is unlike any other; and for this reason the word should have a local, American meaning. We err in not recognizing the difference between him and his transatlantic brethren, and in supposing all students like ourselves, with the single exception of national traits. The American student is much more tenacious of national ideas and peculiarities than the German. There is the same impatience and restlessness, the same hurry and bustle in our Colleges, as in our markets and on our wharves. We drive (or *ride*) through the groves of Academus, as if impelled by the combined force of steam and electricity, literally forgetting, in perhaps a majority of cases, the things which are behind, while pressing forward to the *mark*, the Ultima Thule of our ambition.

Nor is this peculiar to our undergraduate students alone. Our instructors are all of the high pressure order, controlling their classes as Napoleon did his armies, by keeping them busy, on the orthodox principle, no doubt, that

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."—

Not only are we propelled at this immense velocity by the joint influence of national traits and Faculty rules, but our way is guarded by numberless restraints and checks. Laws, regulations, traditions, and sometimes mere rumors, are employed to *fence in* the entire track of a Collegiate course, and woe be to him who kicks against such goads as these! Thus, like so many Jehus, our Faculties hold both the reins and the whip, and *speed* is the *sine qua non* of the driven. If any one lags, or becomes refractory, he is tumbled into the ditch by the road side, and the train hurries on without relenting.

In these respects we differ from the German Students. They seldom get in a hurry of themselves, and they are quite too independent to be driven. The world has probably never furnished so genuine a specimen of absolute independence as exists in their community. No specimen of American Western oratory could ever pretend to rival their pompous harangues, and exulting songs of liberty. In a word, the

German Student is little else than an embodiment of independence and chivalry.

As a natural consequence this spirit has proved comprehensive and expansive to such a degree that it extends beyond the rules of personal restraint, and does away with all obligation to study. All studies are *optional*, in more senses than one, with the German Student. Of course a certain amount of knowledge must be acquired in some way in order to pass his examination for a degree, but this is only an incidental affair and you would notice among them very little anxiety on this account. Student life with them is boisterous and free, full of excitement and bluster, and filled up with routs and duels. The University is a world by itself. A course of life is pursued within its walls wholly unlike and detached from anything without. There are collected hundreds, and often thousands, affording each other a mutual protection against the officers as well as the restrictions of civil law, exulting in their independence and their prowess, giving themselves up to dreams and songs of liberty, and to pipes and beer.

Associated in little societies or clubs, they make each other's personal affairs their own, always noble and generous, always competent, and ready too, for any exploit, "brim full of beer and courage," they present before us a curious aspect of life not to be found elsewhere. Perhaps no society ties are so strong as theirs. They are subdivided into little companies, consisting usually of seven or nine members, who know no diversity of interest. Each has a seat, with a pipe and tobacco pouch suspended on the wall above it, in the room of every other. In their frequent visits, each, of course, occupies his own seat and uses his own pipe and tobacco—matters which are never meddled with in his absence.

A thousand little observances of this kind might be enumerated, and a minute description of the apartments of some of these worthies would be interesting, but we pass to notice some of the more prominent features of University life.

Those who have not yet been admitted to full standing in these Institutions, who linger on probation outside the walls, are called *frogs*, and whatever else they may do, they are never allowed to croak within hearing of the higher orders of beings who dwell within. No matter from what country or what rank he comes, be he a prince or a peasant boy, he must pass this period of transition, must submit to all the humiliations of his inferior rank, and taste only in anticipation the delights of his seniors. He is, moreover, supposed to be in process of preparation for admission to some particular club; he is permitted to imitate their manners, to visit the coffee house and tavern, and, in short, is generally recognized as an embryo member of some one or other of the numerous fraternities.

That he may not fall below his predecessors in valor, he is constantly trained in the fencing school—this is his only recreation, and almost his only employment—yet even here he is reminded of his inferiority as a frog from the fact that he is not permitted to use the same weapons, even in fencing, with others. His is a clumsy kind of

foil, so armed at the point as to inflict only a contemptibly small wound, and should he be called to the "field of honor" during his frogship, which is highly probable, he is a frog still, and must submit to the mortifying use of his appointed weapon. He may avenge his outraged honor by thumps and blows, but cutting and carving an antagonist is too rich a delicacy for him.

After a while however he undergoes a singular transformation. Through much tribulation he has at length arrived at the threshold of the University, and now a serious ordeal awaits him. An examination is instituted with respect to his "fullness of learning," which surpasses in horror the most hideous of its American namesakes. The young novice is ushered into a room where are collected a great number of professors and others, and, standing in the midst, he is obliged to answer to a running fire of questions on all kinds of subjects, aimed at him from all quarters. All other trials sink into insignificance when compared with the tortures of this general *melee*. Hour after hour he submits to these worse than Inquisitorial inflictions, consoled only by the somewhat delusive hope of a recompense of reward which he is to receive in the ensuing three years of independence and senorial dignity. At length the cruel trial is over, and he emerges from the furnace a free man. His troubles are now over. He has left behind all the insignia of his degraded rank, his character, and his name. He is no longer a *frog* but a *fox*. Next ensues a scene not altogether unlike what is sometimes witnessed among us. A new generation of foxes has entered the University, and they must be assorted, and secured for the various societies we have mentioned. Electioneering is now rife in all its phases. The unsophisticated are invited to the coffee houses and to favorite resorts of all kinds; they are caressed and wheedled, and in every respect kindly cared for, until their destination is fixed. Those among us who are veterans in the recruiting service, can more easily imagine than we can describe, the details of this singular process. At length the final-day arrives, and the fox, having with the assistance above described, decided on his course, pledges himself over the beer jug and enters that mysterious fraternity which ever after constitutes an essential part of his very existence. We next find him at their accustomed place of meeting, listening to a prosy recital of the great events and valorous exploits which distinguish the history of the society, and also to a thorough exposition of its Constitution, objects, and internal arrangements.

Next succeeds the baptism of fire, technically called *burning the foxes*, wherein the victim is compelled to run between two rows of his seniors at the imminent risk of losing his hair and eyebrows from contact with the wisps of burning paper with which each one salutes him as he passes. The punch bowl and beer jug now make their appearance, and a hundred pipes exhale their odors, while ever and anon is heard the voice of the Master of Ceremonies calling out "Attention! prepare to drink! raise to your lips! withdraw from your lips! raise to your lips! drink!"

Here the ceremony closes, and the fox has entered on his three

years of University life, and after a short time spent in the fencing school, (one of which belongs to every society,) he drops the title *fox* and becomes a *Bursch*.*

Banquets given without the city are a favorite amusement of the Students. Having selected their ground, they put all the livery-coaches of the city in requisition and proceed thither *en masse*, where, all having been seated at table, immediately commences a scene which it would take a Hogarth to describe. Drinking, smoking, singing, shouting, fighting, and challenging compose the bill of fare. It is fortunate if they avoid a collision with the police, which indeed they never dread, since they are numerically the stronger party, and are besides practiced in fighting. The number of coaches upset on the return to the city—the students are their own drivers—and the number of duels which ensue in consequence of the frolic, depends on circumstances, more or less catastrophes of this kind always occurring. Besides this, they give frequent balls, in which the ladies of the town participate, and here, as might be expected, is another fruitful source of duels.

Occasionally a sleigh-ride is given during the winter season when all the livery and all the ladies are again in demand. The object of this ride is very unlike anything known to us. Each strives to drive by and run into all the rest. Of course there is a general meleé, whipping, shouting, upsetting, &c., &c., compose a rout in which few American ladies would be found a second time. But the reward of the victor wipes out all unpleasant recollections, for he is entitled to the privilege of embracing all the ladies who have participated in the affair.

The burial of a Student is a very different matter. The taverns and drinking saloons are deserted, and the entire day is solemnly and religiously observed. Every student, dressed in black with a veil of crape, joins the procession which moves slowly and solemnly to the place of sepulture, where, after the coffin has been lowered, each throws upon it a handful of earth, saying, "Be happy." The next day witnesses a great festival in honor of the deceased.

Had we time and space for four volumes rather than four pages, we might notice many more interesting incidents in the life of a German Student. The above, however, will be sufficient for an outline, and may induce further inquiry on the part of some. We have seen that their life is very unlike anything we have in America. Their spirit is as free as the mountain wind; their very soul is made up of poetry, music, and romance; they disdain all meanness, and subject themselves strictly to the laws of honor, and to these alone. They retain their primitive customs, and in the midst of political revolutions ward

* "The name of *fox* is retained during the first half year. The appellation of the second term, is *burnt fox*; that of the third, *young fellow*, (junger Bursch); that of the fourth, *old fellow*, (alter Bursch); that of the fifth, *mossy head*, (bemoosetes Haupt); that of the sixth, *Philistrand*, i. e. one that is on the eve of becoming a *Philistine*, the cant term for a citizen. *Flotter Bursch*, (jolly fellow,) is a term indiscriminately applied to the Student during the whole period of his Collegiate course, after his reception into the association."

off all innovations and changes from the community in which they dwell. There is much to amuse and much to admire in them, and while we are running a different race we can but exclaim, long live the *Flotte Burschen*.

LUDLOW.

A Song for the Wind.

A song for the Wind! the unseen Wind!
For it cometh in beauty and cometh in might!
Earth cannot restrain it, nor Ocean detain it,
It stoppeth not either for day or for night.

Now bursteth the Wind, the cold *North* Wind,
From realms where the white-robed Ice-King reigns!
It terribly leapeth and mightily sweepeth,
And bindeth the Earth with frozen chains.

As onward it rusheth, its chill hand toucheth
And taketh the Earth to its freezing embrace;
Old Ocean doth shiver, while streamlet and river
No longer in freedom continue their race.

Hark! list to the wail that is borne by the gale,
As its chill arms Poverty's hovel enfold;
The poor one moaneth, the naked one groaneth
For pitiless graspeth the North Wind cold.

A song for the Wind! the soft South Wind,
From climes sweet-breathing where Sun-spirits dwell;
It gently advanceth, and wantonly danceth
On the mountain-top curvets, and plays in the dell.

It kisses sweet flowers, it nestles in bowers,
And merrily shaketh the leaves of the wood;
The smooth lake it loveth, to sunny smiles moveth,
And joyfully plays o'er the swift rolling flood.

From the cheek of the maiden, with stolen kiss laden,
It leaps—then toys with her clustering hair;
Then away it springeth, and merrily ringeth
Its laugh, as it hideth in branches fair.

Then sing to the Wind, the unseen Wind,
It cometh, it worketh, and instant is gone!
And whither it bloweth no earthly one knoweth,
Omniscience, Omnipotence rule it alone!

A. R.

Mystery.

WHEN man by that most excellent gift reflection, mirrors forth his own image, he cannot escape the conviction, that he is "fearfully and wonderfully made." And yet, though fashioned after the image of his divine creator—highest in the scale of creation, he is but the infinitesimal compared with infinity. A faint ray from the Godhead is the sole light of his carnal soul-prison, and this is the great human mind beyond whose circle of illumination, stretch far away the dark and limitless domains of mystery—this, the lamp by which the universe is to be lighted for his inspection. How imperfect, then, must be our perception! In a word, how great the mystery of creation!

In the cloisters of the human mind treads a restless inmate—restless because insatiable, and insatiable, though a universe be its banquet. That inmate is curiosity, and it craves for mystery. This property of the mind it is, which prompts man to penetrate the regions of obscurity. The infant with its earliest sense awakes to a world of mystery: as he mounts the hill of life, however, the landscape widens, in proportion to the activity of his mental vision, but the cloud of mystery which he is ever struggling to dispel, hangs about him through life, and hides him from view when life is ended. The mysteries of life must be unfolded by experience, and yet men do not all penetrate them equally with equal experience, from which we naturally conclude that these mysteries are graduated, with reference to the diversities of understanding and knowledge. Conceive the attention of an untutored savage directed to the heavens on a cloudless night. His vision wanders o'er a vast blue dome or ceiling, hung with lamps of varied brightness. How different the impression on the mind of an astronomer! The azure ceiling awakens the idea of space—a limitless, indefinable expanse; the lamps of heaven are countless worlds of which our own is the type; and this mighty universe unfolded to his conception, moves by an established law—the statute of the Almighty. But we are not to suppose that the astronomer's mind can move familiarly among the starry regions. He too finds a limit where mystery hangs its curtain. His feeble senses fail to teach him the distance of the twinkling stars; whether they are the solar centres of some circling system or the humbler satellites of some nobler luminary. Thus, there is mystery to the wise and mystery to the ignorant.

Again, on the earth beneath are there deep mysteries as well as in the heavens, and they are both natural and artificial. We cannot account for the delicate structure and exquisite hues of the flowers of the field; for the wonderful mechanism of the myriads of living creatures which walk the earth; for the strange conformations and properties of its mineral elements, by aught else than the working of a superhuman power, itself a mystery. The God of nature "moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform."

In the remains of man's handiwork too, the earth presents us with

much that is mysterious. We pause, amid some ancient ruins, before a broken and mouldering arch or prostrate column, for it is invested with a peculiar interest. The charm is not in its symmetry, or the delicate tracery of its ornamental carving, but it is the spell of mystery which binds us. The time-worn monument like a guide leads us back through ages past, until we are lost in mystery, and there does Fancy busily ply her distaff in weaving some curiously-wrought tale. Why lingers the traveler by the deserted fountains or among the echoing corridors of the Alhambra—or the lonely ruins of the Generalife? The spirit of mystery haunts their time-hallowed precincts, and casts about him its enchanting net. The wanderer by the Nile will be arrested by many a monument of ages past. Pyramids, obelisks, and huge piles of sombre Egyptian architecture continually excite his wonder, and when he asks their history—the sole answer is mystery. But not only over that land of dark wonders does mystery cast its impenetrable shade, but its wings darken this land of a new people, where the western world shows many a mound, and Central America her “cities of the dead”—rich treasures for the probing antiquary.

Again, the waters under the earth are teeming with mysteries. In the depths of ocean the zoophyte builds his coral tomb, and dies as it lived—a mystery. The vessel which ploughs its waves at night, is often attended by a spangled train, lighting the waters with a mysterious phosphorescence. “The wind bloweth where it listeth and we hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth.” Thus, everywhere—above, around, beneath, do we find this dark stranger—mystery.

The appetite of mankind for mystery is quite remarkable, and it is so natural for us “to love darkness rather than light,” that the students of mystery have, from earliest ages, been a numerous class. Though much that was once mysterious is now brought to light, there is still no perceptible or conceivable limit to its extent; and we shall, doubtless, to the end of time be groping about in search of hidden truths, now and then stumbling upon them, but only tantalized by a foretaste of what is withheld.

The nations of antiquity cherished mystery in their religion for the purpose of securing it greater veneration, and though much of its secrecy consisted in the impositions of the priesthood, their object was attained. Such blind worshipers were the masses! Among the ancient Greeks we find the Samothracian and Eleusinian mysteries, together with some minor and local mysteries in the Grecian provinces, and to the violation of their vows by the initiated were attached severe penalties. The ancient Romans had no such mysteries as the Greeks, but the Persians had their Fire-worshippers, and the Egyptians their “strange gods.”

We read in the Acts of the Holy Apostles that St. Paul found, in the city of Athens, an altar with this inscription, “To the Unknown God,” and before it were men performing their devotions. After rebuking them for their superstition, he says, “Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.” When the Roman Church

wished to save herself from the barbarian invaders, unable to depend longer on her connection with the Emperor, she appealed to this wonder-love of man, and made her faith one vast mystery, which awed these simple-minded wanderers, and preserved her tottering authority. By the horrid mysteries of the Inquisition, in after years, did the same Church scatter terror throughout all Western Europe, for no man knew but the morrow would see him dragged before this fearful tribunal. When the black veil was torn from its proceedings, we know how speedily destruction ensued. Connected with the Romish Church is an order which has been much in the mouths of men for the last three centuries—the offspring of Ignatius Loyola's labors and devotion. What causes men so frequently to shudder when they hear of Jesuit intrigues, and Jesuit power, but the mystery which cloaks their movements, and the uncertainty how to meet it? It has been not inaptly said that "all men are cowards in the dark." How far this is true, each one may judge for himself, but it seems sufficiently evident that we are wont to look with a degree of awe and reverence upon that which is above our comprehension.

In science as well as religion has mystery drawn the attention of many a votary. In long-gone ages the Chaldeans sought with untiring and not unfruitful assiduity to disclose the mysteries of the Heavens, and Arabian astrologers read the fates of men and empires from the stars. We may readily conceive of the great influence which these mystery workers wielded. They directed the movements of armies and individuals; they sat beside the thrones of monarchs, interpreting their dreams and the passing omens; they read horoscopes from the stars, and thus, doubtless, in many cases shaped the lives of those who consulted them—so great is the effect of such predictions upon superstitious minds! If an evil-boding page were read from the heavens to a youth, what a check would it impose upon his high hopes! But, if the prospect were bright, what a spur would it prove to his ambition! Among our North American Indians, none is more venerated than the mystery or "medicine man." Supposed to hold mysterious converse with the Great Spirit, he performs with solemn mummary his farcical incantations, by the bedside of the sick, to charm away the evil Spirit. He propitiates the Great Spirit for rain when the land is parched and thirsty; for many a hostile scalp to the war-party, and abundance of game to the hunter. His voice too is powerful in the councils of the nation, and all these prerogatives he derives from being the great "medicine man."

One of the most mysterious of ancient characters was the Alchemist; he of the "Black Art" who spent his life among retorts and alembics, mingling strange compounds in the vain hope of discovering those long lost mysteries—the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life. Though pursuing vain shadows, they stumbled on many a discovery for which future generations should do them honor. The great science of chemistry sprang from the smoky laboratory of the ancient alchemist, and Astronomy from the rude observations of the Chaldean star-gazers. We might dwell on the mysteries of dream-land, but

they are too well known. We have all strolled among its flowering meadows, and laughing rivulets ; have hung upon the dizzy verge of its dark yawning chasms, and gasped for breath in its sulphurous oceans ; have rambled with lovely Peris by gushing fountains, or felt the piercing fangs of its horrid monsters, whose glaring eyes froze the current of life-blood in our veins. Sometimes we have sighed to awake to stern reality, and again have been hardly rescued from the terrific jaws of a night-mare, to bless the dawn of light. But the vagaries of the dreamer are indistinct and mysterious to his wakeful hours. There is a mystery which the grave alone can solve, the great mystery of Life and Death. Here we must pause—and let us here be thankful that the Future is known only to that Great Being whom clouds and darkness curtain with impenetrable folds. When man becomes equal to the Deity, then only will all mystery be made clear.

“ ROGER.”

The Study of Geology.

We often pride ourselves upon the superiority of the educational system of our country. Our bosoms glow with enthusiasm as we look forward to the time, when, under the auspices of our free institutions, our ideal of the glorious results of the universal diffusion of knowledge, shall become a reality. And yet, in the height of our zeal, misguided by our own eagerness, we take too narrow and restricted views of duty, and defeat the very object we are striving to attain.

Thus, we often see men, professedly devoted friends of science, who extol it to the skies, and are very sanguine in their predictions of its future triumph, who are so eminently *practical*, as to be willing to exclude from our institutions of learning, every thing which has not a direct practical value in the education of youth. They reject Chemistry, because they cannot conceive the necessity of a knowledge of acids and alkalies to professional men. What, say they, is the necessity of a knowledge of galvanism to a clergyman, gases to a lawyer, or effervescence to a political orator ? They consider Mineralogy a heterogeneous concatenation of hard, unmeaning words, applied to a more heterogeneous mass of more unmeaning and harder substances ; as unworthy the attention of men, and only the fit employment of quarry-slaves and stone masons. The study of Botany they regard with perfect contempt, and if one should mention such a science as Ornithology or Entomology, a cold shudder creeps over them, and they begin to lament the degeneracy of the age.

But these Sciences are valuable and instructive to their view, when compared with the subject of our present remarks, *Geology*. Chem-

istry may, in extreme cases, be productive of profit ; Mineralogy, they admit, *may* be, at least, a source of innocent amusement ; Botany, and the two other sciences mentioned, cannot, at the farthest, be productive of very serious injury to society ; but *Geology* is denounced as the "Mother of Abominations," as not only useless, but highly pernicious, and subversive of the fundamental truths of the Old Testament. Men like these have lived in every age, and have always been the first to ridicule the discoveries of scientific men, and discourage those who have spent their lives in tracing out the causes of the wonderful phenomena of Nature. Such were the persecutors of the Florentine philosopher, who confined him in the prison of the Inquisition, and extorted from him the recital of the "seven penitential psalms," for his iniquity in asserting the truth of the Copernican system. And that, too, while the persecutors themselves were the avowed friends of the promotion of Science. Nor would it be at all inconsistent with the principles of certain men in our own age, to add the names of Buckland, Phillips, Lyell, and Mantell, to the list of the "Martyrs of Science," and extort from them the recital of a catalogue of "penitential psalms," greater than was ever required from Galileo by the Jesuits. Ignorant and prejudiced, they are unintermitting in their complaints, and always stand ready to doubt and disbelieve, even where the truth rests upon the most convincing demonstration. But scientific and intelligent men have learned to disregard their inane attacks, and treat them with merited contempt. It is not our object, therefore, to attempt a reply to these objectors against the study of Geology as a Science, firstly, because we think it established beyond proof, and secondly, lest we incur the reproach cast upon Hutton, of having weakened the cause he attempted to establish.

We would rather confine ourselves to a consideration of the importance of the study of Geology, and the advantages to be derived from it to mankind in general.

The first argument for its importance is, that a system of Education is not complete without it. Now what is Geology ? According to Dana, it is "the science which treats of the structure and mineral constitution of the globe, and the causes of its physical features." Other authors have defined it differently, but this embraces all that is important, and as such, may be considered a standard. In awe of such a definition, many are disposed to regard the whole science as a system of technicalities, too difficult to be acquired, except by those who make it the study of their lives. Now we acknowledge it to be impossible that every one should become a thorough, scientific geologist, or that many should feel inclined, in a country like ours, to devote their time and attention to a study from which they can derive no obvious advantage ; but we cannot admit it to be so technical and difficult as to be useless. For, though its terminology embraces some of the most intractable words in any language, a knowledge of these is not indispensable. Every one need not know the exact number of fossils in the Miocene and Eocene periods, nor be able to distinguish accurately between the bones of the *Megalosaurus* and the *Iguanodon*.

These are the minor points of the law, which can be left to Dr. Mantell, and the "London Punch." Like the rest of the Natural Sciences, Geology ought to occupy a prominent place in our educational system. Its general principles are important, as explaining the structure of the globe, and discovering the causes of the variety and grandeur of its external features,—interesting and instructive,—as opening a new field for the exercise of thought, giving a wider scope to the powers of the mind. And especially in this country, where we profess to give a liberal education, and at the same time, there is so little acquaintance with scientific subjects, among the masses of the people, it is necessary that those who go forth into the world as educated men, should have it in their power to correct the false impressions of their less enlightened brethren. Our country abounds in the richest mineral resources, and its mines of coal, iron, and lead, underlying an extent of country embracing many thousand square miles, if properly wrought, are productive of the greatest benefit to society. But the very fact of their abundance, has given rise to innumerable speculations, and the ignorant, in all parts of the land, deluded by the false assurances of designing men, waste their time and money in search of gold or silver, unwilling to be persuaded of the futility of their efforts. A knowledge of the simplest principles of Geology, will not only prevent the continuance of such occurrences, but will save many an honest citizen from the ridicule which is the common lot of all, who suffer themselves to be thus willingly deluded. And we think that the importance of strict attention to this subject cannot be too strongly insisted upon. "In France," says a French writer, "we find courses on Geology in all schools, from those of agriculture, to those embracing the profound sciences." And until Geology is introduced as a study into all of our colleges and schools, we may expect ignorance, and the superstition arising from it, to continue among us.

Again, the study of this Science is valuable as a source of the highest satisfaction and enjoyment. The thorough student of Geological Science, who can explain the varied structure of our globe, who understands its wonderful machinery, and can trace to their ultimate sources the mysterious phenomena, which, by their constant operation have been working changes in its organization for successive ages, feels a kind of satisfaction and enjoyment, which subjects of inferior grandeur and extent can never produce. His mind is expanded, and he takes a more exalted view of the Maker of all things in the majestic variety of His works. It is often objected to Geology, that its advocates are constantly disputing and contending with each other, forming theories of the most opposite character; that they often waste their strength in useless, Quixotic combats, attaining no important results, and only serving to embitter those of different views against each other. This we consider a necessary evil, and common to all Sciences alike. In eliciting truth, we seldom find a perfect coincidence among men. Different theories will arise, and be supported with greater or less ardency, according to the natural disposition of

individuals. And although an ill-tempered, querulous man of science is not often met with, yet such instances are by no means to be regarded as "*lusus naturæ*," and when they do occur, the scientific world will very likely become embroiled. With such men, who "waste their sweetness on the desert air," we have no sympathy. Even those youthful devotees of science, just in the incipient state of the geological "*mania*," who roam over the country, hammer in hand, splitting, sledging and blasting rocks, filled with the grand but delusive idea of discovering some new mineral or fossil hitherto unknown to the world, and return home at night, laden like beasts of burden, hungry and exhausted, to suffer the grievous disappointment of finding their fancied prize a mere worthless mass—are far more profitably and honorably employed than those who, surrounded by the full blaze of light and knowledge, employ their talents in vain controversies about inessential points, or airy theories about phenomena that never existed. To them, neither Geology, nor any other science, can appear in its most attractive light. They view it only as a fine arena for the display of their controversial powers—a mere instrument for the promotion of their own interests. We cannot award to them the honor of sustaining the reputation of geological science, nor be willing that the world should judge, from their conduct, of the enjoyment to be derived from it. They cannot be otherwise than strangers to that sense of satisfaction, whose very source they make it the end of their existence to pollute.

But Geology has another higher influence. He who devotes himself to it, is engaged in no ordinary work—is conscious of no ordinary thoughts. The towering cliff which overhangs his path, and looks down in lofty condescension, the humblest pebble which rolls beneath his feet, the yawning chasm, and the noisy waterfall, all utter a voice to him which cannot be mistaken. Though wandering in the wildest regions of the earth, unattended by any companions but these, he is a stranger to solitude. In every object about him, he finds a companion and a counselor.

The crumbling mountain, embanked half way to its summit with the detritus of its own decay, teaches him his own mortality; and a voice within assures him of an immortality beyond this life. Here he holds communion with his Maker.

SILURIAN.

Scene in a Court Room.

THE traveler in the north of England seldom finds a scene more pleasing to the eye, than the narrow winding valley of the Berling.

If he would gaze upon it in its full beauty, he must leave the highway and ascend one of the hills, which rise on either side. Here he can trace its windings by the course of the small river which, sparkling in the sunlight, makes its way among the hills to the ocean. Here too he can see the little village of cottages, with its spire rising among the poplars which seem to be rivaling their stationary neighbor. Far in the distance, where the earth and sky seem to meet, he can see the faint outline of the blue ocean. If he did not know it was the sea, he might think it nothing but a hazy atmosphere. He will gaze long and admiringly upon the highly cultivated fields covered with their ripening harvests, and upon the green hills, dotted with sheep even to their summits. But nothing delights him more than the fantastic yet graceful windings of the river; now gleaming in the sunlight, now hidden by the bushes, it shoots from one side of the valley to the other, as if doubtful which to choose. Now it flows near the door of some cottage—now crouches close under the opposing hill; but as it nears the sea, it assumes a more straight-forward course, as if saddened by its approaching end. In the summer it flows calmly between its banks, doing no other injury than carrying away to the sea the little boats, which the school children have too rashly launched upon it, or hastening away with the linen, which the wind has stolen from the grassplat before some cottage, and given to its charge. But in the Spring and Autumn, when the heavy rains have been gathered in from the surrounding mountains, it rises high in its banks and bears away on its strong current, trees and wrecks of bridges and fences.

With your permission, kind reader, we will descend from the hill and seat ourselves upon its bank, and, that you may not be lulled to sleep by its music, (for it now flows soberly in its channel,) I will tell you a tale, the scene of which lies near us.

Yonder, in that bold bend of the stream, stands a cottage so covered with woodbine and shrubbery, that you can scarcely see it. There, many years since, lived an aged couple, whose only wealth was their cottage and the small plot of ground surrounding it. They had spent a long and happy life amidst their little possessions, and were calmly awaiting their last departure. One thing alone clouded their existence. The old man, with the pride common to all Englishmen, saw that the family name would be extinct with his death—his married state having been blessed with but one child and that one a daughter; yet his sorrow almost wholly vanished when he looked upon her; she was so kind, so affectionate, and so beautiful, that he could hardly wish his love for her had been divided. Neither would the stranger look upon her with scarcely less admiration. She

was one of those rare gems, which we sometimes find pure and beautiful in their native state. Prevented by the infirmity of her parents from mingling much with her rustic mates, her native simplicity and loveliness ripened into full perfection in her retirement. Her voice was made musical by the riplings of the brook which flowed by the cottage, and the songs of the birds which she fed. The woodbine and the honey-suckle which she trained over her window, seemed to impart to her their own purity and gracefulness. Her life was a continued round of duty and affection towards those she loved—her parents and *one other*. James was a nephew of the old man, but had always lived in the cottage. He was left an orphan in infancy, and was taken in by his uncle and treated as a son. Reared and nourished in an atmosphere of such kindness and affection, his heart could not be wholly insensible to the gentle influences thrown around him. But his whole nature was at variance with the sentiments and impulses which his situation would naturally have cherished. Cold, selfish, ambitious, and melancholy, he regarded with disdain his humble and quiet lot. He longed for more active and exciting scenes—for the turmoil of the city, the excitement of adventure and change of place. These desires sprang up in boyhood, but, unlike most boyish fancies, grew strong as he ripened into manhood, and became the ruling passion of his mind. Yet he hid them in his dark nature, and assumed a contented appearance before his foster parents and cousin. They knew little of the secret yearnings of his nature, and the contempt with which he regarded all things around him.

To his parents he was even kind and affectionate, and, as far as his nature was capable, loved his cousin. But how was it returned? She had been his playmate in his childhood and his constant companion in youth, and when she arrived at maturer years, she gave him her heart filled with love pure as a sister's and intense as a lover's! Little did she know how faintly it was met. She was too hopeful, too unselfish to perceive that the rich treasures of her heart, which she so freely lavished, fell on a cold, unfeeling nature. Yet he did not hate her—he could not. As the old man and his wife were drawing near to the grave, they naturally looked to him as the future protector of their child. They freely expressed their wishes, and urged the betrothment at least of their children before their death. It was acceded to fondly by the daughter, almost indifferently by the son. They were betrothed, and the marriage was to take place in the coming spring.

But the aged couple, as if spared for this last work, began to sink under the infirmities of age and the severities of a cold winter, and in a short time calmly departed, invoking blessings on their children. With many tears Mary closed their eyes and prepared them for the grave. They were buried side by side in the old churchyard. The winter wind, sweeping through the leafless poplars, sent a mournful sound into her heart as she gazed into their graves, but she was not disconsolate. They had departed full of years and in peace. She could not wish them back again. Besides, she was not left *alone*. There was one near her whom she trusted and loved, and to whom all the

love she had possessed for the dead seemed transferred. They returned to their home; she, chastened and made more beautiful and loving by sorrow, but he, how different! All the old smothered principles of his nature, as if unchained by the sad event, burst upon him with terrible strength. They strove like demons within him. Change, excitement, were the great calls of his nature. Many days and nights of torments were thus passed.

At length his desires assumed a more settled form. Emigration became the channel through which he wished to gratify his passion. Yet how could it be effected? He could not leave his Mary—he would never cease hearing her gentle voice calling upon him to come back. He could not take her—she would be a continual hindrance in all his projects. Besides, he wished to obtain the money and little estate left to her. These were great obstacles in his path, and she was the cause of them all. Is it strange then that he began to hate her who thus stood between him and his desires? Yes—he *hated* her. A terrible thought sometimes flashed across his mind, but he quickly shook it off. Still it constantly returned and haunted him like an evil vision. Something within him seemed ever to whisper—*death! death!* Yet he never thought of crime. He only wished that disease or accident might accomplish the work.

One evening, oppressed more than usual by these dreadful thoughts, he rushed from the cottage and began to pace the bank of the river. It was early in the spring, and the winds still swept cold and piercing down the valley from the mountains yet covered with snow. The river, full almost to overflowing, rushed foaming to the sea. The moon shone brightly, except when covered by the large dark clouds which were driven hastily across the sky. With bared head, he moved along, regardless of the wind and cold. Burning thoughts create a too intense flame within him. Suddenly he descried under the trees which bordered the river, a female figure coming towards him. As she drew near, he thought he recognized his cousin. The step, the form, the size, were like hers. He had not seen her during the afternoon, and supposed that she was returning from some neighboring cottage.

He stepped aside under an overhanging tree, that he might not meet her. Brought thus near to her, and at such a time, his thoughts centered upon her as the cause of all his misery. Long coming years of wearisome inactivity ranged themselves before his imagination. His great controlling desires pressed home their claim with terrible energy. Every thought, and feeling, and wish were concentrated in one intense focus of hatred, and cast upon her. The *terrible thought* flashed upon him. The voice which had seemed to whisper *DEATH!* seemed now to cry *KILL! KILL!!*

A strong biting blast came sweeping down the vale, and smote chillingly upon his bared bosom. (Do not fiends ride upon the blast, as angels upon the zephyr?) The swelling current sent forth an angry sound. A black cloud hastened across the sky and settled upon the face of the moon. The form was opposite to him. Grasping his large rustic knife, he sprang from his covert and buried it deep in her

bosom. A faint, yet shrill shriek, commenced in life and ended in death, was all that was heard. She fell dead in his arms. He held her for a moment and listened to the gurgling of the blood as it flowed from the wound, then, taking her up, tossed her far into the river, which hastened away with its burden to the ocean. The blast died away to a low moan; the cloud hastened from before the moon, and left its rays to fall upon a murderer.

He stood a moment gazing upon his hands and garments covered with blood—then dashing down the knife, rushed to the cottage. O what a night of agony and remorse was that! He dreamed no more of his fond schemes. She whom he had murdered filled his thoughts. All her love, and gentleness, and tokens of affection came rushing in upon his memory, and overwhelmed him with unutterable anguish. He hastened to his room and threw himself upon his couch, but he could not rest upon *that* bed from which he had risen in the morning an innocent man. He entered the room in which his parents died. He seemed to see their pale faces looking reproachfully upon him, and to hear them calling for their daughter. He left it in anguish and opened the door of the room which had been *hers*. O what pangs shot through his heart as his eye fell upon the shadow of the leafless vine which she had trained over the window, and upon the chair in which she had sat, and the table on which lay her unfinished work. With a suppressed groan he turned from the room and cast himself upon the floor in an agony of despair. With his face buried in his hands, he lay regardless of the passing hours. The rays of the morning sun, as they fell through the lattice, found him in the same position, yet he heeded them not. He heard the song of the peasant as he passed by the door to his labor, and the shouts of children, and the noise of wheels.

At last the door was opened and an officer of the law entered. He had come to arrest him.

The knife clotted with blood had been found, and the stained turf seen by a peasant. The scream, too, and the splash of the water had been heard by one near, at the time. Moreover, a peasant living near the ocean, had seen the body of a female borne swiftly past on the current of the river. Without uttering a word, he arose at the command of the officer, and followed him to the jail where he was left to await his trial. He neither admitted nor denied his guilt, but gave himself up to the current of events. The few days which intervened between the arrest and trial flew rapidly away, and he was led from his cell to the court room. A thrill of joy and hope ran through his veins, as he breathed again the fresh air and looked upon the broad heavens and green fields, but only for a moment. They but made the past more vivid to his memory. With downcast eyes and motionless countenance, he passed through the staring crowd to the prisoner's box. He mechanically obeyed the directions of his counsel and went through the form of trial. It was short, as the evidence was abundant, yet concise and clear. The knife, the floating body, the scream, the disappearance of his cousin, and above all, his situation when ar-

rested, convinced all minds of the horrid truth. The pleas were made and the charge given to the jury. They retired, and, after a short deliberation, returned. They stood in their places ready to utter the verdict which could be read in their countenances. But a sudden sensation in the porch delays them.

A united cry of surprise and terror burst from the throng as it fell back and made a wide opening, through which a female rapidly advanced. She was soiled and travel-worn in her appearance, and exhibited traces of grief and anxiety. She looked around inquiringly, and, as her eyes rested upon the prisoner, sprang forward and cast her arms about him, crying, "*No, he is not a murderer—he is not a murderer! I am still alive—I am still your own Mary!*"

The prisoner, as he saw her, started back speechless with horror; and when he felt her arms twining around his neck, sunk down overwhelmed with terror. A scene of the utmost confusion followed. The judge and jury left their seats and gathered around them, eagerly questioning her as to her disappearance. But she was wholly occupied with the prisoner. Now she looks fondly into his face, now turns her countenance reproachfully upon the bystanders, and eagerly protests his innocence. The great confusion prevented the broken ejaculations of the prisoner from being heard. At length, as order was restored, she was permitted to lead him from the room.

We will not follow them to their home, nor repeat the eager explanations which Mary poured into his ear. It was full of expressions of mingled tenderness and joy and sorrow. She had been summoned on the afternoon of the sad day, to attend the dying bed of a relative in an adjoining county. She departed with the messenger, and left for him a letter. The event of the night, known only to himself, prevented him from finding it. She was delayed longer than she had expected, but hastened back when the story in which she was thus implicated, reached her.

She was too much engrossed with her own happy feelings, to notice the strange manner of her companion. He looked around wildly, as if doubtful where he was. *Did he dream?* or, *were the events of that sad night a dream?* During her recital, however, he regained his composure and marked out his course. He resolved that the terrible scene in which he was the sole *living* actor should be known only to himself. His habitually reserved manner made this easy, and he locked the secret within his dark nature. But a deeper mystery than the one he hid from men, cast its shadow over him. There was a fearful question ever ringing in his ear, to which he could return no answer—*who was the victim?*

On the evening of the fatal day, a young girl might have been seen groping her way along the bank of the river. She had wandered from the highway and was endeavoring to regain it, when she met her untimely fate. She had left her home in a distant county, and was making her way to the city to seek employment. Few, but unavailing inquiries were made concerning her by her friends. They sup-

posed that she had reached the city, but, like many others of her class, had been drawn into those whirlpools which, in the great city, are ever ready to engulf the unwary.

The Tailor and the Barber.—A Sketch.

BY A FELLOW IN NORTH COLLEGE.

THE other day, as I was walking along "in a promiscuous manner" through one of our principal streets, "*nescio quid meditans nugarum*," my attention was suddenly arrested by something which I had probably passed by a hundred times before, without bestowing a thought upon it. It was *the juxtaposition of two signs*; a circumstance which cannot fail to occur in the business streets of every city, and which, of course, wherever it may happen, we take for granted as a necessary thing, without the slightest employment of our reasoning powers. But there was in the case before me something very peculiar, and which gave rise in my mind to a regular train of thought. One of the signs was a tailor's, the other a barber's; and it was this fact which caused me to institute a mental comparison between these two species of artificers, and brought me to the conclusion that the latter belonged to an infinitely higher rank among men than the former.

What is a tailor? I said to myself. He is the *forlorn hope*, who makes *breeches* in the cause of humanity. From time immemorial, common consent has stamped him—"the ninth part of a man." His constant companion is an iron namesake of an opprobrious fowl, and the mention of his trade is always associated in the mind with a much despised vegetable. He has within him an innate insignificance, a natural deficiency, an inferior intellectual tone; and his fellow men, without asking themselves the reason, regard him with a general, undisguised contempt. When an enraged fair one wishes to show in the most forcible manner her scorn for a would be lover, she dispatches to him, by mail, on the Fourteenth of February, a highly colored caricature representing a tailor, sitting cross-legged at his work, with an expression of ridiculous imbecility on his countenance, beneath which a few printed lines convey, in no mild terms, the intimation that the youth in question is but little superior in mental ability to the degenerate individual portrayed in the print. Another good instance of the trifling estimation in which the Knight of the Yard Stick is held, may be found in the poems of John G. Saxe, who, when telling the story of "The Proud Miss Mac Bride," says—

A thriving tailor begged her hand,
But she gave the fellow to understand,
By a violent manual action,

She perfectly scorned the best of his clan
And reckoned the ninth of any man
An exceedingly Vulgar Fraction!

The tailor is himself painfully conscious of his nonal position. We rarely find him of a bold and decided character. His manners are either diffident and retiring or else singularly obsequious. Though often somewhat supercilious externally, he, nevertheless, always feels his inferiority to his fellow men, and in a public assembly his voice is seldom raised in debate, or, if it does venture to make itself heard, is so still and small as to pass entirely unnoticed. Search the page of History, and you will do well if you can find a single tailor who has risen to any considerable eminence, or signalized himself by any extraordinary deed. That tailor who managed to creep into English History, because he was so fortunate as to have been burnt at the stake in the reign of Bloody Mary, met his fate, not on account of any mental or moral intrepidity which he possessed, but because he acted up to the principles of his profession and merely followed the *fashion* of the age. Our sartorial friend, too, of whom most of us have read in our younger days—in one of those small books written for the purpose of encouraging industry in early life, and suited to the capacities of persons between six and twelve years of age—and who, when on a voyage to a foreign clime was shipwrecked on one of the uncivilized islands of the South Sea, and having saved his life among the savage Anthropophagi of the district by fabricating a neatly fitting dress coat for their chieftain, was afterwards permitted to marry the said chieftain's daughter, and eventually to succeed him, because, in fact, he was the only man in his Cannibal Majesty's dominions who could make a Christian suit;—this individual, I say, achieved his greatness by the force of a train of circumstances, which it would have been beyond human foresight to discern, or human power to control. If he had never traveled, his life would have partaken of the insignificant character, to which it will ever be the tailor's lot to attain. You remember those words of Cowper which have now passed into a proverb—

“How much the dunce that has been sent to roam,
Excels the dunce that has been left at home!”

We might, perhaps, discover a few other instances of this kind, and, in fact, it would strengthen our argument to mention more such; for they would be but exceptions, and surely, as exceptions are said to prove the general rule, the proof becomes more complete when the exceptions are multiplied. But we must hasten to a consideration of the second of these two industrial pursuits.

I know of no individual man, whatever be his employment, be he lawyer or physician, preacher of religion or preacher of Woman's Rights, orator, statesman, scholar, artist or mechanic, who wields a power equal to that which is exercised by a judicious barber. What is the most exalted species of power? It is that by which we control the actions and inclinations of our fellow beings. And the barber has

this power in perfection. Is there any one else, I fearlessly ask, who can subject all classes to his will without the slightest means of resistance on their part? The warrior, as he returns victorious from the field of battle, reeking with the blood of thousands slain, laden with spoil, and exulting in the glory which his indomitable valor has acquired for him, is suddenly struck with the fact that his beard has grown unbecomingly long. Unwilling that his countenance should wear a repulsive aspect when his triumphant success has made him so conspicuous, he hastens to the nearest locality where a majestic pole, gorgeous with its alternate stripes, reared in front of a shop window, bearing the alluring inscription, "Easy Shaving," suggests to the contemplative mind the occupation that is pursued within. And how we see the man of war ensconced in a high chair, and placed in that anomalous position, which is a practical compromise between sitting and reclining, and in which barbers know so well how to fix the human frame. His feet are raised to a level with his head, and his head itself rests submissively upon that leathern support where not a few degenerate heads have rested before it. About his throat, and over that brawny chest, which has borne the brunt of many a hard fought field, and which after such exploits you would expect to see covered with a magnificent triumphal robe, is spread an ignoble, matter-of-fact towel. As he resigns himself with humility to his fate, the merciless brush diffuses the lather over his scarred visage, and the shaving process commences in earnest. What a change is here! How different is the hero of the battle field from the humbled victim in the barber's shop—the warrior *rampant* from the warrior *supine*—the chieftain on his horse's back from the chieftain on his own! Once, thousands quailed beneath the glance of his eagle eye—now, he is himself completely cowed before the Knight of the Razor.

In what does this great power of the barber consist? It may proceed partly from the fact that he holds in his hands utensils which may at any time lose their peaceable character, and be turned into instruments of death. It would be the easiest thing in the world for him, to cut the throat of an obnoxious customer, or simply deprive him of an ear or a nose. But it is because his victim is placed in so humiliating, so abject, so laughably embarrassing a position; because he thus comes so completely and hopelessly under the control of his *barbarous* operator, (if I may be allowed the phrase,) that the disciple of Figaro acquired so mighty an influence, and that in the narrow limits of his shop he reigns supreme and exercises a tyrannical sway, unequaled by the iron rule of the most absolute of monarchs. If we endeavor, when under his hands, to assume a dignified look, we not only present the most ludicrous aspect that can be imagined, but find also that we are attempting what is utterly impossible; and, on the other hand, should we strive to appear careless and at our ease, we should discover immediately that it was an equally futile task. I remember very well being particularly struck with this fact, while walking with a friend one evening last summer in this very town. We had both been silent for some moments, when I was suddenly startled by

a loud exclamation from my companion. I turned to ask the cause of his unusual emotion, and in answer he pointed to the open window of a building on the opposite side of the street. There, in a room garnished with the insignia of the barber's art, with his face turned full towards the street, sat an unhappy mortal under the tonsorial process. The gas light shining brightly upon his countenance, revealed to my view an expression of most ludicrous misery, which words cannot describe. I had never realized before that the simple conjunction of a human head, two human feet, and a long white cloth filling up the intermediate space, could at the same time furnish a spectacle so significant as was this. Behind him, before him, and on every side of him stood, or rather fluctuated, the presiding genius of the little domain, in color, black as jet, wielding his obedient shears amid the carotid locks of his subject. It was altogether a most jovial sight, and one which I shall not forget to my dying day.

It must be a proud thought for the barber, when he reflects that he has the power, even though it be for a few moments, of exercising so complete a control over the most indomitable of his fellow creatures; and I suppose the reason why we find so many colored individuals in this line of trade, is because they see here so favorable an opportunity for improving their usual oppressed condition. A tailor's son, in an old play, regarded it as a source of no little pride, that he could affirm that his father had more suits of clothes in his house than any other man in England; but how void of weight is such an assurance, when compared with the infinitely higher boast of the barber. He, and he alone, can always be sure of making the stoutest heart quail before him; and I firmly believe, that if old Father Time should appear bodily on the earth, and challenge any one to "seize him by forelock" in reality, as so many have pretended to do metaphorically—I firmly believe, I say, that a barber and a barber only would be the man to do it.

There is perhaps one point of view in which this species of artist, of which I am now speaking, exerts a bad influence on society. It consists in the fact that by his means so many useless, nay absolutely noxious oils, unguents and perfumes have been diffused through every quarter of the globe. It is almost impossible to meet with a barber who has not invented some wonderfully powerful hair anointing substance, with a high sounding Greek or Latin name, furnished by some learned customer, and with which he expects to electrify the self-beautifying world. Now every man of liberal views loathes all these unctuous mixtures, these Maccassars, Kalydors, and Tricopheri with the same disgust with which he regards a corn doctor, or a German Jew of the lower class; and though we cannot but deprecate this greasy kind of influence which the barber has over a great portion of our race, yet we must confess that it shows in a most manifest light, his great and wide spread power.

After a careful consideration of what has been here adduced, the vast difference between these two classes of tradesmen will, I think, be acknowledged by all. The one is high, the other low—the one mighty, the other minute; and while I cannot understand those feel-

ings which induce a man to choose for his motto "measures not men," and to endeavor to mend his condition by mending clothes, yet when I meet in my walks a new barber's pole proudly pointing upwards towards a better sphere than this, and find a new barber's shop established in our classic city, I always say to myself—here is a sensible man who knows his own good; while such individuals exist, we need never fear that the age is deteriorating. Though the tailor may venture to affirm that his mode of life, though of a calm and, inoffensive character, is productive of the most solid happiness in the end, and may boast with Old Rapid, in "A Cure for the Heart Ache," that "one guinea honestly gotten by blood drawn from the finger, is better than a million obtained by blood drawn from the heart"—still I can never look upon him with anything like the respect with which I regard a man of such uncommon power and influence over both the lords and lacqueys of creation, as the barber. And when I meet a person who is not only conscious, but envious also of this superiority, and thinks in his grumbling malice to deprive him of what the immutable laws of Nature have given him as his right, by choosing under all circumstances to shave himself—mildly but firmly I say to such a man, "my friend, though you may be able to do your own shaving, yet until by the progress of civilization you have acquired a set of visual organs in the back as well as the front of your head, you will always find yourself incapable of cutting your own hair."

If everybody is so essentially humbled while under the barber's hand, I can conceive that when the tailor himself is placed in this position, and the two extremes of human capability meet, the spectacle would present to our view the very quintessence of what is humiliating, abject, and ludicrous. But no one ever yet beheld one barber operating upon another. Such a sight is to all men, like the well known jest in Skakspere, a thing

—"Unseen, unknown, inscrutable,
Like the nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple."

Assyria Recepta ;

OR,

PRIMEVAL HISTORY RECOVERED.

THE history of ancient Assyria, until recent discoveries, could be written in the brief space of a single page; and scarcely one of the few facts we have possessed has been free from fabulous distortions. The same may be said of nearly all the primitive nations, whose names have come down to us.

The student of history soon learns how far its limits fall short of being commensurate with our race—that an impenetrable veil hangs over the early rise and progress of human society. If he go back but a few hundred years, uncertainty clouds his path—a little farther, and all is dark and unknown.

The most remote period embraced under the historic accounts that we do possess, is styled antiquity. The Greeks and Romans are the ancients; beyond them is, to most minds, beyond antiquity itself; a space never included within the circle of their thoughts; and yet it is a space, in duration nearly twice that covered by authentic history, in which empires rose and fell, heroes flourished and left their impress upon the world, men practiced and improved the arts of life, worshipped, died and were mingled with their mother earth, that has since given birth to successive generations, until she has quite forgotten who and what her first born were.

Fable and scripture have been the only guides for this long primeval period; the former is emphatically a blind guide; oftener misleading, when taken alone, than pointing out the true path. Scripture history, although authentic and exact, as inspired by the great Mover in history, yet from some cause, perhaps without reason, is not regarded in the same light, as records entirely separated from any religious design and bearing. Besides, the accounts of the sacred writers are very limited, both in being concise, and confined to a single people, the Hebrew nation, with but slight and casual notices of preceding and cotemporaneous nations; so that this, also, is mainly useful in verifying information obtained elsewhere.

A feeling of melancholy disappointment meets the inquiring mind, as it thus reaches the bounds that envious Time has set to its knowledge; it longs to become acquainted with primitive, as with later times—nay, almost questions the wisdom of the Supreme Ruler, in giving up to forgetfulness the earliest works of his hands. Such thoughts and feelings have not failed to awaken in the minds of scholars most earnest desires to recover, by some means, the long lost record of the nations that were; an enthusiasm has been enkindled, that has called forth the most untiring exertions for the accomplishment of this object.

These efforts have not been fruitless; among the achievements of the last half century that have so enriched life and extended the sources of human knowledge, the successful labors of Champollion, Rawlinson, Layard and others, are not the least conspicuous or the least valued by the learned or the curious.

With unbounded enthusiasm have we rejoiced in the rich harvest that has crowned their efforts; nor less admired the triumph achieved by genius and labor in reconstructing a panorama of antiquity, from material such as Time and oblivion had not deigned to destroy.

A pleasing contrast exhibits itself between these labors and those of men who compiled the histories of the next succeeding ages. Their resort was the monastery of some lone mountain, or secluded vale, that had screened, for centuries, the pile of dusty manuscripts,

or, possibly, the library that wealth and nobility had collected, they knew not why. If a literary ambition, a desire to preserve and diffuse the means of knowledge fired the mind of any, they traveled from convent to convent, from library to library, spent their days and nights deciphering these antiquated scrolls, glad to find a single ray of truth amid a general rubbish of falsehood and weakness. Such, for the last two centuries, has been the task of those who would preserve a history of the world; and, because no similar sources remained, or none were supposed to have existed, from which to derive a knowledge of primitive times, scholars seem to have thought it hopeless to make any effort in that direction.

But at length the originality of men such as I have mentioned lighted their way to very different fields of inquiry, and to scarcely less valuable results. Catacombs were their convents, mounds and pyramids their libraries, hieroglyphics and sculptures their manuscripts. Instead of wiping the dust from parchments, with ax and spade they removed the sands of the desert: instead of contesting with moths and worms the possession of the sacred relic, they encountered the degraded serf, destroying the material of better days to construct his own rude hovel, and the fierce Arab, venting his jealousy upon the "Idols of the Infidels."

The results of these labors are of inestimable value: antiquity is no longer confined to Greece and Rome, ancient history is no longer lost in their mythologies—the earliest periods are no longer clothed in darkness and mystery; our minds are no longer disappointed in seeking for the forms of primitive society, the work of their art, and the traces of their genius.

Egypt, India and Persia first contributed to this new store of knowledge, but theirs was but a prelude to the recent and more important revelations on the site of the ancient Assyrian metropolis. The discoveries made by Mr. Layard among the ruins of Nineveh, under the enlightened and liberal patronage of the British Museum, form an epoch in perfecting primeval history never to be forgotten; an event of which the influence will never cease, as long as there remains a student of sacred or profane literature. In the romantic genius, indomitable perseverance, and distinguished attainments of this scholar, the Almighty seems to have prepared himself a key, with which to unlock these monuments of ancient greatness which his displeasure overthrew, and had suffered so long to lie closed and concealed. Our surprise can hardly be expressed more eloquently than in the amusing language of the untutored Arab, who beheld the success of the undertaking. He exclaims—"But God is great! God is great! Here are stones which have been buried ever since the time of the holy Noah—peace be with him. Perhaps they were under ground before the deluge. I have lived on these lands for years. My father and the father of my father pitched their tents here before me; but they never heard of these figures. For twelve hundred years have the true believers, (and, praise be to God, all true wisdom is with them alone,) been settled in this country, and none of them ever heard of a palace

under ground ; neither did they who went before them. But lo ! here comes a Frank, from many days' journey off, and he walks up to the very place, he takes a stick and makes a line here, and makes a line there. Here, says he, is the place ; there, says he, is the gate ; and he shows us what has been all our lives beneath our feet, without our knowing anything about it. Wonderful ! wonderful ! Is it by books, is it by magic, is it by your prophets, that you have learnt these things ? Speak, O Bey ; tell me the secret of wisdom." The Western world, as it begins to appreciate the magnitude of these discoveries, sends back an enthusiastic response, to this astonishment of the rude inhabitants who have unconsciously pursued their simple life above these relics of former magnificence.

The particulars of Mr. Layard's researches, as late as the Spring of the year eighteen hundred forty-seven, have been published to the world ; and mere allusions to them are all that is necessary to accompany the ideas we would advance respecting them.

Tradition, and a few scraps of history, have long pointed to the banks of the Tigris for the ancient site of Nineveh ; a vague belief in these accounts has been inspired by the peculiar appearance of the country along near this river, opposite the modern town, Mosul, indicating the ruins of structures buried beneath rubbish and deposits of earth, or the construction, at some remote period, of immense artificial mounds for an unknown purpose. Notwithstanding the attention attracted by these appearances ; on account of the dangerous state of the country, or from some other cause, the region remained unexplored until the year eighteen hundred forty-five, when this gentleman, who since he first beheld these remarkable evidences of ruins, had conceived a great desire and a purpose to solve the mystery, was enabled to commence excavations, by the private munificence of an English ambassador at the Turkish court, whose name is also identified with the establishment of religious freedom, among the present inhabitants of the region his scientific liberality has rendered so interesting.

Persevering labor, at length, has laid open to view buried edifices, temples or palaces, constructed of brick, faced upon the interior with alabaster, covered with sculptures and inscriptions, and containing numerous relics evincing the progress of civilization and the condition of the arts among the people to whom they belonged. The appearance of these "sepulchral halls," when thoroughly excavated, is described as majestic and awe-inspiring in the highest degree. As one descends into them and beholds, on all sides, in colossal bas-reliefs, battle scenes, triumphal processions, sacred ceremonies and imposing emblems of the deity, for once it seems as if the imaginings of the poets were a reality, and you were unwittingly invading the realms of the mighty dead, reenacting the favorite scenes of life : but a moment's reflection convinces you that you tread the ancient palaces of Nimrod*—that portrayed around you, you gaze upon primitive Assyria, that, upon the walls, you read a record preserved by its very destruction. Upon one

* Marginal readings, Gen. 10-11.

side, a monarch is receiving the rich tribute of the East ; on another, he is pursuing the foe amid the palm groves of the South ; a third scene is the siege of a maritime town ; advancing farther, you behold the majestic representations of the Divinity, the same forms that inspired the awe and devotion of the ancient Ninevite ; the " Intelligence, power, and ubiquity of the Supreme Being," being figured to the eye by colossal human-headed winged lions, and eagle-headed human forms.

I have said that these were the remains of Nineveh—such is the decision of European critics, who have bestowed the most earnest attention upon them. Profound philosophical knowledge and great experience in Oriental research, have been brought to their study. To restore a language truly called " dead," to which no key exists, except as furnished by accident or conjecture, is no easy task ; yet sufficient progress had been made at the date of Mr. Layard's publication, in decyphering the unique inscriptions, to aid essentially in determining to what people they belonged. By this and various means, which it would be improper to detail in an essay of this kind, a portion of the remains have been proved to be of exceedingly great antiquity, and others of a later date, to have belonged to a subsequent dynasty of the same empire. Reliable history informs of the overthrow of the Assyrian empire, by the combined armies of the Medes and Babylonians, six hundred years before Christ ; and the date of nearly two thousand years before the Christian era, may safely be assigned to the earliest monuments.

Hence, it is certain, that after the lapse of three thousand years, the history of a people long forgotten except in name, has been brought to light, engraved by their own hands, and as fresh as from the work of yesterday.

In this, the recovery of another portion of primeval history, consists the literary importance of these discoveries. All that was ever written by the earliest historians, was probably but a meager record, and the fragments or quotations which have come down to us, as I have intimated, are of the most doubtful accuracy ; but the accuracy and genuineness of what has now been revealed, are unquestionable. The existence of a powerful empire on the banks of the Tigris at an early date, is no longer a matter of mere tradition, but, I may almost say, of observation in our own time. The inscriptions give us the names and genealogy of kings ; the sculptures tell us over whom its conquests were made, what nations brought tribute to enrich its coffers, and what were its own civilization and religion. From these materials, it is easy to fill up the picture of Assyrian life. They form the outline illustration, that differs from the complete portraiture, in lacking merely the coloring and shades. The particular events of successive years or military campaigns, the characteristics and adventures of individual heroes, and the gradations of progress in the arts, are all that is needed to give us the annals of the nation and city, whose founder thus early " began to be mighty in the earth."

When the scholar turns back to antiquity to study the phases of its civilization and empire, he no longer will stay the flight of his mind

at the former scenes of Roman or Grecian magnificence, but, passing both the age of their history and that of their mythology, will go to this birthplace of nations, and coursing far back into the past, contemplate human society, as it began to exist with the repopulation of our earth. The antiquary or curious traveler will no longer confine his wanderings to the banks of the Ilissus or Tiber; for the Tigris now flows past monuments of earlier genius, and rich in associations, not classical indeed, but potent to stir the soul of the thoughtful student of human history. The future learner shall not, as we have been, be pointed to the sculptures for the name of Nineveh, and directed to "Mesopotamia as the region that perhaps contained the city, although its site cannot possibly be determined." He will not be left to imagine the insignificance of the empire, and the rude barbarism of its inhabitants, regarding their existence as a necessary waste in introducing more enlightened ages; but, instead of this, shall be taken to these remains of primitive splendor, these palaces and temples; shall be shown the surprising evidences of their enlightenment and progress in the arts; and his mind shall add the great facts of their existence to its stores of historical knowledge.

In the next place, these discoveries are of inestimable value to the student of the Scriptures, especially to any who may look with incredulity upon the narratives of the Old Testament. For biblical accounts and allusions, relating to a period of from more than two thousand years before Christ to the commencement of authentic history, are proved, to a demonstration, to be true. The name of the prophet sent to cry against the city, has, as we have recently learned, been found inscribed on the ruins. The Ninevites have left their signature to attest the truth of the sacred book that bears the prophet's name. I scarcely know in what language to exhibit the importance of this single discovery, and the effect that it and similar revelations, that we may yet look for, must have in defending sacred writ from the attacks of malicious opposers of the truth. The conclusion is irresistible, that the other records associated with this one in the volume of the Scriptures, are of equal authenticity and accuracy. Almost every allusion of the sacred writers to Assyria or Nineveh, is distinctly and separately confirmed—its early foundations, by the antiquity of remains—its vast dimensions, (also noticed by Diodorus,) by the discovery, that what has been supposed to be the ruins of different cities or fortifications, all belonged to the one "exceeding great city"—its idolatry, by the numerous sculptured emblems of the Divinity, and representations of sacred ceremonies—its extensive conquests in later times, by other sculptures that have been described—its refinement and improvement in the arts of domestic and military life, by the evident richness of their royal apparel and furniture, their cavalry, their chariots and engines of war. Thus wonderfully is literary research made to strengthen inquiring minds in the belief, and force opposers into the admission, of the great truth of a divinely inspired Bible. Assyria as well as Egypt becomes "a witness for the Bible."

But the scholar derives still other important conclusions from these

discoveries. They throw great light upon the origin of civilization in later times. This question has given rise to much inquiry and speculation. While some have supposed, that the civilization that we find existing at the dawn of history, was indigenous as it were, in the regions where it obtained ; others have maintained, that it was the remains of a primitive civilization that had suffered a serious decline. Much has heretofore been found to support this latter opinion, in modern researches in Egypt, and in the Scriptural accounts of the state of the arts among the Egyptians, Phenicians, especially the Tyrians and the Hebrews ; but we now possess a new and decisive evidence that it is well founded.

Tradition points to these countries just named, as the sources of Greek civilization ; but we can assert with confidence, that it is now possible to trace it even to a much earlier origin, either through these nations or independently of them. That the Assyrian empire was of higher antiquity will no longer be doubted, and that they were far advanced in the arts of civilized life, we have now the most convincing proof. I have repeatedly had occasion to allude to their sculpture in relief :—" the faithfulness of the delineation, and skill in grouping," show a marked effort to imitate nature ; it is adorned with architectural ornaments such as are found upon the most magnificent structures of Greece, and are employed frequently to beautify our own edifices. Traces of gilding and painting are distinctly discernible after the lapse of so many centuries. These things appeared in the medium employed to convey to us a representation of what was the life of Assyria. As far as these representations themselves relate to architecture, we see the tent, the flat-roofed house, the arched gateway, and a single instance of the Ionic column ; in what relates to domestic life, household furniture of elaborate workmanship, and costly apparel ; in what relates to military life, the most effective, offensive and defensive weapons in use among nations to whom firearms have been unknown, such as the dagger, the bow, the sling, the shield, the helmet, and the coat of mail, to which may be added the battering ram, the war chariot and cavalry most gorgeously arrayed. Further evidence is derived from the utensils, ornaments, and specimens of carving and statuary discovered in the progress of excavating the palaces, comprising numberless specimens of pottery, vases and lamps of glass and alabaster, images of wrought or molten copper, a great variety of ivories carved into numerous forms, generally, in the true spirit of art, made to resemble some of the shapes of nature, lions and sphinxes sculptured in full like those in relief, a sitting human figure cut from basalt, and a single statue of marble " worthy of comparison with Grecian art in expression and execution ;" making it manifest, that the torrent art and the nobler forms of the sculptor's creations, were familiar to this ancient people, long before the chisel was made to express the ideas of the Grecian mind. Nor is this all ; the intelligence has been received from Mr. Layard of as late date as July, 1850, that he has discovered a chamber entirely filled with terracotta tablets upon which the inscriptions were *stamped* ; proving that they had acquired

also the germ of the art of printing, which afterward it required more than two thousand years to rediscover. Could this germ have been preserved and developed, as in the natural course of a peaceful state of society it must have been, the progress of how many centuries might have been saved to the world !

Need there longer be any doubt as to the origin of later civilization ? We have before us the proof, that the first nation which sprung up after the deluge, made an advancement in the arts of life almost equal to the modern civilization. If the arts are found in a high state of cultivation in other ancient nations, can it not safely be referred to their origin from Western Asia, or to the influence that went forth from Assyria, stimulating them to a like progress ?

If the Greeks did receive their civilization from Egypt or Phenicia, did not they in turn receive it at the hands of Assyrian masters ? If we adopt this view, we shall trace the progress of the arts from the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates into Persia and India, on the one hand, and Phenicia and Egypt on the other. Here they flourished until Greece, that great treasure house of the arts, from which they have been distributed over the present civilized world, was ready for their reception and culture.

But it is possible to take still another view ; there is evidence of a more direct intercourse between Greece and the East.

The Assyrian conquests, if we may trust the representations described above, and the assertions of many ancient writers, were very extensive, reaching, without doubt, to the cities of Phrygia and the borders of the Euxine. According to some of these writers, Troy was an Assyrian dependency, and was assisted at the time of its siege, by the king of that country. Grant their civilization to have followed the arms of the Assyrians, recall to mind the intercourse between Greece and these cities, as made known in the accounts of the colony of Pelops, the Argonautic expedition and the Trojan war, and you can easily see how the rudiments of civilization may have been, and probably were, introduced into Greece, independently of any other sources. Indeed, a modern historian says, "From the era of the Argonauts, we may discover among the Greeks, not only a more daring and more enlarged spirit of enterprise, but a more decisive and rapid progress towards civilization and humanity." And the importance attached to the Assyrian empire in the mind of the historian Herodotus, may be understood from the fact, resting upon credible testimony, that, while he treated of the other nations in his general history, he compiled a separate work of Assyrian history, which, to our great misfortune, has been wholly lost.

But there was a third method, in which Greece was exposed to this Eastern influence, namely, in its colonies in Asia Minor, established about ten centuries before Christ. Mr. Layard has noticed this in his criticism appended to the account of his own discoveries. An influence may have been exerted immediately, during the period of Nineveh's greatness, or indirectly through the Persians, after its overthrow. The latter can be shown to rest upon incontestible

evidence, and of the former, we can hardly be less confident, when we remember the repeated progress of the Assyrian arms as far as Palestine, and the proud boast of Sennacherib's minister to Hezekiah : " Behold, thou hast heard what the kings of Assyria have done unto all lands."

The conjectures we have dared to advance, suggested by these surprising discoveries, we believe to be well founded in their main features, if not in every particular ; at least we are sure that they are worthy the scholar's studious attention. The chief importance, however, of the recovery of Nineveh with its records and civilization, does not depend upon their correctness, but, as we before said, on the extension of our historical knowledge—the recovery of a portion of our race from oblivion, and the corroboration of our Sacred Scriptures ; these are acquisitions which the literary world well know how to value.

T. S. P.

The Power and Mission of Genius.

(PRIZE ESSAY, BY JOSEPH SHELDON.)

IN whatever field of exertion Genius may be developed, one characteristic appears in common—its vital, creative, self-sustaining power of thought and will. This is its marrow. In the Genius of Homer and Bacon, of Cæsar, Newton and Shakspeare, we observe the same extraordinary manifestation of inward force directed to well defined, but different ends. To indicate this power, in speaking of its development among our cotemporaries, and of its relations to ourselves, we shall use the word Genius.

It is important to realize our true relations to the great men of our age. They furnish us the means of mental growth ; and increase our ability to grasp firmly ideas which would otherwise lie forever beyond our reach. The vitality which animates them, vivifies us. They dart at us electric bolts that startle us from our torpor. Such minds are essential to the rapid progress of humanity in any direction. They are ponderous steam-cars which drag along the common sense of mankind from age to age. They cut deep through the hard crust—the pathway of thought for ages—and reveal glittering mines forever hid from the timid, the weak, and the irresolute. The influence of a great mind cannot be wholly destroyed by the lapse of time. Posterity will still feel it—will still be warmed and cheered by its intense heat and light. Their fervor may be kindled ; their souls be quickened and nurtured to a glad sense of increasing strength. That this is a law of our being, is confirmed by experience.

It would be strange indeed, if the rays of all the intellect of the past, streaming concentrated upon the present generation, should fail to waken its dormant energies. Our race is thus transformed. Once the companions of wild beasts, men are now becoming fit heirs of a kingdom of light, intelligence, and conscious exaltation.

The dullness of ordinary life drives the soul downward to meanness of sentiment and thought, unless it is sustained by the abiding presence of an ennobling ideal, towards which our purest aspirations may tend, an ideal which the gifted alone may suggest. We therefore owe them a debt which can never be paid by enrolling them among the Gods; by giving them an immortality in song; by anything short of embodying their truths in living forms; forms that shall animate the dull, and give a new impulse to the sluggish current of thought. All gratitude then to Omnipotent Benevolence for Genius; not that it has never been prostituted by vice; not that it has always been beneficent in intention, but that its existence has tended to exalt, to ennoble, to purify, to enliven hope and cherish enthusiasm.

Proofs sad indeed are not wanting, that it has often lived unrecognized by cotemporaries, or has been sought out by them for contempt or torture. This is more especially true of the Genius of *thought* than that of *action*. The stupid and the bigoted may crush the life out of such men as Galileo and Socrates; but nations bow down to worship a Cæsar or a Napoleon. The immediate, the palpable, that which greatly alters the relations of physical strength, compels attention.

The inventor of gunpowder forced an idea into the minds of men when he began to force bullets into their bodies. Columbus widened the limits of thought, as much as the limits of geography. Buonaparte taught Europe politics when he issued mandates to her kings. But the inventor of gunpowder is unknown. Columbus died in wretchedness; Napoleon in chains.

The workers in thought can seldom hope to realize the visions which flit so palpably before them. For other days and for other men they must patiently toil, content to bring down from the pinnacles of thought, truths that shall sparkle in the world's cabinet. There is a sublimity in the reflection of Kepler after accomplishing perhaps the most astonishing feat ever performed in the whole range of pure science, when he said: "I can wait a century for a reader, since God has waited six thousand years for an observer." Milton too "fell on evil times;" but he wrought for truth with the strength of a giant, and the constancy of a martyr. Such facts show how difficult it is for the mass of mankind to conceive a new idea, or even to appreciate one, when Genius flashes it vividly before them.

It is comparatively easy for a discriminating mind to dissect and lay open the characteristics of a given era in the past; to say who has uttered the thought—who has done the deed which has made it memorable, and roused the age to activity and zeal. The flimsy feints and senseless mockeries which blind the immediate spectators, have passed away; but the traces of glowing vitality remain to point out the author and the actor.

Effects are the measure of power. In the smoke and din of battle, the noise of rushing squadrons may drown the roar of cannon, but the heaps of the dead and the deep furrow speak of power not to be despised, of intelligence that cuts straight through to its object. So Genius, by its vital inherent strength, gradually emerges from the darkness and doubt which bewilder cotemporaries, and stands visible in the niches of fame, holding torches to light up the contest below.

To anticipate the judgment of posterity, is difficult indeed. Discrimination can hardly be expected from cotemporaries, since there are so many sources of error, so many interests to bias, so much to irritate, so much uncertainty to bewilder. This conviction that posterity alone can rightly estimate worth, sustains not only the truly *great*, but the arrogant *little*. What else could save from suicide many of our inspired poets and preachers; of our Heaven sent Reformers, whom every summer's sun quickens into life along with its bats and bugs, and every winter's clouds drive or ought to drive into the almshouse or the lunatic asylum? Who can tell what consolation for the stupidity and insanity of the living, they may not derive from hope in a far-off appreciating posterity? They grieve for an age so needy, yet so undiscerning; and in the despair of their lonely greatness, they turn for sympathy to once-despised worthies, and martyred heroes. This honest self-deception of the weak, this gauzy covering of the wicked, will forever draw tears from the sympathetic, and furnish merriment to the humorist and wit.

The positive faults of acknowledged greatness lead to endless blunders and misrepresentations; to lies of malignity and lies of obsequiousness. They give Malice a forked tongue, and often leave beholders in doubt whether to believe it "a God or a beast."

No capacity indeed is exempt from the common and inherent frailties of man. But the faults of Genius, always the more glaring from contrast, are felt by cotemporaries, who can seldom understand the deep significance of truths, the consequences of which, are yet in the future. Genius is proverbially eccentric. This is natural and perhaps unavoidable. No one has stood preëminent in every kind of mental power, and probably none ever will. A combination of extraordinary abilities is seldom joined with that persevering enthusiastic devotion to a single object, which brings forth those results that alone can stamp the individual as a master spirit. Much less then can a man with powers harmoniously developed, hope for superiority in every field of effort. All that can ever be attained, is the accomplishment of a few great results. Whoever attempts more than this, usually performs less.

The judgment of Genius, although discriminating and just in its own sphere, is not equally reliable in that of others. Each is inclined to over-estimate himself and underrate his neighbors. This wounds the pride and destroys the sympathy of those who should be conciliated. The affectation of varied Genius is not confined to dunces, but is frequently noticed in those who would seem to have no sufficient motive for it. Frederick the Great carried on a system of military operations

which astonished the best generals of his age; but his insane vanity could only be satisfied by extreme perseverance in writing indifferent poetry. While Carlyle remains in his own undefined sphere, he is great and useful; but when he undertakes to give practical directions to plain people, he becomes ridiculous. This weakness is perhaps only equalled by that ludicrous aping of eccentricities, observable in extreme cases of juvenile aspiration; and both equally provoke the chastisings of wit. He who knows, like Samson, "where his strength lieth," and resolves to exert it with vigor, will please himself and the world more than if he devotes himself to "balancing" his mind. It is better that Milton "lost his sight in liberty's defence," and became the "mighty orb of song," than if he had driveled in pursuits where inferior men might have excelled. A modern songstress has opened a new and delightful field of enjoyment for herself and for others, by an almost exclusive cultivation of musical Genius. How much better that music has been the idol before which her whole being has bowed in devotion like a pilgrim before the shrine of Mahomet. She has obeyed the highest law of her nature. Whoever feels a devout yearning for any good, whether he is weak or is conscious of a "divinity within," needs no higher mandate to pursue it; for this is the writing of the Almighty on the soul. By this means alone can the longings of the heart for beauty, advancement, and perfection be satisfied. In this way only, can the arts be successfully cultivated, and science attain her lawful sway over the world.

Besides what Genius has directly done for our comfort and convenience; besides the beauty it has created in paintings and statuary; besides the luxuries it has given to the poor as well as to the rich; besides the battles it has fought for liberty and truth, it has indirectly produced results which are not unimportant. Its achievements have inspired a confidence in the powers of the human mind, a confidence which has stimulated thought. As long as Genius deals with abstract ideas, the progress of the people is slow; but when its creations are embodied in tangible forms, how rapid is their advancement! Whenever any of the forces of nature are brought to subserve the practical purposes of life, the intellect of a whole generation receives an impetus. The practical application of Steam and Electricity has been a greater blessing to our race in awakening mental power, than in carrying our burdens or transmitting our thoughts. The minor discoveries to which society is so much indebted, have resulted by a sort of necessity from the increased attention which the success of these great projects has excited. They encourage the hope that war and its horrors will be abandoned for the arts of peace. The natural energies of man must be expended on something. When it appeared impossible to search out the secrets of nature, and contemptible to apply philosophy to practical purposes, those energies were devoted to the chase or to predatory war. But a nobler era has dawned upon mankind. We feel assured that by patient faithful trial, and hard enduring toil, we may reap a harvest of great and ennobling truths—truths that shall give us a moral elevation—a conscious dignity which forbids

us to believe that beings so "noble in reason" are the creatures of a day. The whole race begins to understand what it is to "look through nature up to nature's God."

The necessity which compelled the Great of past generations to look to posterity for sympathy and a cordial reception of their thoughts, has nearly passed away. They have conquered that marvelous sagacity which "refuses to look at the new moon out of respect for that 'ancient institution,' the old moon." They have nurtured an activity of intellect which makes it unnecessary to wait for earnest minds to understand and translate them to the people. They have opened an eclectic communication through the various *strata* of mind, from the highest peaks which Genius scales to the lowest haunts of ignorance. The minds of all are turned to them for something new and wonderful. The enthusiasm which always characterizes them, is infused into every class. It is now difficult for any one to live so isolated that his thoughts are above comprehension and sympathy; for if they are unintelligible to the world, *esoteric* pupils may explain them and turn them into the flood of common sense. No Kepler now waits a century to be understood.

"Mind grows by assimilating external objects," which, whether salutary or pernicious, become the blood that maintains the vitality of the soul and enlarge its capacity for good or for evil. There is little hope for that individual who merely gathers ideas into his memory, and repeats doctrines which he does not comprehend. He who understands and digests them, even though mingled with errors, will eventually become stronger than if he assimilates nothing. All *feel* a degree of exhilarating strength when they have wrought out a single clear original conception. Genius, by flashing thought glowing from its own fiery spirit, helps us to incorporate it with our very being.

Cotemporaries determine the direction in which Genius acts. It accomplishes what the spirit of the age may suggest. Where war and conquest captivate the people, there it leads, inspires, and sustains. Do religious sentiments sway them? It rises to a moral sublimity in its contempt of danger, suffering, and death. If the arts of peace invite attention, it penetrates the *arcana* of Nature, and reveals the sources of beauty, wealth, and improvement. While its intense life stimulates cotemporaries to activity and imbues them with enthusiasm, its own position is ever on the "vanishing points" of human thought and human endeavor. Thus it becomes the harbinger of "the good time coming."

There is now much to encourage its development. The regard in which cotemporary Genius is now held, is less capricious and more discriminating than formerly. While we repudiate any claim whatever to crush us—to trample upon our smaller stature, or to *lead* us, except in the sunlight of truth and purity, let us thankfully receive the blessings which the Great and the Gifted are sent to bestow. Let us learn to be patient with the first rude conceptions of undiscovered truth, remembering that it has seldom or never happened, that any great invention or reform has leaped, beautiful and perfect, from the brain of its

projector, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter. Let us remember that severe protracted effort, sustained by unflagging enthusiasm and directed towards a single object, is the only means by which Genius evolves great thoughts, or achieves great actions.

Editor's Table.

"De omne scibilli et quolibet ente."

THE past term has been characterized with more order and quiet than any which we can remember. We have been unusually free, at least from those unhealthy excitements which have been wont, from time to time, to agitate the bosom of our little community. We have had, it is true, our occasional outbursts of youthful spirits and hilarity. We have had our mimic storms of state. We have had our usual electioneering strifes, and our usual vociferations of triumph. We have had our great anniversary foot-ball game. We have had a goodly number of nocturnal demonstrations, indignation meetings, false alarms of fire, and Sophomore jubilees: and the disciples of Euclid,

*"A numerous crowd,
Imperious, positive, and loud,"*

have, as usual, 'grown mutinous and raved.' But in these things, we have only conformed to ancient usages; and although this may not be sufficient to cancel the fault, we can still plead in alleviation of it, that we have followed precedent with a good deal of moderation. Refractory proceedings are becoming rare, as witness the rarity of expulsions.

Indeed, the students of this College have never, within our remembrance, deserved that reputation for riotous conduct which they unfortunately possess abroad. Stories grow amazingly, as they go out hence.

*"Fama, malum quo non velocius ullum,
Mobilitate viget viresque acquirit eundo."*

We stand on a kind of eminence, in relation to most other Colleges, which in this respect is disadvantageous to us. Events which in more obscure Schools would pass unnoticed, when they happen here, are bruited from Dan to Beersheba. They are communicated to the public with all that exaggeration, that can grow out of the natural failing of story-tellers, combined with the willingness of certain jealous parties to calumniate us. An unlawful meeting, or a little noisy melee wherein a few brickbats are thrown, long before it reaches New Orleans, is magnified to a rebellion. The delinquences of two or three drunken rioters are construed into general profligacy, and every petty assault is reported for a murder. And they who have once got a bad name will have the credit of a multitude of sins not their own. We have to father all the silly tricks that are performed in all the juvenile schools in New England. This species of notoriety, indeed, is injurious to us, as it is un-

just. We presume that few ever came to this College from a distance, who did not expect to get into wild, uproarious company. For our own part, nothing more agreeably surprised us, than to find here, instead of that

"Wild, raving, roaring, rowdy, rampant throng,"

of which we had so often heard, a body of students sedate beyond our previous conceptions of the sedatest College in the country. Indeed, we seldom witness gross violations of College law or the rules of good conduct. There is a public sentiment here which frowns immorality out of countenance, if not out of being. Intemperance hides its head where even our Argus-eyed Faculty can seldom detect it. The late rebellion belongs to the history of a college generation long past away. The practice of maltreating the lower classes, so fashionable elsewhere and supposed to be so fashionable here, is scarcely known among us. There is a disposition shown to leave childish pranks to those who are childish enough to take pride in them. There would undoubtedly seem like strange language, to those who know the students of Yale College only by hearsay. It is nevertheless true, if we may rely upon the testimony of disinterested observers, that we are less open to the imputation of lawlessness than the students of most other Colleges. And we have seen signs of recent improvement.

Yet the past term has not been a monotonous one. The right of free discussion we imagine, has seldom been exercised with less reserve or with more engrossing interest. There are crises in the history of a nation, which call forth great orators. College is represented as a miniature—we should rather call it a mimic—of the world around it. The same momentous questions which agitate the national councils produce scarcely less excitement and scarcely less remarkable results by way of awakening dormant powers, in our debating halls. It would be amusing to some of the wise heads of the late Congress to look in upon us of a Wednesday evening. How they would be taken aback at the eloquence and wisdom, and the air of conscious all-sufficiency with which we discuss the intricate questions of State—the clearness and ease with which we see through them, and the amazing precision with which we settle them! How would the dust be cleared away from their own eyes as they learnt the insignificance of facts when compared with general principles. Our great Statesmen would undoubtedly go away wiser than they came. They would learn of us at least a lesson of order, which, there is reason to believe, they never learned before. They would learn, too, a lesson of patriotism. They would learn that, if ever the Union be destroyed through their instrumentality, they are a generation rising that will curse them for it.

But the most exciting topic of the day, perhaps, is the question recently started by President Wayland. There is always a class of students who are ready to have any innovation of this kind. Whatever promises a degree of relief from the toil and tediousness of a college course, is ever welcome at least to the indolent, and the indolent are not few. But this predisposition has of late received an astonishing impetus. It cannot be concealed, that the great majority of the present students of this College believe, or affect to believe, that the old system of instruction, though good in the absence of a better, is far from being the best. Whether this may have been in some cases, the result of enlightened conviction or not, we cannot tell. We presume, however, that in many cases it may be accounted for on other suppositions. Some seem to have imbibed the notion that Mr. Wayland has discovered the royal

road to learning ; and, if he has, he will no longer complain of the want of disciples. It is true that an optional course of study has many attractions. But this does not make it impossible, that the public should believe in future, as they have believed in the past, that what is most pleasant is not always the most profitable, and that the young are not generally competent to decide for themselves what studies they may need to pursue. We have a clear right to think for ourselves ; but thinking for ourselves will teach us, that it is becoming the young to bow with deference to the old, the experienced and the wise. We must think, therefore, that an opinion advanced by such a man as Dr. Wayland, is deserving of some respect. For the very same reason, we should regard even his opinion with distrust, since the preponderance of high authority is against him. Still we must think for ourselves, and endeavor to be swayed more by the arguments of wise men than by their names. If the convictions of students on this subject were of any weight at all, it might be said that those who best know what the present course is, value it the most. But it is amusing to hear some of the advocates of reform advance arguments founded on their own experience. One declares that the study of the dead languages is unprofitable, inasmuch that he, having been over the ground, has found it so. This, generally, excites no wonder ; for it is said that, among travelers in a strange country, they who go over the ground *horseback* make very different observations from those who foot it. Another condemns the classics, on the ground that they contain indecent passages. This reminds us of a story which, though often told, will bear to be told again. A person of rank once complimented the author of a dictionary for having left out all vulgarisms. "I am sorry to find that you have been to the pains of looking for them," retorted the plain-dealing Samuel Johnson.

While speaking of college events, we cannot forget the recently enacted laws. Not to mention the long examination, (which, there is reason to fear, will prove an *examination* to some,) it seems that, by a kind decree of the corporation, we have been suddenly pushed forward several degrees in our annual circuit, so that we woke up one morning and found ourselves three weeks nearer to graduation than we thought we were. They made us older and, at the same time, lengthened our lives. In one respect, this new division of the terms and vacations has operated upon us much in the same way as the adoption of the new calendar did upon Europe. It has thrown confusion into dates. Our societies find their stated meetings and appointed times, in some cases, inconveniently thrown into vacation. We are thus, necessitated to revise our calendars, and to introduce into our records the distinctions of Old and New Style. But there are three ample compensations for this in the provisions of the law itself. The Summer vacation has been lengthened out to seven weeks : the Summer term has retrograded three weeks, in order to catchew the dog days ; and last, but not least, the holidays are hereafter to come in vacation. These are benefits which we consider ourselves qualified to appreciate.

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

We received one communication which, owing to the extraordinary "press of matter," we are sorry to say, cannot be inserted entire, though it contains some passages altogether too rich to be lost. "Thanksgiving among New Englanders,—telling briefly how the author spent it, and introducing the reader to my cousin John : with a word also on the propriety of *faithfully repeating* this grand Festival : the whole

rendered more interesting by several witty remarks, and decorated with *sandy puns*." After descanting eloquently on the joys and the poetical associations connected with the Festival in general, the author begins his own story as follows: "I certainly felt a peculiar kind of sensation, not described by Reid—a kind of *chicken pie* sensation, or call it, if you please, *apprehension*, rather agreeable than otherwise,—as I saw cousin John, a real Yankee farmer, hitching his horse in College street the day before thanksgiving." To this passage he subjoins the following explanatory note. "M(y) Cousin, in connection with this subject, thus concisely and luminously remarks:—'In the contemplation of a chicken pie, there is a marked vividness of the coexistent emotions. Every idea of a chicken pie is, undeniably, an acquisition of experience. It remains to ascertain of what experience. Is it *inward* or *outward* experience? Most certainly the former, for the apprehension of a chicken pie is only realized in the actual cognate affirmation, that the concept is an existential reality; and this evidently depends on an inward process.' This argument to show an inward process is obviously based on the supposition of a *previous division* process."

We would not vouch for the correctness of the following as a translation, but would do the young author the justice to say, that it is a promising attempt at writing verse.

ANACREON TO HIS LYRE.

'ΕΙΣ ΑΥΠΑΝ.'

I fain the Atridae would sing,
And the Theban in song would make known;
But my Lyre, from each quivering string,
Love echoes, and echoes alone.
But lately anew it was strung,
And I altered its music entire—
Then the labors of Hercules sung,—
But Love, still reëchoed my Lyre.
Henceforth, then, ye heroes, for me,
And the deeds of your prowess, farewell;
Love only my story shall be,
Love's triumphs my Lyrics shall tell.

An article by Q., and several others, were accepted, but have been crowded out by the unexpected length of previous communications.

The Nassau Literary for the past month has come to hand.

The prize offered in the August number has been awarded to Joseph Sheldon, of the Senior class, for an essay on the "Power and Mission of Genius," which appears in the present number. Some of the other essays which competed for this prize shall be published in ensuing numbers.

VOL. XVI.

No. IV.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

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STUDENT OF YALE COLLEGE.

¹⁸ These groups include mostly poorer individuals. Vaidya and Venkatesh Prasad, in *Sanitation Payoffs*, 18.

FEBRUARY, 1851.

NEW LEAVES:

WILLIAM L. FLETCHER, JR. and J. H. MATHIAS, JR.

CHRYSLER, BY THE WAY, STATED:

CONTENTS

The Fugitive-Slave Law,	127
The Harp of Creation,	128
Ossian,	130
Servitude of Thought,	131
Now,	131
Imaginative Literature,	132
The Age We Live In,	133
Iceland,	135
Attractions of Ocean Life,	137
The Grave by Ocean,	140
Editor's Table,	162

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVI.

FEBRUARY, 1851.

No. IV.

The Fugitive Slave Law.*

BY B. F. M.

I **BEG** leave to offer some remarks upon that all absorbing theme of discussion—the Fugitive Slave Law. I am not so vain as to indulge the hope that I shall be able to present any new views for your consideration, or reflect additional light upon a question which has occupied the loftiest intellects of our country. I do not rise to enter into an elaborate discussion of the subject. It is my purpose merely to collect a few facts which may tend to remove unfounded prejudices against the act of Sept. 18, 1850, and at the same time to remind every true patriot of his duty, under any and all circumstances, to stand by the Constitution and the Union.

It is admitted by every one of sound judgment, that the Constitution, fairly expounded, must be the supreme law of the land. The talk about the "higher law" I consider "mere sound and fury, signifying nothing." "No man," says Daniel Webster, "is at liberty to set up, or affect to set up his own conscience as above the law, in a matter which respects the rights of others, and the obligations civil, social and political, due to others from him. Such a pretence saps the foundation of all government, and is of itself a perfect absurdity."

Taking then the Constitution as our only guide for public action, we find that it contains a clause which declares that "no person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but *shall be delivered up on the claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due.*" This provision was inserted to secure to the citizens of the slaveholding States the right to retake their slaves in any of the States

* An Address delivered in the Linonian Society.

of the Union into which they might escape. That such is the true construction of this article of the Constitution, appears both *historically* and *judicially*.

Under the Confederation, as is well known, there was no provision for the reclamation of fugitive slaves. The owners of runaways were allowed, however, to pursue and take them in the free States; but it was clear to all, that in the course of time this would be effected only with great difficulty. When therefore the Federal Constitution was under deliberation, the Southern members insisted upon a provision by which the rendition of fugitives should be secured to the slaveholding States. The guarantee of this right was demanded for the preservation of their interest *in statu quo*. It was well understood at the time, that without it no Union would have been formed. They prevailed, and accordingly we read in Art. 4, Sec. 2, of the Constitution the passage just quoted. Speaking in defence of this provision in the Virginia Convention, called to consider the Constitution, Mr. Madison said:

"This clause was expressly to enable the owners of slaves to reclaim them. This is a better security than any that now exists."

Governor Randolph held the same language. He said:

"Were it right to mention what passed in Convention, I might tell you that the Southern States—even South Carolina herself—considered this property secured by these words."

In the Convention of North Carolina, Mr. Iredell spoke as follows:

"In some of the Northern States they have emancipated all their slaves. If any of our slaves go there, and remain there a certain time, they would by the present law be entitled to their freedom, so that their masters could not get them again. This would be extremely prejudicial to the inhabitants of the Southern States, and to prevent it this clause is inserted in the Constitution. Though the word slave is not mentioned, this is the meaning of it. The Northern delegates, owing to their particular scruples on the subject of slavery, did not choose the word slave to be mentioned."

And in the debate in the Legislature of South Carolina, Charles Cotesworth Pinkney made these remarks:

"We have obtained (said he) a right to recover our slaves in whatever part of America they may take refuge, which is a right we had not before. In short, considering all the circumstances, we have made the best terms for the security of this species of property it was in our power to make. We would have made them better if we could, but on the whole, I do not think them bad."

These strong assurances that every slave who escaped to the North would not be free and irreclaimable, but "*should be delivered up*," reconciled the people of the South to the Constitution, and secured its ratification. That the same views of the subject were held by the statesmen of the North, is equally unquestionable. Nowhere in the debates which took place in the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York and Pennsylvania, on the adoption of the Federal Consti-

tution, do we find any expressions rendering uncertain or equivocal the right of the owner to recover his slave. In those days there was no diversity of opinion as to the true intent and meaning of the clause relative to fugitives from labor. It has been reserved for the sophistry of our times to deny the existence of one of the plainest provisions of the Constitution.

But let us turn from the interpretation of history to the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States. In the celebrated case of *Prigg vs. the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania*, Judge Story, who delivered the opinion of the Court, said :

"It is well known that the object of this clause was to secure to the citizens of the slaveholding States the complete right and title of ownership in their slaves, as property, in every State of the Union, into which they might escape from the State wherein they were held in servitude."

Again :

"The clause was therefore of the last importance to the safety and security of the Southern States, and could not be surrendered by them without endangering the whole property in slaves. The clause was accordingly adopted in the Constitution by the unanimous consent of the framers of it—a proof at once of its own intrinsic and practical necessity."

And again : "The clause manifestly contemplates the existence of a positive, unqualified right on the part of the owner of the slave, which no State law or regulation can in any way qualify, regulate, control or restrain." * * * * "We have not the slightest hesitation in holding that, under and in virtue of the Constitution, the owner of a slave is clothed with entire authority in every State in the Union, to seize and recapture his slave, whenever he can do it without any breach of the peace, or any illegal violence."

This decision settles the point beyond cavil or doubt. It is unnecessary to adduce here the opinions of the other learned judges. They confirm, in words no less emphatic, all for which the South contends in this matter. I think there is no reflecting member of this Society who will deny that under the Constitution, and the construction of that Constitution by the Supreme Court of the United States, the Federal government has assumed the sacred obligation to deliver to the master his fugitive slave.

In order to carry out that obligation more effectually than before, Congress, during the last session, passed an act known as the Fugitive Slave Law. Now the question arises, is this Law in all respects consistent with the Constitution ?

In 1793 a law was enacted by Congress, the third and fourth sections of which designated the mode of reclaiming "persons escaping from the service of their masters." It was approved by the illustrious Washington, and as you are well aware, has repeatedly been sanctioned by the decisions of the Supreme Court. Those decisions will apply with the same force to the present act, so far as it is similar to

that of '93. It follows therefore that the constitutionality of the provisions not common to both laws alone admit of dispute. In what then consists the essential difference between the two acts, the one of 1793, and the other of 1850? The sections of the law of '93, which refer to fugitive slaves, are as follows:

SEC. 3. *And be it further enacted*, That when a person held to labor in any of the United States, or in either of the Territories on the northwest or south of the river Ohio, under the laws thereof, shall escape into any other of the said States or Territory, the person to whom such labor or service may be due, his agent, or attorney, is hereby empowered to seize or arrest such fugitive from labor, and to take him or her before any judge of the Circuit or District Courts of the United States residing or being within the State, or before any magistrate of a county, city or town corporate, wherein such seizure or arrest shall be made—and upon proof to the satisfaction of such judge or magistrate, either by oral testimony or affidavit taken before and certified by a magistrate of any such State or Territory, that the person so seized or arrested doth, under the laws of the State or Territory from which he or she fled, owe service or labor to the person claiming him or her, it shall be the duty of such judge or magistrate to give a certificate thereof to such claimant, his agent or attorney, which shall be sufficient warrant for removing the said fugitive from labor to the State or Territory from which he or she fled.

SEC. 4. *And be it further enacted*, That any person who shall knowingly and willingly obstruct or hinder such claimant, his agent or attorney, in so seizing or arresting such fugitive from labor, or shall rescue such fugitive from such claimant, his agent or attorney, when so arrested, pursuant to the authority herein given or declared; or shall harbor or conceal such person, after notice that he or she was a fugitive from labor as aforesaid, shall, for either of the said offences, forfeit and pay the sum of five hundred dollars, which penalty may be recovered by and for the benefit of such claimant, by action of debt in any court proper to try the same, saving moreover to the person claiming such labor or service his right of action for or on account of the said injuries or either of them.

The first point of difference is in the appointment of commissioners to carry the provisions into effect. The act of 1793 entrusted its own execution to the judges of the Circuit and District Courts of the United States and also to any State magistrate of a county, city, or town corporate. But in 1842, one Prigg having carried off his slave without obtaining a certificate from the magistrates of Pennsylvania, was tried and convicted under the law of 1826. He appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States. Its decision, delivered by Judge Story, embraced three propositions: 1. The act of 1793 was constitutional. 2. Any State law that in any way interferes with it, is null and void. 3. The action of Congress on this subject excludes all State legislation in reference to it. This decision releasing all State officers from taking cognizance of a claim to the service of a fugitive, rendered the act of '93 practically of but little use. The only magistrates to whom the claimant could apply were the Circuit and District judges, and as these are thinly scattered over the Union, residing in many instances hundreds of miles apart, it is manifest that the owner of a slave thrown on his own resources, seldom obtained a warrant to remove his property. To remedy this defect, or in other words, to maintain inviolable and unbroken the guarantees of our great Magna Charta, Congress enacted the law of 1850, by which United States Commissioners are substituted for the State magistrates, whose

powers ceased some eight years ago. These commissioners by the fourth section of the bill are clothed with concurrent jurisdiction with the judges of the Circuit and District Courts in all matters pertaining to fugitives from labor. The objection made against this provision is that it gives judicial power to the Commissioners. This, it is said, interferes with the Constitution. Now the Commissioners are not judges. Their powers are not *judicial*, but as Mr. Justice Story terms them, *ministerial*. It is not their duty, as some suppose, to pass a definite decision upon the question in dispute, but merely to decide whether the claimant has shown good and sufficient reason to remove the prisoner to the State or Territory whence he is alleged to have escaped. This is the whole duty of the Commissioner, as it was of the magistrate under the old law. Now the act of 1793 gave the power of hearing complaints against fugitives to the justices of the peace, and that act has again and again been pronounced constitutional. If the jurisdiction thus conferred upon these magistrates had been considered a judicial power, the law of 1793 would have been proclaimed null and void, inasmuch as all judges of the United States hold their office during good behavior, and receive compensation not by fees, but by salaries. Reasoning then from analogy, it is clear that the act of 1850 is not unconstitutional, because the certificate for the removal of the fugitive is granted by a Commissioner.

The next point in which the present law differs from that of 1793, is in requiring the United States Marshals to execute all warrants or other processes for the arrest and detention of fugitives. The constitutionality of this provision has, we believe, never been questioned. It was inserted in the bill to secure the prompt and efficient performance of a duty enjoined by the great charter of our liberties. Prior to the passage of the late act, any attempt to fulfill that duty was often the signal of a riot, and almost invariably ended in a failure. This clause granting the owner of a slave the privilege of employing the Marshal to serve his warrant, removes all apprehension that the law can be resisted with impunity or success. It consequently commends itself to every sober and reflecting man.

The third and last essential difference between the two laws, is in making the United States Marshals liable to a prosecution for the full value of fugitives escaping from their custody, whether the escape was with or without their knowledge and connivance. This liability, as we all know, without being jurists, closely resembles the responsibility of every sheriff at common law for the custody of his prisoners. Doubtless in some cases, the provision may fall hard upon the Marshal, but its propriety and necessity cannot but be acquiesced in by all who are willing to observe the Constitution according to its true spirit.

These are all the provisions found in the act of 1850, which are not substantially embraced in that of 1793. There are undoubtedly several other particulars in which the former law is rendered more stringent than the latter, but as they are not entirely new, they do not

affect the discussion in its present stage. We conclude therefore that the Fugitive Slave Bill of 1850 is not unconstitutional, neither,

1st. Because the certificate is granted by a Commissioner—Congress having full power to confer this authority : nor,

2d. Because Marshals are required to execute warrants for the arrest of fugitives, this being in strict analogy to the execution of all laws : nor,

3d. Because the responsibility of safe custody is thrown on the Marshal—since other public officers are liable to the same extent.

Having shown the constitutionality of the late enactment by a comparison drawn between the acts of Congress of 1793 and 1850, I will now briefly notice the two principal objections which are urged against it.

It is said that the new law suspends the operation of the writ of habeas corpus—inasmuch as the concluding clause of the sixth section provides that after duly granting the certificate, no process issued by any court, judge, magistrate, or other person whomsoever shall interfere with its execution. This is a mistake. There is not a word in the bill respecting the writ of habeas corpus. Is it true that silence upon the subject can be construed to repeal a great constitutional right? If this be so, then the injury was done by the old law more than half a century ago, without any one discovering the fact.

But let us examine what the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus is. Chancellor Kent, in the 2d vol., p. 26, of his Commentaries, laying down this privilege, says, “Whenever any person is detained with or without due process of law, *unless* for treason or felony, plainly and specially expressed in the warrant of commitment, or *unless* such person be a convict or LEGALLY charged in execution, he is entitled to his writ of habeas corpus.” Here we see at once that the object of this writ is not to discharge the prisoner when lawfully detained, but only to relieve him from illegal imprisonment. Now it has been decided over and over again that imprisonment under a certificate from a Commissioner of the United States, or warrant from the Executive of one State, on the requisition of the Executive of another State is, legal. The writ of habeas corpus, therefore, is not applicable to the case of a person under arrest as a fugitive from justice or from labor. On this point, Judge Grier says : “The writ of habeas corpus is undoubtedly an immediate remedy for *every illegal imprisonment* ; but no imprisonment is illegal when the process is a justification of the officer : and process, whether by writ or warrant, is legal, whenever it is not defective in the frame of it, and has issued in the ordinary course of justice, from a court or magistrate having jurisdiction of the subject matter,” (*Commonwealth vs. Lekey*, 1 Watts 6, 7.) A person held as a fugitive under the certificate of a judge or magistrate, under this act is legally imprisoned, under process ‘from a court or magistrate having jurisdiction,’ and cannot be released by any other court or magistrate, on a writ of habeas corpus or *homine replegiando*.” In the same connection, I would also beg leave to introduce an extract

from the opinion of Mr. Crittenden, the Attorney General of the United States. In his letter to the President, he holds this language: "Congress, in the case of fugitive slaves, as in all other cases within the scope of its constitutional authority, has the unquestionable right to ordain and prescribe for what causes, to what extent, and in what manner, persons may be taken into custody, detained or imprisoned. Without this power they could not fulfill their constitutional trust, nor perform the ordinary and necessary duties of government. It was never heard that the exercise of that legislative power, was any encroachment upon or suspension of the privilege of habeas corpus. It is only by some confusion of ideas that such a conflict can be supposed to exist. It is not within the province or privilege of this great writ to loose those whom the *law* has bound. That would be to put a writ, granted by the law in opposition to the law—to make one part of the law destructive of another. This writ follows the law and obeys the law. It is issued upon proper complaint, to make inquiry into the causes of commitment or imprisonment, and its sole remedial power and purpose is to deliver the party from 'all manner of *illegal* confinement.'" But it is useless to multiply quotations to show that the Act gives to every person claimed as a fugitive, all the rights which the writ of habeas corpus secures to him. Surely there is no one here who will set up his own judgment in this matter in opposition to that of all the distinguished statesmen of both parties and the highest judicial authority of the country.

It has been said, too, that the new law is unreasonable because it does not extend to the fugitive the right of trial by jury in the State to which he has escaped. So it has always been under the Act of '93. A fugitive from labor is delivered up in the same manner and upon the same proof as a fugitive from justice. When a person who is suspected of having committed a crime in Massachusetts, escapes into Connecticut, he is surrendered to the authorities of the former State upon the requisition of its Executive. Here there is no trial by jury—the question to be determined is that of *identity*. Nor is this the only case in which fugitives from justice are refused a trial by jury in the State in which they are arrested. By treaties with France and Great Britain, the United States have engaged to surrender persons charged with crime escaping into this country—the proceedings always being summary and *ex parte*. Hence we see that fugitives from justice from other States as well as from foreign lands, are placed on an equal footing with runaway negroes—are liable to be seized by the same process. This being evident, why is the intervention of a jury demanded for fugitive slaves? Are black men better than white? Shall a white man be surrendered without complaint, and yet heaven and earth be moved to prevent the restoration of a black man whom the Constitution expressly declares "shall be delivered up?" If trial by jury be necessary in one case, it is so in the other. Then why this clamor made for the black fugitive? Why do we hear no anathemas hurled from the pulpit—no Union threatened to be dissolved—because

white men are daily surrendered without trial? For my part, I cannot perceive why special privileges should be granted to colored persons. If they are wrongfully arrested, it is easy to try the question of freedom or slavery either by a habeas corpus or by a jury in the State whence it is alleged they were fugitives from labor. Every State guarantees this right to persons who are charged with committing an offence within her borders; and we have no reason to suspect the uprightness of southern tribunals in regard to petitioners for freedom. On the contrary, the decisions in the slaveholding States will fully attest that negroes arrested as fugitives from labor possess every facility to prove their innocence. Says Mr. Underwood, in a speech in the United States Senate last spring, "Having been a long time conversant with the judicial tribunals of my own State, I have never known a case of freedom or slavery where the leanings and sympathies of the judges and jurors were not in favor of liberty. It is one of the maxims of the law, always enforced by the courts of Kentucky, that if there be any doubt, the person claiming his freedom is entitled to the benefit of it." And Mr. Clay, on a public occasion, remarked that he had almost always succeeded when he had acted as counsel for the captive, but never when he had been engaged by the master.

But it is unnecessary to enlarge upon this topic. There can be no doubt that the fugitive possesses ample means of redress under the laws of the State from which he has fled. Not only has he right of trial by jury, but the privilege of summoning witnesses and employing counsel without expense to himself. What more can the friends of the negro demand? Shall a special tribunal be extended to black slaves which is rightfully withheld from free white men? Are runaway negroes from Georgia, or Virginia, or Kentucky, beings of a superior grade or having higher claims upon our sympathies than the Irish, the French, the English, or the freemen of our own country? Certainly not. Why then has this provision under consideration provoked such violent opposition? Why are no conventions called to nullify the laws which send the white man away? And why, in the name of common sense, should Congress insult the tribunals of the South, by pronouncing them incompetent to decide upon the *prima facie* proof that a fugitive owes service or labor to a master from whom he has escaped?

If there were no other ground for refusing a trial by jury in the State where the fugitive is arrested, the excited condition of public feeling in many portions of the North, would be sufficient. There are thousands, I am sorry to say, who, placing their conscience above the Constitution and openly avowing the principles of nullification, would never consent to the return of a slave. It would be useless to suppose that equal and exact justice could be had for the claimant among those holding such views on the subject of civil duties and obligations. Their whole opposition is to the CONSTITUTION, and the law is denounced only because it carries out the Constitution. They demand

a trial by jury, not to secure to our brethren of the South their just rights, but to trample in the dust the precious inheritance of the fame, the wisdom, the valor and the patriotism of our fathers.

I have now, as I trust, shown the constitutionality of the law of 1850, and answered the principal objections which are made against it. It was one of those measures of compromise designed to give peace and repose to our distracted country, and which have since crowned, with fadeless glory, the legislation of the Thirty-first Congress. Fanatics and agitators may heap upon it odious epithets and abusive language, but it has received the cordial support of every true heart that beats with devotion to the Constitution and the Union. In many respects, it is a great improvement upon the old law. It is practically more favorable to the fugitive and better guarded against abuse. It protects free colored men from being kidnapped and sold into slavery, by requiring a legal certificate previous to the removal of the negro. It places the execution of the law in the hands of responsible officers of the government, instead of leaving the individual master or his agent to seize and carry off his slave by physical force. It affords personal security to the master while arresting his servant, and thus allays all the apprehension of the recurrence of scenes of violence and bloodshed. Is it not plain, that the new Act is better than the old one—better for the fugitive—better for the free black—better for the North and South—better for the peace and quiet of the whole country?

It will not be inferred, I hope, from anything I have said, that I justify the law in all its details. I approve, however, of its enactment, inasmuch as I deem conformity to the design of the Constitution more important than the objectional features of the bill. It is in fact, merely an honest fulfillment of the compact entered into by the men of the Revolution. Its object is simply to carry out the express stipulations of that sacred instrument, without which the Union, with all its fragrant glories of the past and precious hopes of the future, would never have existed. Before its passage, the Constitution, in consequence of a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, had become, as it were, a dead letter in regard to fugitive slaves. The law of '93 had no vitality after the prohibition of State magistrates from acting under it. Any attempt to arrest a slave in most of the Northern States, was attended with hazard of insult, heavy pecuniary loss and even of life itself. In this manner, the people of the South suffered an encroachment upon their rights which no forbearance could tolerate and no apology vindicate. With a view to put an end to this breach of faith and to restore harmony and confidence to the country, Congress passed this law. It was not hastily enacted, as some have asserted, but was discussed in the Senate, section by section, and received the sanction of the most eminent and patriotic statesmen in the nation. It was not the triumph of one local section or of one political party over another. The question was, should the compromises of the Constitution be maintained according to their

letter and spirit, or should the Union, created by the common toils and sacrifices of Washington and his associates, be lost to freedom and to the world. Who does not rejoice that in a crisis so momentous it was decided to uphold the Constitution? What heart does not throb to the sentiment: "Frenzied be the head—palsied be the hand, that attempts to destroy the Union!"

In order to have a just sense of our obligation to restore fugitive slaves, let us recur, for a moment, to the period when there was no Constitution of the United States. It was, as we all know, a period of darkness and of gloom. The invader had been repelled by the valor of our citizens, but with peace came evils no less distressing than war. There was no commerce, no manufactures, no sound currency, no confidence between man and man; nothing, in short, to make a people prosperous and happy. Armed men beset courts of justice, towns and villages were threatened with flames, and thousands, under the pressure of sufferings, were ready to enter into desperate rebellion. What an hour of peril was that! What dreadful thoughts arose in the minds of those, who through years of toil and suffering, had established their country's independence! But in the midst of this storm, the anchor of hope and safety was not lost. A convention, composed of illustrious patriots and statesmen, assembled to frame a Constitution. Many and great were the difficulties in the way of meeting upon a union platform. The subject of slavery was the apple of discord, and came near causing the convention to separate without attaining its aim. Finally, after long deliberation, our Constitution was formed in a spirit of mutual forbearance and compromise. It was agreed that each State should for itself, and by itself, regulate and control its existing institutions. But in order to fulfill this compact, it was also agreed that fugitive slaves escaping from service in one State to another, should be delivered up to their masters. This provision was scarcely discussed in the convention, and was adopted without a dissenting vote. It was necessary for the maintenance of the concession on the part of the North, viz: non-interference with slavery, *because* that concession would be utterly vain, if fugitives might find a safe retreat by crossing a State line. It was based on the only ground upon which the members of the confederacy could meet and make our Constitution.

Such were the circumstances under which our predecessors promised that the fugitive slave should be delivered up. They saw distinctly, that without this obligation no political tie could unite the American people. Whether they decided wisely in forming a union with slaveholders, let the consequent history of our country answer. "Whatever specious objections may have been urged against the Constitution at the period of its adoption, it is not with us an open question whether that immortal instrument was framed with all the wisdom which has been claimed for it, and whether it is adequate to the purposes for which it was designed. The seal of more than sixty years is now upon it, and its results are known and read of all men. In

the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, is the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of that noble structure, and the felicitous inscription upon it runs thus: '*Reader, if you seek his monument, look around!*' So we may say of our Constitution. If you would estimate its value, LOOK AROUND!"* Behold a nation, prosperous beyond precedent, pursuing all the multiform avocations of society, where, but a few years ago, the foot of civilized man had not yet trod! Compare our country in all the elements that make a people great and prosperous, with any empire of ancient or of modern time! Standing on our own soil, see our Republic stretching in its magnificence, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and reaching from the perpetual snows of the North to the ever-blooming flowers of the South! But, above all, gaze upon the blushing flag of our country, wooed by the breezes of every clime under heaven, and carrying, wherever it floats, the name and the power of the American people!

But while "looking around" at our power, dignity, and prosperity as a nation, let us not forget that these great blessings can last only by implicit obedience to the Constitution. Nothing can be more fallacious than the fancy that the Union can be maintained when the supremacy of our Magna Charta is gone. Do we imagine that the freemen anywhere in this country, will continue to remain in the Union if the rights bequeathed to them by their fathers, be wrested away? If the time should ever come when the Constitution shall cease to be the "higher law" in the land, our government will undoubtedly dissolve itself into its original elements, and vanish—the baseless fabric of a vision. It is ours then to show our estimate of this Palladium of Liberty, by transmitting it unimpaired to posterity, and by defending it, if necessary, to the last drop of our blood. In the language of a distinguished patriot, "If we are not struck with judicial blindness, we shall cling to this Constitution as the mariner clings to the last plank when night and the tempest close around him."

Let us then resolve, that so far as we are concerned, our Union shall be maintained by a practical compliance with all the duties enjoined by the Constitution. Let us renew our pledges of affection to that priceless heritage of Liberty which belongs, not only to our generation, but to generations yet to come. Let us, above all, listen to the solemn warning of Washington, to "indignantly frown on the first dawning of every attempt to *alienate one portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which bind together the various parts.*"

* Dr. Boardman's Discourse on the Union.

The Harp of Creation.

THOU Harp of Creation, whose magical strain
To the throne of Omnipotence ever ascending,
Is wafted from Nature's broad, boundless domain,
With the song of pure spirits in unison blending;
Deep, grand and majestic, thy harmony swelling,
Transcending the limits of space and of time,—
One wave of rich melody ceaselessly welling,
Unites with the chorus celestial, sublime.

The stars, as they glide on their radiant way,
In the glorious anthem forever are singing;
Day utters its musical accents to-day,
And the azure expanse with the echo is ringing.
From hill and from valley, from forest and river,
From mountain and streamlet, lake, woodland, and plain,
Earth's myriad voices are sounding forever,
And mingling in harmony sweet with the strain.

Thou Harp of Creation, no tremulous hand
O'er thy quivering wires hath been carelessly sweeping;
A Master hath tuned them, and cherubim stand
With their harps ever time to the melody keeping;
One theme ever new each rapt seraph inspiring,
One song all their legions eternally raise;
The universe glows with the topic untiring,
And joins the unanimous tribute of praise.

Thy music is written in letters of light,
On the glittering scroll of the firmament burning,
And he who interprets the language aright,
Is forever the song of the seraphim learning.
The volume of Nature with radiance beaming
Is spread out before thee, its treasures are thine;—
Child of earth,—let thy heart with its influence teeming,
Unite with thy voice in the chorus divine.

J. K. L.

Ossian.

THE poetry of the early ages has ever seemed most fit "to wake to ecstasy the living lyre." The notes, which the first poets sang, float down the long vista of ages unchanged and unequalled. Man has grown wise in these latter days ; he sports with mysteries which were once his terror, and roams abroad within the widened limits of his intellect ; yet, in the midst of all his wondrous power and wisdom, he finds nothing so pleasing as "the words of other times." He can find deeper thought and more intellectual poetry, but nothing that strikes the imagination so irresistibly. As the fire and ingenuousness of youth often affect us more than the labored reason of mature years, so a simple lay of days long passed, is often the magic Sesame, opening the way to rich treasures of fancy, which to many a modern model of correctness were past finding out.

Preëminent among these bards of ancient days stands the blind old man of Chios. With a few other classic poets he has absorbed the admiration of all succeeding ages. How much of this admiration is caused by the *gregarious* nature of the human race, would be difficult to decide ; perhaps a goodly share. At any rate, there are many admirers of classic beauties who seem to forget that there is aught else to claim their notice and reverence, than the spirit of poesy which haunts the shores of the Mediterranean. But, whilst men have risen in imagination, with the 200,000, who stood up when the Roman poet entered the theatre, and felt the warm blood thrill through their veins as the tale of ancient Troy was told, another school of poetry has arisen from among the quaint old superstitions of the north of Europe, which in force and a certain fantastical beauty is, to say the least, an equal. It may be said to present the same contrast to the measured cadence and smoothly flowing numbers of Greece and Italy which exists between the Gothic and Grecian styles of architecture. The latter is correctly elegant, the former is irregularly beautiful. One is massive and unadorned, the other light and wrought in many a varied form. One stands open to the broad light of day, and is clearly defined in its inmost recesses ; the other has nooks and corners where ghostly forms seem to crouch, half hidden in the gloom, and its lofty arches are hardly seen by the architect. One seems fit for the habitation of glorious men who are known and appreciated by mortals ; the other for the shadowy dwellers of the spirit-world. Each class seems peculiar and unable to be changed into the other, at least cannot without losing a large share of its vigor. Pope has scarcely shielded the "quadrated" versification of his time from the imputation of tameness, and the ancients seem to want the mystical and spiritual manner of thinking, which throws such a strong spell over the poets of the North.

First among the septentrional bards, is Ossian—a beacon light upon

his rock-bound shores, gleaming through the surrounding darkness of ignorance and barbarism. It was about the year 1762, when a number of poems were given to the world by one James McPherson, who claimed to have collected them in a tour through the western Highlands and adjoining isles. A great sensation was created in the literary world. They were translated into various languages and also imitated. Among the earlier poems of Lord Byron may be found a fair imitation of the "Voice of Cona," and Lamartine in *Leo Confidences* confesses having done likewise. The conqueror of Europe found a kindred spirit in its energetic style. But, whilst many believed and admired, some doubted whether they were genuine; a doubt which the conduct of the translator was rather calculated to increase than dispel; and some, with the renowned Dr. Johnson at their head, totally denied their authenticity, and asserted them to be a mere fabrication. Time has shown that they judged hastily. The Highland society of Scotland in the year 1805, published a report of a committee appointed to make diligent inquiry throughout the Highlands for similar poems. The report shows that at least a portion of the work had been obtained from these alleged sources, and probably all with the exception, perhaps, of fragments inserted to fill up omissions in the original. There seems, therefore, to be sufficient proof that these poems, mutilated and interpolated though they must be, as has been the fate of many of the works of antiquity, are really the productions of a poet of the early days of Scottish history. Tradition and external evidence fix the time of their composition to the end of the third or beginning of the fourth century. A powerful argument for their genuineness can be adduced in the fact that their literary merit far surpasses that of the translator, and also that they harmonize exactly with the age and country to which they are assigned. Their subjects are generally warlike, as we would be led to expect among a half-civilized people. Manly valor is extolled as the highest excellence. Feasting, hunting and the other amusements of semi-barbarism are often introduced. The images and descriptions of the poet are evidently drawn from Scottish scenery, which is peculiarly adapted to the wild and high-toned melody of the "Harp of Selma." Northern Scotland might be called the haunt of the spirit of sublimity. Along its high cliffs, which breast 300 miles of the sea, the roar of the Atlantic is never silent amid the sounding caves, as the waves sport fearfully along their base. The sea-fowl scream over their nests amid the lone recesses of the rocks.

"The only, the perpetual dirge
That's heard there is the sea-bird's cry,
The mournful murmur of the surge,
The cloud's deep voice, the wind's low sigh."

Almost constant rain and mist hang over the land, and the wild winds roam unchecked over its bare hills and heaths, and whisper

amid the rustling grass strange things to the dreaming bard. It was from such associations as these that the genius of Ossian received its inspiration. All was to him wildly stern and grand. Nature did not sing to him amid myrtle and orange groves beneath the sunny skies of the South. But there was a depth, an almost inexpressible beauty in the few wild notes which it was his privilege to hear, which more than compensated for the loss. Hence his poetry is never voluptuous, never weak. Indeed, its chief fault is its strength. To use the language of Dr. Blair, "his manner is so different from that of most poets to which we are accustomed; his style is so concise and so much crowded with imagery, the mind is kept at such a stretch in accompanying the author, that an ordinary reader is at first apt to be dazzled and fatigued rather than pleased." Energy and conciseness are its characteristics. It touches only upon principal points. Like a mighty storm it sweeps over the regions of fancy; small reeds bend before it and are passed over, but the large oak is torn from its roots and borne on. He strikes the key note of many a strange, wild melody, and leaves us to fill up the outline.

But not only do we find strength, but also what is seldom found in the earlier northern poets, a keen perception of the beautiful and pathetic. For instance, in Carthan the thoughts of the days of youth are compared to a pleasant evening. "Thus the sun appears in the west after the steps of his brightness have moved behind a storm; the green hills lift their dewy heads; the blue streams rejoice in the vale. The aged hero comes forth on his staff, his gray hairs glitter in the beam." A happy old age after the storms of life are over, could hardly be more justly or beautifully expressed. Again, in the Songs of Selma, the music of songs "is like soft mist that rising from a lake pours on the silent vale, the green flowers are filled with dew, but the sun returns in its strength and the mist is gone." It is a fine thought, and he who has noticed how soon the high aspiration and noble feeling which a strain of music excites in the human breast, will feel how true are the last words, "the sun returns in its strength and the mist is gone." But the sublime is his true element. Hear his apostrophe to his harp: "dweller between the shields! thou that awakest the failing soul! descend from thy wall harp of Cona with thy voices three! Come with that which kindles the past; rear the forms of old, on their own dark brown years." (Cath Loda Duan III.) The following shows the suggestive power of the poet, as well as his sublimity. It is from the war of Caras: "The meteors of night set on the hill before him. A distant torrent faintly roars. Unfrequent blasts rush through aged oaks. The half enlightened moon sinks dim and red behind the hill. Feeble voices are heard on the heath." It is not surpassed even by that fine passage of Virgil:

"Noctem illam tecti silvis immania monstra
Perferimus! nec, quæ causa det sonitum videmus;
Nam neque erant astrorum ignes nec lucidus æthra

Sidereâ polus: obscuro sed nubila cœlo:
 Et lunam in nimbo nox intempesta tenebat."

ÆNEID, B. III, 583.

Examples might be multiplied, but it were better to read the book. But there is one more too fearfully beautiful to be passed over. It is perhaps unsurpassed in any language. "He rushed in the sound of his arms like the terrible spirit of Loda when he comes in the roar of a thousand storms, and scatters battles from his eyes. He sits on a cloud over Lochlin's seas. His mighty hand is on his sword. Winds lift his flaming locks. The waning moon half lights his fearful face. His features, blinded in darkness, arise to view."

Such are a few of the notes of "the harp which was strung in Selma." When we consider how much poetic fire and elegance has probably been lost in the translation, and how much the original itself may have suffered during its long existence in the memories of men, before the knowledge of letters, a feeling of mingled regret and admiration comes over us; regret that so little should be known of this meteor in the night of barbarism, and the admiration for the genius which in our own age would rival the most eminent. Enough still shines forth from the darkness of antiquity to excite the curiosity of the antiquary and the respect of all, for his noble mind, brave, generous, and humane, even in ignorance of God. What would he have been had the "harp of Cona with its voices three," been like the lyre of the Hebrew poet attuned to the praise of his Creator? Truer than ever do the words of the poet seem:

"Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

HESPERION.

COMMON SENSE is to the character, what ballast is to a vessel. In the hard work of living, it is better a thousand times, than the brilliance of wit or of imagination. It supplies, in a measure, the want of genius, gives a tone to every effort of the intellect, prepares one to meet the serious labors of life, multiplies the various sources of happiness, and upon the events of each hour, upon each word or action, exerts a wholesome influence.

Servitude of Thought.

WHEN at some time the spirit of beauty may have come in one of its celestial forms, possessing the soul and thrilling it through and through, attuning every chord of feeling to the richest harmony, and making the whole intellect feel as though it could write with the glowing pen of inspiration, or breathe forth thoughts of untold beauty, who does not realize that the material forms which bind us here are clogs upon the aspiring spirit? The whole soul struggles when excited by the vivid workings of the imagination, or when in any way roused to the high state of activity of which it is capable, and which it occasionally shows forth in all its fulness; it struggles intensely too; for that body so wonderfully adapted to earthly wants, is now felt to be a prison-house through whose grating it can only *look*, when panting to follow on the spirit of beauty which is beckoning upward to higher and still higher advances towards infinite sublimity. The soul feels conscious of its expansive power: it feels that it is repressed and kept tightly bound by that material frame which encases it, and sometimes feels a rebellion against the fate which will permit it to expand only by degrees, as if to keep pace with the almost imperceptible growth of the body. And who has not felt at times that were the mind to be released, it would dilate immediately, so as to contain that vast amount of knowledge which is granted here; and then counting that, as it really is, a small iota, go on increasing its capacity with geometrical progression, until it stands upon the very verge of infinity!

Every imaginative mind feels that there was never a truer thought expressed, than that which contends that our senses, instead of being the cause of our perception, are but a feeble medium between the material world and the soul whose real sphere is intense activity—though it here exists in a half slumbering state, as if to gather energy for its ceaseless march towards the citadel of eternal wisdom.

It is, we know, but idle talk to speak of “godlike genius,” to descant upon the human mind as knowing no limit—as finding nothing too difficult for its infinite comprehension. Applied to a created existence, such words are unmeaning bombast—as describing attributes of the great Creator, they are indeed vital truths, which as yet can convey but a very feeble signification to our finite capacities.

But to those who are accustomed to think with an intensity that proves it the delight of their being, who can forget awhile the demands of their material task-master in the sweet communion of glowing thought, there will come moments when the soul would *exult* in entire freedom, when it would gladly dissolve the dread connection between itself and the body. For when the mind would thrill through at some delicate touch of beauty, the body, like some rude hand laid upon the tremulous harp strings, stops or deadens the vibration.

Sometimes the mind becomes excited to an unwonted glow of feeling, sublime thoughts and beautiful imagery rush into it in all the freshness and vivacity of unelaborated creation. The pen is seized to note them before they shall have passed forever, but they either prove as evanescent as they are beautiful, leaving but their faint shadow on the memory, or while yet glowing with undiminished vividness are too delicate to be coolly transferred from their ethereal tablet.

Their freshness and delicacy is lost upon the coarse canvas of matter, and often when their originator has sketched them to the best of his power, he is tempted to throw them aside as quite unworthy of the strength and elegance of his conception.

There have been penned sentiments most sublime and vivid and beautiful—such as appear *perfect* gems from a mind stored with intellectual wealth. In poetry, which is the best medium for retaining the primitive freshness and beauty of lively conceptions, we often meet with thoughts so spiritual in their elegance and so gracefully expressed, that we are tempted to believe that the poet's mind is disclosed to us in all its native strength and delicacy—that he has really succeeded in transferring uninjured, one of those bright mental visions that flit across the soul “like spirits in a dream.” But let the sublimest of poets—the one who has wrestled with the most gigantic thoughts, and chained them forever, to be gazed at and admired by the intellectual world—let Milton tell whether he has given aught but the faintest impress of those vivid, soul-inspiring images that filled his soul—darkened to external objects—with the sublimity and radiance of transcendent beauty. His great work seems a rich monument of the spirit's power to struggle away from matter, and to revel amid delights that are usually hidden by the coarse veil of our corporeal senses. Yet he would undoubtedly confess that he had scarcely painted the shadows of his bright visions—that his imagination, which seemed to mingle familiarly with mighty conceptions, as though in its own congenial sphere, was really confined and compelled, however unwillingly, to gaze through a medium—a medium made transparent indeed to his excited mental vision, but which prevented his grasping directly hold upon the passing forms of sublimity, and fixing them as living objects upon his canvas. He would lament that he had painted only a defective image, that the forms appeared before him in all the glow of perfection, but when words attempted to describe or the pen to sketch them, they vanished like spirits when the spell that called them up is rudely broken.

The grand and lovely in poetry call forth a wondering respect and admiration from the gratified reader, but they afford little satisfaction to their imaginative creator; for while others see a picture of real elegance, he sees an abortive sketch of visions that appeared to him in untold beauty.

Undoubtedly the painter and sculptor and poet often feel a high degree of gratification in their embodiments of beauty. We know that they frequently exult over them as offspring into which they have infused

a large share of their own mental inspiration ; but it is a pleasure alloyed and incomplete—one which owes nothing to the thought that perfection is attained, but to the idea that they have succeeded *comparatively* so well. For we are baffled from our earliest years in giving distinct and vivid forms to our conceptions, and when particularly excited to thoughts of beauty, we find it so impossible to express them, that there is a peculiar satisfaction in finding that words can be moulded up into something similar to life-like forms—that matter can be made to take even a feeble impress of mind, or to catch a faint glow of intellectual radiance.

It becomes so natural to give utterance to our feelings in the cramped and indistinct manner that our imperfect medium compels, that we are accustomed to consider it a flight into a lofty and unnatural sphere, when some powerful mind breaks in a measure through its shackles and forces words to become a true and almost perfect embodiment of thought. Even ordinary or feeble intellects, such as have never been attuned to the thrill of delicate emotions, when excited to an unwonted degree, feel a powerful and undefinable spirit stirring within them—mingling together feelings of real sublimity and delicacy, and calling up images of strange and unusual elegance. This is by no means fiction or a flight of fancy. It is living truth. It is one of those insights sometimes permitted into the mysterious texture of the soul—an occasional phenomenon to show that the true and proper condition of the mind consists not in subjection to unfeeling matter. We *know* that it is truth. For minds that have seemed as feeble and inert as the senseless clay that covered them, have sprung forth through some great impulse, into an energy and power which would be startling even in a mighty intellect, and under the spell of their fierce excitement have executed deeds so wonderful, that the credulous without hesitation have imputed them to diabolical agency.

Perhaps the mind relapses almost instantly to its former state, or by the mighty struggle it has made breaks through its mortal bonds : it matters not—the proof of its strength is fully conclusive.

In the black and unsightly grains of gunpowder there exists a terrific power of expansion which some random spark may evolve ; so in the few and apparently feeble qualities of some despised intellect there is a prodigious energy and greatness which even a word may slip from their confinement. We know then by such proofs that the weakest mind may possess a power that is incalculable—that one unused to words may seize them by intuition, and become strangely eloquent—that one accustomed to weak and womanly thoughts may develop a strength and determination which will command the obedience and implicit confidence of armies and nations. These are phenomena which the world has witnessed, and which history has recorded as her greatest wonders.

They happen seldom. Their appearance in our moral system, is like the visit of some strange and eccentric comet amid the quiet and systematic orbits of the planets. But do they not conclusively prove

that weakness of mind is not inherent—that it is only one of the necessary conditions of its subservience to matter—that every intellect possesses a stupendous power, though (most wisely for its earthly connection) in an almost latent state? Sometimes indeed by mischance evolved, it may be—(since it has happened in cases of remarkable stupidity)—to teach us how little we know of the mind's real greatness.

We have also evidence that delicacy as well as power of conception may enter into a mind where it would be least sought for; that sublime and elegant thoughts may be strangely commingled with the darkness of gross mental ignorance; that the chords of emotion may become at once attuned and thrilled by some unaccountable agency, and that images of beauty may picture themselves on a mind seemingly polished in a moment for their reception. The rudest savage, under some unwonted inspiration has reached the very heights of sublimity, and with more than a master's power forced words to become a faithful medium of his excited thoughts. The coarsest and most unfeeling hearts have entirely yielded to some one of the magic spells of beauty, and told by the inarticulate signs of deep emotion that a counterpart image had been impressed upon a newly prepared tablet.

These are extraordinary instances. But we can find in ourselves frequent evidence of a strength and delicacy of perception of which we were unconscious. Who has not felt when listening to some strain of melody of unusual sweetness, as though his whole soul would escape to sympathize more entirely with the gentle cadences? And who, as his thoughts have wandered off upon some grand conception, has not had a strange thrill of emotion, impossible to describe, dart through his soul, or has not seen with his mental vision a succession of lovely images glide by—hardly perceived before they have vanished—leaving no distinct impression, but diffusing a sensation of glowing loveliness?

Every one who has spent moments of sweet reflection, can testify to such feelings, and as before asserted, they are sometimes most strikingly elicited from the rubbish of entirely uncultivated minds. We have then the greatest reasons to believe that strength and delicacy of thought exist in a high degree in every mind; perhaps not in an available form, yet the elements exist, and as experience has proved, some seemingly trivial cause may blend them and evolve their wonderful nature.

There is undoubtedly a great difference in mental power and capacity. The towering genius who changes the destiny of nations, or the one who unlocks the mysteries of nature, or he who sports with thoughts colossal to common minds, should not be reckoned of the same intellectual stature as the uneducated and half idiotic savage. But do not the phenomena we have mentioned, in which an apparently dull and stupid mind breaks suddenly away, as if from some compressing force, and appears in all the might and dignity that we are accustomed to attribute to exalted genius alone—do not such instances

teach that there is not that immense disparity in intellect which we usually suppose : that it is more owing to some peculiarity in the material part of our nature than in that subtle, unknown essence which constitutes our spirits.

At times every one feels that matter is an imperfect medium for the display of the workings of intellect. Occasionally it seems *very* imperfect, and an unusual incumbrance. Can we not conceive then that mind is subjected to an unequal domination of matter ; that sometimes it is permitted a wide range, and again made subject to the closest confinement ?

It often slumbers on with only enough vitality to prove its claim to the title of intellect—some potent watch-word is whispered, and it springs forth to ceaseless and energetic action. Another soars to what is considered the very height of intellectual attainment—some misfortune befalls its material frame, and it becomes the raving maniac or vacant idiot. The educated mind, by its constant training and activity, learns to slip off one by one its confining bonds, and gradually to emerge from servitude—the stupid or rather closely imprisoned intellect, by some accident, slips at once its chains and stands forth in its native strength and dignity.

The genius with his sanguine temperament, finds his confinement easy and supportable, and seems to make matter a sympathizer and assistant in his actions ; the dull and phlegmatic are inferior conductors of an exciting influence, but when that is once so accumulated as to thrill the mental fibre, the whole soul is kindled so as to threaten the destruction of its prison-house.

It has been termed a pitiful sight to see mere intellect striving to enlarge its proportions—to stretch itself up to the colossal stature of genius. It would be so indeed, were that in every respect a *real* disparity which in this world forms the distinction in mental strength ; but since from that strange evidence which the history of intellect has a few times furnished, it would seem more truly owing to some differences in the union of mind with matter—since we have reason to believe that every intellect, if expanded to its true dimensions, would manifest more power than has ever yet been displayed by the greatest genius—nothing can be more highly sublime ; for it is the grand and truly admirable struggle of mind to gain its lawful dominion over the obstacles of matter. A struggle which here can never be entirely successful, but ending, when the spirit is released, in a victory most sudden and complete ; those who have struggled to reach by degrees their true stature, attaining it at once, and those who from some unusual obstacle have remained almost inactive, expanding instantly into the full proportions of their intellect, and taking their true station for that great mental competition which will go on throughout eternity.

ALIIQUIS.

N o w.

We, forever waiting, looking,
Listening, searching, groping still;—
Through life's high and by-ways crooking,
Seek of joy to find our fill.

Syrens sing "A good time's coming,
Lo! e'en now it draweth near;"
But the phantom, far off roaming,
Ne'er shall meet us wanderers here.

What though oft we hear the promise
Echoing gleeful through our souls;
Just as often fleeing from us,
Swift away "the good time" rolls!

Tempest tossed, for safety seeking,
We but cling to snapping ropes;
Time's old scythe is ever reeking,
Steeped in gore of murdered hopes!

We were children—oh! what visions
Of a smooth, untroubled sea!
Storms, and wrecks, and mad collisions,
Ne'er could they our fortune be!

Then, how many a blithe creation
Teemed with winged shapes of joy;
Golden bright anticipation—
Dreams of bliss without alloy!

How we often longed to number
Years enough to make us men;
Recking not that troubled slumber
Soon would wish them gone again.

Now, when disappointments gather—
Black, portentous, storm-fraught clouds;
When, of every ill the father,
Sin with gloom our joys enshrouds,—

Now we know that childhood's visions
Of a smooth, untroubled sea—
Where no wrecks, or mad collisions
Ever could our fortune be—

Were like golden tints of morning,
Bright, but evanescent, too;
Fading, they have left the warning,
Trust not dreams, but seek the true!

"Be not with the future ravished—
Hers the charms that distance lends—
Love upon them freely lavished
Oftenest in sorrow ends."

Strange!—Though every earthly treasure
Readily our call obeys,
Still we hope to-morrow's measure
Will be fuller than to-day's.

And when manhood's care or sorrow
Furroweth the anxious brow;—
Ever we desire the morrow—
Though "the happiest time is, *now*."

So we pass the precious hours
God hath measured for our use,
Venting discontent, in showers
Of complainings, or abuse.

Grieving for the time when sorrow
Shall forever flee away;
Or, possessing not, we borrow
Grief enough to spoil To-day;—

Till the almond tree doth flourish,
And the evil days are come,
When no joys the soul can nourish,
And it loathes its earthly home.

Not upon this cruel mission
Came sweet Hope, with men to be,—
To engulf each day's fruition
In the future's shoreless sea;—

Not to make the present hateful—
For content, to give unrest ;—
But to make us doubly grateful—
Now, and “ *ever to be blest !* ”

Let us, then, be wise in season ;
Hoping ever, love *To-day*.
Suffer, act, enjoy with reason—
Ne'er complain—be “ *gravely gay* .”

While the iron's hottest, striking—
Haying while the sunbeams fall,—
Let us cease our vain disliking
Of that *Now*, which is our all.

A. B.

Imaginative Literature.

BY J. S.

ALL ages and all nations have had their stories and their songs ; stories that have roused the blood and summoned up the fiercest passions, spurring men on to heroic deeds and daring adventures, or stories that whiled away an idle hour, the gossip of a day ; songs that lulled the infant to its rest, or songs that commemorate the glory of chieftains, and form their monuments, more enduring than brass. A few of ancient date have come down to us, but vastly more have perished with the nations who have left as the enduring testimonials of their existence, only their rude implements of war and domestic life, their ruined cities and their undecyphered language. Most have had their mythological wonders, the outgushing poetry of the heart. Classic lands have no monopoly of these. Wherever the human mind has been placed, however much its vision has been darkened, it has still struggled to pierce the thick and impenetrable mystery that hangs around its existence. In Peru, and in Mexico, on the banks of the Ganges, and on the banks of the Ohio, in the islands of the polar or the tropical seas, men have left proofs that they felt an unseen and resistless Power that surrounds and governs all things, and in some way or other they have sought its protection and feared its vengeance. Every exhibition of force has been exalted into a Deity, the story of whose form and nature has been fashioned by the peculiarities of the phenomena and the character of the people. These mythological stories, mingled with accounts of heroes, real or fabled, make up the earliest records of literature. They have enlisted attention, formed a

part of the religion and enjoyment of men in other ages and in other circumstances, and therefore indicate their character; for the character of any age or nation may be inferred from what gives it pleasure. The mythology and the best poems of the Greeks indicate a soul highly imaginative and deeply impressed with a love of beauty and of the pleasures of sense, but not more certainly than the negro songs indicate the inanity and coarse, shallow feeling of that peculiar race. On the other hand, this kind of literature has exerted, does now and ever will exert, an influence in forming the opinions and in shaping the destiny of the human race. In amount it is by far the greatest of any. It engrosses the attention more exclusively; its characters dwell with us, and we gradually come to think the thoughts and adopt the sentiments of our favorites. Who has not seen too many of the little Don Juans which the lofty and impulsive genius of Byron still continues to warm into being? What magnanimous pirate has not been strengthened for his work, has not felt an increasing reverence for his art, or has not risen to a nobler contempt for humanity and law, by a communion with the spirit of the Corsair? Who has not felt a more thorough hatred for villainy, by becoming acquainted with Iago, or a more reverential regard for purity and disinterested affection, from having read the words of Desdemona?

Whole nations have sometimes acknowledged the power of an imaginative work, in changing their institutions, manners, and sentiments. All Europe was convulsed with laughter that shamed knight-errantry out of existence, when Cervantes sent forth the chivalrous Don Quixote. The Marseilles hymn rang out upon the air of France, and the whole nation became frantic with enthusiasm. It is said that the English navy owes much to "Ye Mariners of England." "Let me form a nation's songs," said a shrewd observer, "and I care not who makes their laws;" and in this he implied an important truth.

Let us, then, try to understand more fully the kind and extent of the influence which imaginative literature exerts. There is something in figurative language that, taking hold of the imagination, arrests attention and excites the feelings. The fact cannot be denied, however we may explain it. In the early stages of civilization, language is more highly metaphorical than at any other period, for every thing must then be represented in the concrete rather than in the abstract—by images rather than by propositions and syllogisms. Reason is not yet fully developed, and the feelings, well or ill cultivated, have almost undivided sway. Hence poetry is the earliest form of national literature, and must ever continue to make up an important part of a nation's means of happiness. The Scriptures, given to teach us truths more sublime than the unassisted mind of man has ever yet been wrought up to fully understand, present us figurative expressions to aid our feeble powers. They are to us a kind of algebraic formula, whose exact value we may never comprehend, but whose relations we know, and whose properties we can apply to the solution of difficult problems.

The imagination, like the loftiest mountain top, catches the first glimmer of approaching dawn. It is by means of such a power that we can rise to the Fountain of light. The endless analogies and contrasts which it suggests form the solid substratum of philosophy, as well as the lightest gossamer work that floats on the airy surface of fiction. Although increasing intellectual power may lead men to examine the precise extent of these analogies, and to distrust the conclusions of the imagination, when unsupported by reason, yet there is no antagonism between them when each performs its proper function. It is not the province of the imagination to judge; and we may not rely upon its hints as established truths. Enthusiastic persons are exposed to frequent absurdities in conduct, from a disregard of this fact. The renowned and valorous Knight of La Mancha might have found here the source of his ludicrous misfortunes. He would doubtless have fought bravely, had he found "a foe worthy of his steel;" but his diseased mind transmuted windmills into threatening warriors, flocks of sheep into dashing cavaliers; and he acted just as if these were the conclusions of the soundest judgment. A great part of the mirth-provoking folly in the world has a similar origin.

Imaginative works turn the abstract into the concrete, present us *persons* with whom we become acquainted and in whom we feel interested, instead of *qualities* which like ghostly phantoms continually elude us. Bunyan has given us Christian instead of religion; we have Shylock instead of avarice. It is not necessary that we believe the exact incidents presented ever actually transpired, or that the actors ever existed. It may be that the least exercise of judgment may condemn them as too absurd and fanciful to be thought of a moment as literal facts, or accurate investigation may slowly but surely dissolve the illusion, and yet they may serve the most important of all purposes, by raising the mind to the comprehension of higher and more spiritual truths. For instance, an ancient worshiper of the gods, by proper investigations, might possibly have learned to doubt whether Venus actually was born from the foam of the sea, or whether a company of Muses ever made Parnassus their summer residence, their family hotel; but still, from these stories he might have gained on the one hand a better and more vivid impression of the airy, unsubstantial and evanescent nature of sensuality, however highly refined, and however deeply inspired by the charms of beauty; and on the other he might have learned that the true spirit of poetry is a spirit of purity, of elevated aspirations, dwelling not so much in crowded cities, as apart in solitude, communing with the gifted and the good.

It is only necessary that the unreal things should faithfully represent the true. A complete lie, having no resemblance to truth, is seldom dangerous; but truth itself, when distorted and discolored, becomes the most dangerous and insidious falsehood. The mischief which results from holding a warped or broken "mirror up to nature," is neither small nor unfelt. Unnatural views of life and duty are

wrought into the texture of the mind, unnerving the arm for the rough battle which calls for its lustiest blows. The poor repine at their lot, and the rich grow supercilious and contented with senseless fripperies. The affections do not acquire a healthful glow, nor the intellect elastic vigor. The slow accretions of industry and frugality are despised. Projects are commenced, are feebly pursued, and are finally given over, while a sense of weakness and incapacity settles like a cloud upon the soul. Such effects are daily seen, and they prove that whoever may be devoid of moral responsibility, it most certainly is not a gifted imaginative writer. Let him then be held accountable at the bar of public opinion. The power which he wields, like all other power, may be directed against the best interests of society. Bad novels, bad poems, and bad songs, have existed; but this fact should not lead us to distrust and undervalue a powerful means of good. Such conduct would be as unwise as Whitfield said it would be to give up all the best tunes to the Devil.

The real value of things, and our interest in them, depend in a great degree upon the enchantment which the imagination throws around them. Our homes and our country are dearer to us because Washington Irving and Longfellow have shed around them a halo of soft auroral light. Who could sail along without emotion, by the shore of a lonely and desolate island in the Pacific, when told that it was Juan Fernandez! What gratitude would he feel towards De Foe, for the witchery that his fancy has wrought! To say nothing of the Holy Land, towards which millions have been drawn by an invisible, but resistless power, let us ask, why is Olympus more an object of interest than Chimborazo? Not because it pierces the clouds farther; not because it is more majestic to look upon; but because a drapery of poetic fable hangs around it. Why are we drawn to the Ayr, the Avon, the Thames, and the Tiber? Not because they are magnificent objects in nature; not altogether because a busy population swarms around their shores; but rather because they are hallowed in story and in song.

When a country is surrounded by such associations, the sentiment of patriotism is strengthened and exalted. There is then more that we can call our own—more that is high and noble, and worthy of honor in our country. What a rich inheritance did Shakspeare bequeath to all Englishmen, and how desperately would they struggle to preserve from desecration whatever his genius has consecrated!

We have too few national songs, too few genuine imaginative works. Not that there is any dearth of "Dandy Jims" and "Uncle Neds," nor of blackguard novels and doggerel rhymes, a compound of ludicrous absurdity and shallowness; but it does seem that there are altogether too few songs characterized by the deep, pure feeling which pervades the old English ballads, and too few stories told in the simplicity and purity of Irving and Scott. A greater supply of such healthful imaginative literature would be of inestimable value to our country and to the world. It would eventually be sought

for. The young would learn that the most pleasing books are not always introductory lessons to vice and immorality. The world would know us better, would learn to sympathize more intelligently with us, and be sooner prepared to sing songs in unison with ours, and to rejoice in stories of elevation, of purity, and of freedom. Let us then hope that our present stock of good imaginative writings may be increased. In every point of view, "it is a consummation devoutly to be wished."

The Age We Live In.

ONE half of the nineteenth century is at length *nem. con.* declared to be among the things that were. That eager haste with which some men, like corporation undertakers in waiting for a pauper's death, announced a year ago the half century's decease, had no effect upon this child of Father Time, but on it lived, until the two score years and ten of its allotted life were fairly gone, and the midnight bell of last December thirty-first, began to toll its requiem. It has been a glorious time in which to live, and those now hoary-headed men who saw the century commence, and who have watched the wonderful developments which have occurred, as that mysterious scroll on which mankind record their history has been gradually unrolled and covered with the strange accounts, may well be startled at a retrospective glance, and yet may well be thankful that for this period their lot was cast. Changes have succeeded one another, since this century began, as rapidly, as brilliantly, and as wonderfully as if the course of history was one vast series of pyrotechnic exhibitions. Sightings and sayings which are now familiar to the merest child would then have puzzled the wisest of the land. The honored orator is now living in this very Athens of America, who, fifty years ago, inquired in an address before his fellow-citizens, *if wood and iron are to go alone and carry loads, pray what are beasts of burden for?* and who still further added, *that fair winds and tides were yet preferred to the greatest profusion of steam produced in the most scientific manner.* But this great change in the traveling since the days when a week was passed between New Haven and New York, is only a sample of the many doings of the past half century, while the modern speed is an emblem also of the more rapid strides which civilization now makes, compared with its movements in former days. But we who stand just ready to enter into the whirl of active life, as this last half of the century begins, care not to think only of what the world has been, but choose to look at what it is, and still more at what it is about to be.

Our first impression as we look around us, is that *the present is a changing age*. To be sure, this is a transient world, where *Passing Away* is written, not only on every flower that blows, and on every cloud that floats, but on every human form and work, and where the mighty changes which Geology reveals in the firm earth on which we tread, are but the counterpart of the revolutions which the strongest empires have undergone; yet still, this is especially the day of change. Revolution is succeeding revolution, discovery follows discovery, and inventions crowd upon inventions. The twilight which followed the darkness of the middle ages, is yielding to the noon-day light, and beneath this genial influence all Europe is awakening from its long, deep sleep. Old institutions are giving away, thrones are tottering, tyrants falling; while science and art are daily divulging new wonders, and discovering new treasures. Reforms and reformers are in every land. The whole world—China, even, joining with outside barbarians,—seems to be catching the spirit of the Universal Yankee Nation, and raising the shout of “go ahead,” proclaims its aim as Progress, and “Excelsior,” its motto. The parent old world seems to have bathed its form in the famous fountain of youth, for Young France, Young Germany, and Young Italy are on the stage beside the Young America with reformed practice, reformed codes, reformed men. *Variation*, in opposition to all that mathematics says, seems now to be a *constant* quantity, and change is the only thing which does not change.

But a second thought, in peeping forth from our College casement upon the outer world, is that *the present is a progressive age*. Other men have seen *changes* as great, if not as frequent, as those which now occur, but it may well be doubted whether such *progress* has ever previously been known. Mere change is like the tossing of a fevered man upon his couch; and there may be countless revolutions, without a particle of progress, just as the humming-top will turn and turn, and make great noise about it too, but yet not move one jot from where its whirl commenced. Old Sysyphus, as we are told, kept his huge stone in constant revolution, but with his utmost labor, it did not have an onward motion. Men remember this in all the arts and sciences, but in the more important matters of government, church, and education, they frequently neglect to bear these thoughts in mind. But it cannot be too deeply impressed on those who move the public mind, that the true idea of Revolutions is not mere change; it is a change for the better, and that not of names nor forms, nor men only, but a *change of PRINCIPLES*.

The love of liberty in every thought, word, and deed, now rapidly advancing, is what will bring about, and is already producing progress of the noblest kind; so that in the various changes, which, from time to time occur, we may now for the most part trace an onward, upward march.

Place the awkward barks of Phenicia beside our gallant ships,

compare a train of camels with a train of cars, or the simple covering of leaves by which our first forefather clothed himself, with the silks and satins now made perhaps from the same kind of leaves, and you clearly see the results of Art. But a more wonderful and far more rapid growth will yet take place in the laws, literature, and institutions of mankind, if men will only strive to have each change a sure step forward.

But a third idea which comes to us from the driving world of life, is that this is a *hurrying age*. The force of inertia which opposed any motion at first, is now resisting all tendency to stop, and on moves the world with accelerated velocity. There cannot be too many irons in the fire, if you strike while they are hot, is everywhere the rule. The man who would compare life to a stream, or to a race, is quite behind the times, for a moving railroad train is now the least expressive simile which it will do to use. Every one seems eager to go through by daylight, without any stoppages, and that although they are neither doing nor suffering anything upon the way, nor yet are sure where they are destined to come out. Horace Greeley advised no one to try to earn a living in New York without he was able and willing to do double work on every day. But large cities only show this haste upon a larger scale, for almost every village in our land, is driven by this strange impetuosity. Children are sent to school when they can hardly talk, and boys are called to do the work and assume the cares of full grown men. Practical men are all in vogue, and those who are ready with tact and skill at the very moment when it is wanted, are sure of employment, honor, and reward. He who can do the most in a given time, is the one who now-a-days succeeds, while all seem to aim at deserving the famous epitaph recorded on a Western tombstone, "*He lived much in a very little time.*" And then not merely is individual life so hurried, but such vast occurrences are crowded into the history of every day, and are instantaneously reported at such great lengths, that we sometimes tremble for the time when we who are now sharpening our armor shall be actively engaged in all these scenes, and it shall be as easy to communicate by telegraph as it now is by mail. Scene after scene in the world's progress is brought before us, as on the slide of some magic lantern, but before the first words of wonder have escaped our lips, one view has gone, and another has appeared. We cannot but wonder how these strange things of time will end, where man will stop.

x.

Iceland.

WHEN Hrolf, the Viking, mailed in sleet and spray,
Sent up his midnight prayer for Thor to save;
He moved the God, who always hears the brave,
To seek the cave where rock-ribbed Grimnor lay.
The giant roused, stalked seaward, torch in hand,
Awaking echoes in the trembling ground,
And wading in, with icebergs girdled round,
Raised monstrous waves, which thundering rolled to land.
Hrolf thought he steered his coffin to the grave,
Until he saw the fitful, flickering glare,
Which Grimnor's torch had flung along the wave,
To guide the gulf-king, and dispel despair.
By Hecla's blaze, he reached the giant's breast,
And in the crags of Iceland, built his nest.

RALPH.

Attractions of Ocean Life.

From a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me,
Were a delight.—BYRON.

SOME contemplate the ocean as a vast and cheerless waste, where reigns a night of perpetual gloom—a region on which the sunbeams of six thousand years have spent their warmth in vain. And as they look out upon its broad expanse, with the eye, or in imagination, all to them is blue—a dismal blue—fit portraiture of the feelings of those unfortunate mortals who are called to make their home on its inhospitable bosom. Others regard it as a realm of unceasing hostility to all the dwellers on land, a yawning gulf ready at its caprice to swallow up every thing that dares to venture within its wide circuit; they view it with a shrinking dread, or even horror; and the roar of its breakers falls upon their ears as the funeral knell of some departed friend. But fortunately for the welfare of mankind there are those who entertain towards the ocean far different feelings from these. The poet, when he penned the lines above quoted, uttered the sentiments of many a brave heart, whose delight it has been to make his home on the mountain billow, and spend his life mid ocean's wild sports. Nor have they loved the sea only when the mild zephyr bears sway, and the gorgeous sunbeams deck its wavelets with tints of a golden hue; or when the orb of night has spread its silvery mantle o'er its unruf-

fled bosom, and it seems to repose in state mid the solitude of nature ; but when fierce Eurus, with his wintry blasts, has aroused its slumbering surges, and the elements seem confounded as if about to return to their native chaos, they lose naught of their affection and revel mid the grandeur of the scene.

Many a lad has been stigmatized as a reckless youth, impatient of parental restraint, because his irresistible inclination compelled him to engage in a seafaring life. And it is an interesting inquiry, what has so often induced young men—by no means destitute of domestic affection, to tear themselves away from the endearments of home, and in spite of the threats of fathers, the entreaties of mothers, and the tears of sisters, to seek their fortunes on the treacherous ocean ?

It is not the beautiful halo of romance that poetry and tales of the ocean have thrown around a sea life, that renders it so alluring, but there is something intrinsic in the nature of its varied and wonderful scenes, that appeals to some of the noblest feelings of the soul, and forms a real foundation for its chief attractions.

Behold that troop of merry boys. It is Saturday afternoon ; they are released from the trammels of school, and with gleeful hearts are bounding over the fields away for the sea-beach, where they have often delighted to ramble. Old ocean has put on his most smiling countenance. The slow regular and majestic heaving of the waves seems like the breathing of some great divinity in deep repose. Mirrored forth upon the bosom of the waters, float the fleecy clouds of a summer sky. Far out upon the deep, scattered in all directions, lie the white-winged coursers of the main. The stroke of the oar and the jovial song of the boatman echo along the winding shore. The scene is altogether fitted to fill with delight the hearts of our juvenile band. The day is fast wearing away in aquatic sports of various kinds, in which all engage with hearty zest. And where's the lad that could dislike such pleasing pastime ? But soon from the sea a low murmuring sound is heard ; the freshening gales have aroused the ocean from its slumbers, and the boiling surges roll and lash the shores with their foam and spray. The spot is growing too wild for a part of our company ; a sudden silence comes over them with somewhat of a feeling of qualmishness, and they quietly retire to other sports more congenial to their tastes. But the rest prolong their stay and seem inspired with new hilarity. They join in the chase with the advancing and receding waves, and dance amid the surf to the music of the breakers. With unshrinking gaze they look out upon the angry deep, and laugh at the impending storm. Thus till the shades of evening they linger around their loved retreat, when hunger and wet jackets remind them of the comforts of home. We may mark these as sailors in embryo, duly baptized and adopted into the family of Neptune, stamped with the seal of the ocean king. A sound-basting with the paternal rod, and threats of severer chastisement, will not prevent them from dreaming this night of

"A life on the ocean wave,
And a home on the rolling deep,"

and resuming the interdicted sport the first opportunity. The same company you will often find on a winter evening, in some favorite haunt, listening, with most intense interest, to the thrilling "yarns" of some veteran sailor; their young hearts meanwhile kindling with a desire to be active in like heroic scenes; nor do the dangers incident to those scenes, dampen their courage, so long as they see but a single survivor of them all.

But ocean life has attractions to retain its votaries as well as to enlist them. It is true that there is much wretchedness still connected with the social condition of sailors; but this is by no means a necessary incident to ocean life. The occupation itself is conducive to virtue and happiness, is ennobling and attractive.

No employment or profession is better calculated to banish from the mind every thing that is gross or groveling. It is not the petty strifes of men in pursuit of worldly advantage that the sailor is chiefly called to engage in, not the jealous strife of envious partisans or the political arena, nor the bloody contest of imbruted men on the field of battle, but in the stern conflict of the mighty elements of nature marshalled under their omnipotent leader, he is mustered to daily service. Here is a wide scope for all the faculties and energies of his physical, mental, and moral nature, pressed into action by that most powerful of all the motive powers of man, self-preservation. Using these aright he is permitted to conquer, and practically to subdue the elements to his control, and admitted to a share of empire with Deity. How elevating his situation! How well adapted to inspire him with that nobleness and dignity of soul that should cause him to look down with contempt upon every thing trifling, vile, and sensual! He can but come forth from these interviews with nature a nobler being. He delights in her mysterious and sublime teachings, and becomes attached to her discipline, though at times severe. The important trusts daily reposed in the sailor, are also well fitted to inspire him with lofty sentiments. He may be intrusted with a small "job of work," which if slightly done would jeopardize the lives of many of his companions, or even the safety of the ship. He may be stationed at the "lookout," where, refusing to give notice of the breakers or the approaching sail, the speeding vessel rushes on to swift destruction. Or he may occupy a still more important post at the helm, where by one malicious whirl of the wheel he could give spars, rigging, and sails to the flying winds, and send the noble ship with her crew and cargo eddying to the depths below. Thus he often holds in his hand, not only millions of precious treasure, but the lives of hundreds of his fellow beings. If faithful to his trust, is he not learning lessons of the highest importance to mankind, lessons that lie at the foundations of human society? The true sailor regards with a generous pride the nobility of his calling, and when once fairly initiated into its duties, he seldom leaves it for other occupations.

One of the chief attractions of ocean life, is, that the friendships formed there are of a most tender, intimate, and lasting nature, accustomed to constant familiar intercourse with one another, exerting an unremitting watchfulness for each others' safety, engaging side in the same daily labor, uniting their voices in the same stirring chorus as they urge on their work, encountering the same hardships and privations, and sharing in the same dangers, the interests of each sailor becomes embalmed in the hearts of his shipmates. This strength of attachment you will see exhibited in the meeting of two old shipmates after an interval of several voyages. But I cannot describe in words, what can only be felt! Shall I speak of the cordial shake of the hand? It is too tame; every fibre of the weather-beaten frame of the "old tar" is electrified as he meets an old "chummy" of a former "cruise," and they vie with each other in exhibiting proofs of their devoted friendship. The sailor partakes largely of the emotive principle, and when he has cast his lot among the children of Neptune, he has but little regard for the society of the more phlegmatic landsman.

These are but a few of the attractions that a life on the water presents. Much might be said of the happy influence of the dispensers of blessings to the world; much of the satisfaction arising from viewing the wonders of the sea, and the novelty of foreign lands, and comparing the different tribes and conditions of life. Much, very much, may be said too of the pleasure and elevation of the social life of the sailor on ship-board, when freed from those polluting vices which corrupt society on shore, from the influence of a maritime commerce, has entailed upon it.

The Grave by Ocean.

I.

O, make my grave
On Ocean's sloping shore,
Where the green grass springeth,
And the sea bird wingeth
His wild flight o'er
The surging wave.

II.

For I would sleep
Where I have loved to be ;—
Where the billow boundeth,
And the breaker soundeth,
Dashing, forever free,
Up from the deep.

III.

My Childhood's way
Was hither, and I oft, at starry hour,
To ocean murmurs listening,
Gazed on its waters glistening;
While shone, on rippling wave and sleeping flower,
The pale moon's ray.

IV.

And fitting thought,
Like trembling jewel, lit by mystic fire,
Danced bright and light and thrilling,
The soul with rapture filling,
As if, on balmy gales, from seraph's lyre,
Sweet sounds were brought.

V.

And I would fain
List ever to the voices
That swell the song of Ocean;
When in its gentler motion
The far-off star rejoices,
And twinkles twain;—

VI.

Or when, 'mid gloom,
The *storms* of ocean sound;
When shipwrecked sailor, from his dreamy pillow,
Awakes,—to sleep forever 'neath the billow,
Where sea-flowers spring around
His coral tomb.

VII.

Then, when life's ray
Is lost, in day eternal to the soul—
O, let my body by the Ocean slumber,
Till circling years have rolled their fleeting number,—
Till glowing Earth, and Heavens, like gathered scroll,
Shall pass away.

Editor's Table.

HERE we are, courteous Reader! This "getting out" a YALE LIT. is not what's cracked up to be. We can assure you, that so far as our experience extends, it is "bubble, bubble, toil and trouble." But the most difficult part of the labor is in writing the editorial lucubrations. And what a curious thing is an Editor's Table! From different points of view it cannot fail to present a variety of features. Thus the Geologist must, of necessity, find a peculiar *formation*, if nothing else. He will perhaps regard it as a *volcano*, serving the purpose of a *safety-valve* to wit; though it must be confessed that its effusions are rarely *elevated*. (Readers are requested to *know 'tis* a pun, whenever they come across one.) But although the paths of the Editor and the Geologist may coincide in some places, how widely diverse are they in others! Geology leads its votaries to "*trap-rocks*." Alas! writing Editor's Tables is the last way to trap "*rocks*." (Payment of subscriptions to this Magazine may be made at the bookstore of the publisher.) The skillful chemist must at once observe that an Editor's Table is a kind of conglomerate *precipitate*. Here he will occasionally meet with an *exhalation* as *pungent* as in his own department; a weak *retort*, or perchance a *gaseous* development, for which he is entirely unprepared. Here, too, the student of Nature's laws will not fail to observe certain *light reflections*, whose *bearings* he may study with advantage. No Meteorologist can peruse an Editor's Table without perceiving at once that it is or is not *dry*. If he be dull, in some parts it may seem rather *foggy*, but it is equally true that other portions he must *hail* with delight. So also the attention of the Zoologist will lead him to conclude, that in the production of an Editor's Table, there has been frequent occasion "*to stir up the animals*."

These qualities, and many others, too, we might speak of, all belong to this undefinable something—an Editor's Table. We have been thus particular in bringing them to notice, because they would not come to notice without bringing. This arises from the fact that men are generally too narrow-minded to take half the intellectual comfort within their reach in this world. They stand ready to lap up the honey, if it happens to run out, but are too thoughtless or lazy to hunt it themselves.

But, most indulgent Reader, as some time has elapsed since we last met, let us have a private chat together. Sit down, and let us talk things over.

OLD YALE seems getting of late to be a very quiet, orderly old dame. After being delivered of so many and so illustrious children, she takes things quite peaceably, and is apparently little disturbed by her offspring "*in embryo*," (which, for the benefit of Freshmen, we will say means *undergraduates*.) Indeed, our College seems yearly changing for the better. Persons not in any way connected with the Institution, nor associating with those who are, have, generally, very erroneous views of student-life at Yale. We have been frequently amused, in our perambulations about home, to hear some folks talk and ask about college. With them, the idea of being a student is tantamount to that of being a "wild fellow," and they speak of a college-bird as though he were a kind of respectable, unconfined jail-bird. Some of our old farmers, who have spent their whole lives in following the plow,

raking hay, &c. whose education was got so long ago, they don't remember when, and stowed away, they don't remember where, can never be persuaded to believe that there is any labor in study. If, perchance, their eyes rest upon a worn and pale-faced student, they moralize upon the dissipation of youth, sent away from home to pass their time in idleness, and the only conclusion to which they are led is that surely "the way of the transgressor is hard." For the existence of such ideas among our "bone and sinew" it is easy to account. The fact is, they never hear anything about college unless something remarkable happens; and these remarkable occurrences are generally "*shines*" executed by one or a few of Yale's brilliant *sons*. We do not deny that there is room for improvement in the morals of our college community, but we aver that it is not so great as is generally imagined. There is a strong moral influence pervading our ranks, which is little appreciated by those who know nothing about us.

Truly is our college at the "top of her profession." Her chairs of instruction are filled by those whom the country knows, and to whom it can confide the training of those who are hereafter to wield a wide influence. Her prospects were never more flattering, nor her numbers greater. Sending a son to college is not the uncommon thing it once was, but they come, the strong-minded and the resolute, from the granite, frosty mountains of New Hampshire, down to the orange groves of Florida. Even the old farmers of Pennsylvania, whose fathers came from the land

"Where the blue Rhine sweeps along,"

have answered "Yah" to the aspirations of their children, and sent them to tread the halls of Yale. And here they become better and wiser men.

But let us talk of other matters. Did you receive any valentines? Of course you did. We had two, one of which divided the world into two parts; where *we* "*are*," (we, ourselves, only think of it!) and where *we* "*are not*." Isn't it delightful to think that you are in a separate part of this world, towards which stray the thoughts of some fair being? Then another valentine said,

"That meeting I shall ne'er forget."

"Dunder and Blitzen!" "Ein schlichtes Mädchen!" "Wahr götlich!" Ach! Gedächtniss, "bring back the charm, long lost." Was

"Blue her eye, as heaven's own softest blue?"

Ach!

"Wer trüge Lebenslast und seine Leere,
Wenn nicht der kurze Traum der Liebe wäre?"

But we have lost ourselves in our Dutch rhapsody.

How do you like your appointment, our Junior friend? Perhaps that tutor was speaking of you the other day, when he got off the old pun, with regard to *dis-appointments*. Never mind!

"A man's a man for a' o' that."

We were appointed not to have any appointment. But is it much of an honor, after all, to be appointed to hire the ladies to endure you, by paying them in music, at the rate of about two dollars a minute, for what you say! (?) The ladies come to hear the music—that has always been conceded. Most of them have just about as much idea of what you are speaking, as did a country damsel (into whose company we once fell, and whom we thought at first very pretty) of a remark we made

in passing a school-house, that *there* was the place where they "taught the young idea how to shoot," to which she replied, with the greatest readiness and self-assurance, that she "should think it would be dangerous *shooting* so near the road." Alas! that *shot* was too much for us.

What weather we have been *passing through* lately! We have frequently come almost to the conclusion that it always has been, was, is, and is "to be about to be" muddy. Such "inclemency" has, of course, been the cause of some *lying out*. We would certainly advise those of a "delicate constitution," wherever they go, to be careful and take a sidewalk with them, in the shape of "stogas" or "gums."

BEETHOVEN CONCERT.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather, the late concert of the Beethoven Society was attended by a large audience. We speak but the opinion of the ablest judges, when we say that the performance has added much to the high reputation of the Society. A repetition has been demanded in the public papers. Should this request be acceded to, we hope no lover of "sweet music" will miss the opportunity of listening to such skillful vocalists. Their laudable effort to raise funds to construct an organ in the College Chapel, deserves the hearty coöperation of every student.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

"Smyrna," if accepted, will appear in the next number.

"Star-Gazing" and "A Reverie," will be inserted hereafter.

Some incipient rhymster has favored us with a "celestial fusion" on "*METEORS*." We hardly dare trust so "fiery" a production to illuminate the pages of our beloved "*Maga*." The writer strikes out thus vividly—

"I've heard 'twas said, in ancient days,
When ign'rance was held high,
That fire-balls, all in a blaze
Would shoot athwart the sky."

How bright and how original the figure! We may conceive the goddess of "Ignorance," if there be any such lady, as mounted, say on a liberty-pole, and taking observations on the "comets." The writer "rushes" on in a kind of dyspeptic inflammatory epic, in which he discourses of the composition and origin of comets, with a degree of *coolness* rarely acquired by poets, especially when treating of such *hot* subjects. After noticing some of the remarkable properties of comets, he proceeds—

"But stranger still—yet true, 'tis said—
Than all you've heard me mention,
That mortal man has racked his head
And found their right ascension."

This is the best verse in the piece; probably the writer "racked his head."

Near the close occurs a very graphic stanza:

"They sweep around this world of ours,
Most always without stopping,
But sometimes show their hidden powers,
And startle us by dropping."

Procul ! oh, procul ! este ! "*hydropici flammei globuli !*" And thus he closes—

"Such, then, in truth, is every fact,
About these spheres so bright,
We see them come, we hear them crack,
And then they're out of sight.

"We look again, almost struck blind,
With wonder and with fright,
Yet nought we there can see or find
But flowing streams of light."

"O."

The following pertinent "squib" was inserted beneath our door. Its author is welcome to our best "beaver."

THE "LIQUID'S" COMPLAINT.

Who asks, whene'er I chance to sup
With friends who love a jovial cup,
If studies cause my "*setting up ?*"
My Tutor !

And if at Ives' a friend regales me,
In going home, who loudly hails me,
And wants to know what 'tis that *ails me ?*
My Tutor !

Who tells me I'm a sorry case,
And warns me, lest I leave this place,
Forever *branded* with disgrace ?
My Tutor !

And if of headache I complain,
Or tell of a gymnastic sprain,
Who asks me if it's not *sham-pain ?*
My Tutor !

And when my Father from afar,
Asks what my future prospects are,
Who hints that I will choose *the bar ?*
My Tutor !

c.

The printer requests us to inform debtors that their pockets would appear in a much more satisfactory *light*, if they were two dollars *lighter*.

The last two numbers of the Jefferson Monument magazine have been laid on our table. Where are the Nassau Literary and the Amherst Indicator ?

Articles for the next Number must be sent in immediately.

JUNIOR APPOINTMENTS—CLASS OF '52.

ORATIONS.

J. F. Bingham, *Greek Oration, Andover.*W. A. Reynolds, *Latin Oration, New Haven.*H. B. Sprague, *Philosophical Oration, East Douglass, Mass.*M. W. Allen, *Lowell, Mass.*J. G. Baird, *Milford.*E. P. Brewer, *Middletown.*G. E. Jackson, *Newton, Mass.*E. Buck, *Orland, Me.*H. McCormick, *Harrisburg, Pa.*E. Reilly, *Lancaster, Pa.*W. L. Rowland, *Augusta, Ga.*F. Miller, *Alexandria, Va.*W. B. Ross, *New York City.*C. C. Salter, *Waverly, Ill.*M. Smith, *Hebron.*G. B. Safford, *Boston, Mass.*A. Terry, *New Haven.*C. E. Vanderburg, *Marcellus, N. Y.*G. A. Wilcox, *Madison.*

DISSERTATIONS.

J. Elderkin, *Colechester.*D. C. Gilman, *New York City.*D. O. Morehouse, *Fairfield.*B. C. Moulton, *Lower Waterford, Vt.*H. S. Sanford, *New Milford.*G. G. Sill, *Windsor.*

DISPUTES.

L. C. Chapin, *Wattsburg, Pa.*E. Houghton, *Holliston, Mass.*D. S. Bigelow, *Westchester.*R. E. Day, *Hadlyme.*H. C. Hallowell, *Alexandria, Va.*A. W. North, *Louisville, Ky.*J. S. Parsons, *Amesbury, Mass.*C. Lounsbury, *Wallingford.*J. L. Noyes, *Windham, N. H.*W. H. Odell, *Tarrytown, N. Y.*

COLLOQUIES.

H. C. Blakelee, *New Haven.*W. W. Crapo, *New Bedford, Mass.*D. B. Green, *Reading, Pa.*J. B. Hendrickson, *Poughkeepsie, N. Y.*E. J. Alvord, *Southport.*J. Atwood, *Huntsville, Ala.*A. Bigelow, *Buffalo, N. Y.*E. Cutter, *Woburn, Mass.*J. C. Dubois, *Rhinebeck, N. Y.*C. L. Ives, *New Haven.*S. Lawton, *Longmeadow, Mass.*M. Lyon, *Genoa, N. Y.*H. E. Dwight, *Portland, Me.*G. S. Mygatt, *Cleveland, Ohio.*W. Stanley, *Bridgeport.*E. Sterling, *Bridgeport.*

VOL. XVI.

No. V.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



*"This volume is dedicated to the memory of the late
Professor of the Faculty of the Yale College."*

MARCH, 1851.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY J. H. HATTON.

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don, will seem, when viewed through the distorting medium of malice, most highly odious.

There are no enemies so bitter as those that have been bosom friends. It is such alone that can say,

"I scorn thee far too much to hate."

When the link is broken, the once cherished image will be banished from the memory as a thing offensive, and the tones that used to seem fraught with melody will grate with harshest discord on the ear. There were once, perchance, favorite resorts, where the feelings used to mingle in a common sympathy, but they will now be shunned as spots that are haunted by the ghosts of former joys.

Friendship is a delicate thing. Even the purest, deepest, and most ardent often proves as frail as it is beautiful. At one rude breath of passion its bright dream-like fabric will often vanish.

We feel a special sadness in seeing the estrangement of those who have been closely united, and we look with peculiar abhorrence on one who will be the unholy cause of such an alienation.

A story inwoven with these matters of melancholy cast now suggests itself; and one of peculiar interest, because it is a chapter in the life of a celebrated poet.

At college he had formed a close friendship with a classmate of the same enthusiasm and impulsive genius. There were just enough points of similarity to create an ardent sympathy, and just enough not to destroy the variety of thought and sentiment, that give to friendship its proper edge. Both were from good families in England, and after passing through the university together, traveled in company through the most interesting countries and loveliest scenes of the continent.

Their bond of affection was greatly strengthened by the common pleasure and sympathy that they experienced in visiting those spots of classic celebrity that are scattered all over the south of Europe. Being of cultivated taste and high poetic turn, they were both keenly alive to the beauties of natural scenery, so that they passed two years most agreeably together, in visiting the cities of Italy, and rambling along the picturesque banks of the Rhine, and tarrying, by a kind of fascination, amid the snowy sublimity of the Alps.

On returning to England, the one whom we have designated as the poet, invited his friend, who by some reverses had been reduced from competence to a small allowance, to be his companion for a time at the country seat of his uncle.

The invitation was cordially accepted, and he was soon welcomed by his new acquaintances in the true spirit of English hospitality. This was a sunny period in the existence of the two friends, for all the varied and hearty pleasures of rural life were at their disposal, and the loveliness of the adjacent country was just such as to gratify their tastes. It was one of the northern counties, and combined the

smoothness of English landscape, with the wilder magnificence of Scotland.

But we must hasten to the sequel of our story. There were two members of the family whose presence quite added to the interest of the visit. These were the fair cousin of our poet, and a beautiful but heartless girl of eighteen—a distant connection, who ever since the death of both parents had made this her home. She was most passionately loved by her relative, and her attractions formed a theme upon which he had often, during his travels, descanted in most glowing terms.

This love was nominally returned, and as their relations to each other were perfectly understood, he marked with peculiar satisfaction the effect which her beauty, at the first introduction, produced upon his friend. She was of a highly cultivated mind and very fascinating in conversation. All the art of suiting her words and sentiments to the tastes of those whom she addressed was understood most perfectly. But she was false-hearted and unscrupulous, as what follows will show.

She commenced this acquaintance with a coquetish desire to make a conquest, but found herself unconsciously more than half in earnest; for the conversation of her new friend had a tinge of romance that made it especially attractive, and though of a sensitive, unassuming disposition, he displayed upon intimacy, an unusual depth of thought and feeling; especially was he enthusiastic in his remarks upon the beauties of scenery; for he viewed nature with a painter's eye, and expressed himself with poetic force and truthfulness. She was the frequent companion of his walks, and really became so much affected by his worth, that her first motive, which was merely the desire of creating an impression, was changed into the stronger one of love.

Her charms had not been without effect upon the object that they were intended to influence. But feeling safe in the knowledge that she was the betrothed of his friend, his conduct towards her had been the affectionate freedom of a brother. She however construed matters differently; and measuring his attachment by her own, which now amounted to a perfect passion, overstepped the rules of delicacy, and ventured so far as to write him a note, intimating her affection for him. He was perfectly thunderstruck. He had not once suspected the existence of such feelings towards himself, but supposed that hers had been a friendship akin to his own.

At first he thought of showing the note to his friend, but after some consideration concluded this would be unwise; for he knew from his impetuous character that an immediate rupture would follow, when, after all, the whole matter might be a mere youthful indiscretion. He therefore wrote a reply, lamenting the folly and injustice of her conduct, beseeching her to restore her affections to their proper object, and since from this circumstance he determined to cut short his visit, ending with bidding her adieu forever.

Unfortunately, just at this time his friend had been made somewhat jealous by the insinuations of a visitor of the family, who sought for revenge on account of a former rejection of his addresses.

At first the unworthy suspicion was repelled with indignation. But several things were pointed out which seemed to require, at least, an explanation. Thus matters proceeded for some time, until the lover's feelings really began to be somewhat aggrieved, and he determined to hear from the lips of his friend a refutation of the whole charge. He was in search of him for this purpose, when he suddenly came upon his fair relative as she was perusing, with many marks of agitation, a note that she seemed to have just received. At first she was not aware of his presence, so that he had an opportunity of recognizing the handwriting as that of his friend. Upon perceiving him she started and crushed the note in her hands. He demanded to know the cause of her strange deportment, but she declined giving any thing more than a confused reply, and saying she wished to be alone, hastily withdrew.

His feelings were now in a wild commotion. All that had been whispered into his ear by his malicious informer, and which he had repelled as falsehood, now seemed to be verified. All that had passed between his friend and his betrothed now recurred to him, and in the excitement of the moment received a false coloring from this incident.

Determining to know the truth, he hastened to his friend's room, and going up to the table near which he found him seated, the first thing that met his eyes was a note, the characters of which were but too well known.

This was but an inauspicious beginning, and now his jealousy was completely roused, especially as he saw his friend hastily placing it in his portfolio, as though desirous of concealing it. In quite an excited voice he requested to know the meaning of such a clandestine correspondence, and demanded to see the note.

This was a very delicate juncture for the one thus addressed. He was surprised at the passionate manner with which his friend had entered the room, and much desired to free himself from any odious imputation, but fearing more the consequences that might ensue from a disclosure, he gently but firmly refused to comply with the demand; stating, however, that he hoped at some future time to give a satisfactory explanation.

This only inflamed the other, and convinced that his half formed suspicions were true, and perfectly blinded by passion, he charged upon him the false stories he had heard.

Very much stung with these reproaches, yet knowing that something unusual must have happened to cause such conduct, the one thus accused endeavored to calm his friend and come to a better understanding. But it was of no avail; he was reasoning with one under the influence of jealousy—the most blinding of passions—and the conversation ended in a total rupture of their long continued friendship. The injured party immediately left the house, and the next morning the village, while the other sought out her who had been the real source of this trouble, and upbraided her for her faithlessness.

Frightened at his vehemence and also stung because her passion had been spurned, she, with a spirit not often found in her sex, charged the fault upon him whom she had already so deeply wronged.

This general falsehood led to the statement of various untrue particulars, and their effect was to add greatly to the anger of her listener.

His feelings always when excited were deep and impetuous, and he now imagined that his former friend, to be capable of so wilfully wronging him, must have had a character compounded of artifice and deception. Some particulars that had been told him, appeared—when viewed as coming from one who knew of his engagement, and shared in his confidence—gross insults to his honor; so much so, that after a day or two's consideration he inquired the route that his guest had taken, and followed on with the intent to demand the satisfaction that the custom of those times allowed.

The object of his pursuit had gone on sadly, from village to village, without any definite end; for his thoughts were wholly occupied with the bitter trial that his feelings had just passed through.

That friendship had been to him a sunny spot in a life considerably chequered. Imagine, then, how poignant were his emotions when the bright dream so suddenly vanished, especially as a stain had been cast upon his honor from an unwillingness to disclose facts to the injury of another.

He traveled three or four days in this manner, and finally stopped at an obscure inn of a small village. He had been here but a few hours when he was surprised to see his former friend ride up.

Thinking that, without doubt, the mistaken impression had been at last removed, and that his friend must have come to ask forgiveness and renew again the ruptured friendship, he hastened with a smile to the door and cordially extended his hand, but he was rudely repelled, and instead of hearing a request for forgiveness, a challenge to mortal combat was sternly whispered in his ear.

This harsh greeting was so sudden and different from any thing he had expected, and his sense of wrong had now risen to such an intolerable height, that in a sort of delirium he accepted it.

His challenger beckoned him to follow to a grove in the rear of the house, and presenting two pistols, told him to choose between them. He mechanically accepted one and took his station. At the signal, instead of firing, he listlessly dropped the weapon by his side. But not so the other; he aimed with a steady hand, and saw his ball take fatal effect. His victim fell, and turning a half reproachful, half forgiving look towards the inflictor of the wrong, breathed his last.

The survivor, after hastily informing those at the inn of what had occurred, so that they might make a proper disposition of the remains, turned with no very enviable feelings towards his home. Upon arriving there he informed her who had been the cause of the whole calamity, of the satisfaction he had taken.

Perfectly shocked and conscience stricken at the result of her conduct, she disclosed the truth; but the distraction of her feelings was such as to dethrone her reason and make her a lunatic for life. The other actor in this tragic event traveled from country to country, and

tried in vain, amid new scenes, to banish the dreadful remembrance. The lapse of years, however, somewhat softened his grief, and the latter part of his life was devoted to poetry, the melancholy number of which have become a classic part of English literature.

Mrs. Hemans.

It has been justly remarked, that "genius is the heir of fame, and that renown is not the reward of the living, but of the dead." This, however, is not applicable to the subject of our present remarks. Though the grave demanded and in due time received the tribute which genius must ever pay, yet time had already secured a large proportion of fame which was equally the property of life and immortality.

To sketch the character of such an one as the gifted Mrs. Hemans, demands the pen of genius, and it requires a delicate hand to sweep the lyre, whose tremulous notes shall breathe her requiem.

The period at which this distinguished poetess lived, was one of the most interesting in the annals of English literature; one in which a high degree of refinement, and especially the art of poetry, was carefully cultivated. The much lamented White had just reposed his head upon the pillow of death—the lovers of polite literature were charmed with the productions of Hannah Moore—Byron was wreathing his laurels among the classic ruins of Greece—and the "Song of Scott's minstrel" had not yet died upon the mountain breeze. Amid such competitors as these, Mrs. H. stood, a fragile, yet beautiful being; and as the bright radiance of poetic fire beamed from her pure spirit, each in turn added a flower to the garland that decks her brow.

The character of this distinguished lady presents a model of moral and intellectual beauty; and her mind a versatility of talent rarely equalled, never surpassed. This may, perhaps, be seen more clearly in connexion with those influences that tended to develop her genius. The beautiful scenery of Wales, the place of her early home, was peculiarly adapted to her taste, and presented to her the most intoxicating charms; for here nature seemed to have strewn her "sweetest gems and flowers." In a secluded region where the varieties of ocean and mountain scenery were romantically blended and contrasted; and under the influences of a Christian mother, she received her education. The high tone of her early religious instruction, in happy combination with her elegant classic and poetic studies, gave the highest polish to her genius. Besides the literature of her own language, the treasures of several modern ones, together with the Greek and Latin, were at her command. Like some fairy being she walked amidst their beauties, gathering flower after flower, and gem after gem, until

her mind was lost in silent converse with the mighty dead. But nature was her grand study ; and of this she was ever an eager and an ardent student. To her imagination, rocks, brooks, and glens were beings of thought—every tree in the forest had its voice, and every swell of the Ocean gave a response in wild and measured cadence. From each of these, as a skillful artist, she gleaned a gem as the "*spolia opima*" of her own researches, with which to adorn her classic song. How much of gorgeous coloring her imagination received from these things, may be seen in her poetry.

Her mental faculties were finely balanced—there was no predominance of the intellectual over the moral—they were strong and vigorous, yet by no means masculine ; untrammelled by the rigid forms of scholastic discipline, they seemed like "orient pearls at random strung." The great characteristics of her genius were genuine simplicity and unaffected purity. Her juvenile productions, which were at the same time the herald and pledge of future fame, as well as her later and more classic works, are distinctly marked by these characteristics. Throughout the whole of her poems shine intense love of the beautiful—"tremulous sensibility"—and quenchless aspirations, which earth could neither satisfy nor control. Her genius striving to invest every thing it beheld with the inherent loveliness in which nature presented it to her, found the link

"Which joins mute nature to ethereal minds,
And made that link a melody."

She studied the simple truth, not to torture it into shapes that would dazzle by their novelty, neither to adorn it with the gilded finery of rhetoric, but to make plain its real beauty in its own attractiveness. We never find that languid sentimentalism, into which so many poets sometimes fall ; nor the evidences of the fiery passion, or volcanic heat, that characterizes the author of "*Manfred and Cain* ;" but in every line there are the soul of gentleness and the spirit of tenderness. On every thing she has written she has stamped her own spirit in bold relief, in reading which we read her true character. And that character was woman's in the noblest sense of the term. She thought and wrote as woman, and as woman alone can think and write ; and no one can read her writings without feeling the asperities of his nature softened and his passions soothed. And yet there is no address to the passions, none to the intellect, but all to the heart, and that not in the voice of reproof or command, but in the persuasive eloquence which woman alone knows how to use. Her good sense and the versatility of her talents allowed her to select no indifferent subject, notwithstanding their great number. How many precious memories has she hung about the most common flower ? How many familiar scenes has she adorned with amaranthine garlands of her own wreathing ? She has brought "flowers for the bride to wear," and to crown the "brow of the early dead," she has strewn these offerings of nature in the conqueror's path and the captive's lonely cell, and scattered their

fragrant petals at the shrine of prayer. She has revived the notes of Memnon's lyre, to charm the heart until the "sounding sea" shall forget its moaning murmurs; and sung for us songs of liberty that shall be reëchoed so long as there is "freedom to worship God," or the distant Isles shall ring to the anthems of the free."

Her whole life is the "old story of genius fighting against adversity and borne down by it;" in her own words, the little stream of her life has forced itself through a rugged channel, and fought its way through rocks. She seemed too pure a spirit to bear the "whips and scorns of time;" and too fragile, and too beautiful to bear the "thousand natural shocks the flesh is heir to;" yet she hallowed afflictions, and she teaches us to endure them:

"She learned in suffering what she taught in song."

In every vicissitude of life, when the throbbing heart was pained with anguish, she murmured not, but turned to her divine protector like the stricken dove which conceals the bleeding wound, and pours its wail into the ear of mercy. Rarely do we read a biography that so enlists our sympathies, as does that of Mrs. H. Seldom do we read a poem that so excites the better feelings of our nature, that better prepares us to look with complacency upon the ills and follies of our race, to sympathize with the sufferings of those around us, or to endure our own. If her sojourn upon earth was an angel visit, truly, such are few and far between.

F.

Westminster Abbey.

ἔμμες δ' οἱ μεγάλοι καὶ καρτεροὶ ἢ σοφοὶ ἄνδρες,
ἐκπύετε πρῶτα θάνατον, ἀνέκτοι ἐν χθονὶ κοίτην
εὐδόμες εὖ μάλα μάρτυρον ἀτίμωτον νήγερτον ἔκονον.
ἐκ τοῦ ἐπιτάφου βίωσας.

I

Heroes of classic fame! though Time's gray hand
Hath drawn the veil of years o'er Athens' towers,
And Bigotry holds sway, where, ruined, stand
The walls of Ancient Rome;—though Freedom cowers
Before the stern array of tyrant powers,
And Justice shudders at despotic wrong;—
Though withered are the coronals and flowers
Of burning eloquence and laureled song,
That to your golden meed and memory belong;—

II.

Yet sacred are the shrines where ye repose,
 And, where your monuments point up to Heaven,
 The patriot, gazing on in silence, knows
 How much of greatness is to virtue given.
 What though the Roman's from his empire riven?
 Though Italy's blind eagle mourns her fall!
 Though vainly has the Suliote chieftain striven!
 For Hope, and Fame, and Valor, cluster all
 Around Riensi's grave—Bossaris' crimsoned pall!

III.

And Liberty points with her finger, sadly,
 To where, above the tombs, her broken wreath
 Is hanging—emblem of the days when gladly
 Each lover of his land gave up his breath:
 And Poesy, in triumph over death,
 Beckons her younger sons to come and see
 Where rest, in holy dignity, beneath
 Her statue, those of ancient memory,
 Who strung the pearls of song in jeweled harmony.

IV.

Nor to the lofty stars of Greece alone,
 Or the bright planets of Italia's sky,
 Shall honor's dewy crown of flowers be thrown;—
 For many a land can boast her ancestry
 Of noble hearts, and, England, thus with thee!
 Land of the mighty dead! thy dearest claim
 Is the untarnished scroll of history;—
 And, in thy proudest city, every name
 Of great renown, may find a sepulchre of fame.

V.

Westminster Abbey! Aye, the very word
 Falls with deep grandeur on the listener's ear;—
 The patriot by the melody is stirred
 To nobler deeds,—the poet drops a tear
 Upon the entrance silently, for here
 Are beauty, royalty, and fame entombed,—
 And sculptured monuments their emblems rear
 Of pride, and love, and greatness unassumed,
 And glorious Christian faith, by martyrdom illumed.

VI.

Westminster Abbey! Beautiful and vast
 Thy lofty structure in its proud array!
 A thousand memories of the stormy past
 Cling with the ivy round thy turrets gray;
 A thousand visions rise and flit away
 Before the eye of him who gazes here,—
 Dreams of rare pageantry and bright display,
 Of mass and stole and penitential tear,
 And then of sable plumes—of funeral pall and bier!

VII.

Thou glorious relic of our English sires !
 Still in primeval strength, for cruel Time
 Himself hath yielded to thy giant spires,
 Nor dared to sully these old walls sublime
 With his corroding touch. As clear a chime
 Rings out its music from thine ancient bell,
 As when the ivy first began to climb
 Upon the minster, and the cadence fell
 Within the warder's tower, or "eremite's lone cell."

VIII.

And many a cavalcade, in royal guise,
 These ancient walls have witnessed in "Lang Syne,"
 And gorgeous retinues and pageantries
 Have passed like dreams along their frowning line :
 And other memories with thine ivy twine ;—
 For many an age, since first thy towers arose,
 Monarchs and princes, in each massive shrine,
 Have gathered been unto their last repose,
 With their forefathers of the Lily and the Rose.

IX.

One passing off—a monarch old and weary—
 While the great organ shakes the vaulted ground,
 Pealing up distant aisles the *Miserere* ;—
 And lords and prelates, solemnly, around
 The royal ashes throng. A trumpet sound,
 And, 'neath the jewel-decked caparison,
 And purple canopy, a king is crowned !
 Another fills the stately oaken throne—
 The funeral and the birth are hurried into one !

X.

And many a knightly banneral and lance
 Have waved and glistened proudly here !—But I—
 How shall I, in the winter of Romance,
 Revive its summer tones of minstrelsy !
 Nor is it for the tales of chivalry,
 And the wild legends, that still echo down
 Thy Gothic corridors, we bend the knee ;
 Nor for thy turrets, which like giants frown,
 Nor wholly for thine old and sanctified renown.

XI.

Not for the fervid light, that pours its streams
 Of rainbow glory over arch and ceiling,
 Kindling old banners into haughty gleams,
 And with soft radiance on the spirit stealing ;—
 Not for rich music—though in grandeur pealing—
 Mighty as forest sounds when winds are high,
 Nor yet for altar, stole, and cross, revealing
 Through the rich light their hallowed pageantry,—
 Do we thus linger here and wonder silently.

XII.

But that we love the sepulchres of those
 Who struggled to the death with Scorn and Hate,—
 Rising, like wounded eagles, from their foes,
 Above the tempest-clouds of lowering fate.
 Gaze on the shrines of these—the good and great!
 Turn where is treasured Beauty's last bequest—
 Her ashes,—and where lie in royal state
 The sister sovereigns,—where the worst and best
 Of England's stately queens, asleep mournfully at rest.

XIII.

Call we to mind, how Mary wildly rose,
 Like the red moon that glares when tempests start,
 The sceptered omen of a nation's woes;—
 O, sanguine Queen! where was thy *woman's* heart,
 When thou didst act the tyrant bigot's part,
 And write in blood on Britain's soil thy name!
 Time—the obliterator—bath no art
 To wash the purple stains from off thy fame,
 Nor quench thy deeds, that glare in characters of flame!

XIV.

How like chaste Dian rose the Virgin Queen,
 Resplendently, her glorious stars among!
 Scattering the mists of bloodshed, that were seen
 O'er Albion's vales and rocky heights so long.
 We yet behold thee, with thy glittering throng,
 Fair Regent! nor do years thy glory mar,
 By vocal stars immortalized in song;—
 Sweet Spenser first, from his horizon far,
 Salutes his "Fairy Queen,"—her silver evening star!

XV.

He ushers in the train melodiously,
 While statesmen, warriors, and wits concur
 To form her radiant constellation;—see,
 Transcendent Shakspeare, star of stars, for *her*
 In glory shines—the lordly Jupiter!
 Alas! that e'er so fair renown should glow
 Less brightly, for a single crimson blur
 On thy escutcheon, else more white than snow;—
 Alas! that royal pride should work such cruel wo!

XVI.

For here, in marble drapery serene,
 With gentle hands clasped meekly on her breast,
 Sleeps the fair image of a martyred queen,
 Torn by thy rigor from her mountain nest,
 Like a white dove, by eagle sore distressed.
 Sweet Mary Queen of Scots! though dark thy fate,
 And sorrowful thy love, thou art at rest
 From royal cruelty and woman's hate,
 Where England mourns for aye her noble and her great!

XVII.

Within thy chapel, Westminster ! they sleep—
 The sisters and the sufferer—and, near by,
 The carved cherubim their vigils keep,
 In sculptured shrines of marble purity.
 Turn sorrowfully from their tombs, and see
 Where, side by side, the nobler statues stand
 Of those whose lustre outshined royalty ;
 The statesmen and the prophets of the land,
 Who, rivals on the earth, for *heaven* left hand in hand !

XVIII.

Chantry ! thy chisel well hath wrought the forms
 Of these calm pilots of the ship of State,—
 Lifting their noble brows above the storms
 That threatened England with Italia's fate.
 How grandly on their pedestals they wait,
 As listening for the final trumpet's sound !
 Chatham and Fox ! none need reiterate
 The story of your virtues ;—ye have found
 Your great reward in fame that Time may never bound !

XIX.

The tomb of Newton ! who, awhile retiring
 From the dim outer world in thoughtful dreams,
 Yielded himself to lofty science, firing
 Her frigid votaries, with Elysian gleams
 Of that pure light which in her temple beams ;—
 He sought to woo philosophy alone,
 And see her face to face. The fervid streams
 Of intellect, forever round him shone,
 Till Nature reached her hand, and took him for her own !

XX.

And here are Ireland's noblest sons ! She gave—
 For a proud season—genius and fame
 To her fair sister, Albion. O'er the wave,
 To win the glory of an English name,
 They, like the eagles to their eyrie, came.
 Oh ! weep for greatness, Britain, and lament
 For Burke and Sheridan ! Th' undying flame
 Of eloquence plays round their monument ;—
 The skies have claimed their stars—to earth a moment lent !

XXI.

And many a lesser coronal enwreaths
 The statues of the great and glorious few ;—
 But, Westminster, there delicately breathes
 A dearer and a sweeter spirit, through
 Thy sepulchres ! Turn gladly round, and view
 Where sleep the gentle race, of purer blood,
 Who worshiped aye the beautiful and true,
 Who at the inmost shrine of Nature stood,
 And loved the rill and lake—the mountain and the wood.

XXII.

Oh! let me worship at the feet of those—
 The glorious masters of the olden song!
 Serenely, in majestic repose,
 Lifting their calm and stately heads among
 The blazonings that to their fame belong.
 Chaucer and Spenser! Face to face they stand,—
 One with imperial brow where visions throng,—
 The other sceptered with a silver wand,
 Crowned with a laurel wreath from dewy "Fairy-Land!"

XXIII.

And let me bend the knee, and strew the flowers
 Of poesy, around the hallowed shrine
 Where rest the trio of immortal powers!
 Great Milton, leaning on his harp divine,
 And, self-enwrapt, with inspiration fine,
 Turning his sightless eyeballs up to heaven.
 No pansies with *his* laurels intertwine,
 For, tokening that he alone had striven
 With *angel* song, to him eternal fame was given!

XXIV.

And Shakspeare towers—with regal wand controlling
 Broad seas of thought, wild passion, and romance—
 As Dian sways the pulse of ocean, rolling
 Forever to and fro, with mystic glance.
 And "glorious John"—of speaking countenance,
 Yet lesser splendor, seems, while awed we veil
 Our eyes before his ashes, to entrance
 The spirit as of yore—when on the gale
 The billows of his song magnificently sail!

XXV.

Well has he gained the third and lofty seat,
 With Milton, and with Shakspeare. They shall last
 In their creations, till old Time shall greet
 Another race, who call the Present—Past!
 Around them rest their followers, of vast,
 Though lesser glory—as the stars display
 Their radiance but feebly, overcast
 By the rich lustre of departing day,
 When sadly into night the twilight melts away.

XXVI.

"O Rare Ben Jonson!" wistfully we gaze
 Upon thy monument;—a single line
 To thy great memory a tribute pays,
 Far loftier than epitaph of mine!
 And classic Addison, with look divine,
 And Goldsmith—but the lengthened song must close!
 Leave we the Gothic arch—the ancient shrine—
 Though with poetic fire the spirit glows,
 Leave we the good and great in beautiful repose!

XXVII.

Italia and Greece! Your magic names
 Began the golden journey of my song,
 And in the patriot's heart, or poet's dreams,
 A myriad beauties round your temples throng;—
 But England! let me consecrate this long,
 Yet pleasant pilgrimage of mine, to thee;
 Would that I, too, might wander all among
 Thy castles, and thy holiest abbey sea,
 And there, in silence, stand and worship thoughtfully!

XXVIII.

There would I hold a glorious communion
 With mighty spirits, who have done with Time,
 Bound, by a league to never know disunion,
 In brotherhood, so holy and sublime!
 There would I listen to the olden chime,
 That long has rung above the sainted graves
 Of those who interwove the lofty rhyme,—
 And those whose fame the path of glory paves,
 And those o'er whom the crest and royal banner waves!

XXIX.

Enough of greatness hovers round the tombs
 Of these who here are registered, to win
 For England all the splendor that illumines
 The history of what her realm has been!
 Still will she reign—a proud and solemn queen—
 And many a laurel-wreath and sparkling gem,
 While coroneted ages intervene,
 Shall twine and glitter in her diadem;—
 The pride of many a heart—of many a song the theme!

R. C. S.

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## National Ballads.

THE power of music over the human affections and will, though universally acknowledged, is but little understood. In its detail it amounts to a science, which must be studied to be appreciated. Peculiar sensations are produced by it, which language is impotent to describe. The deep seated emotions which lie torpid in the soul—far, very far beneath the reach of the ordinary disturbing influences of life—are moved at its presence. The finer and more delicate susceptibilities of our nature—those little indefinable elements which distinguish elegance from vulgarity, and which appear to us under the various denominations of taste, refinement, and delicacy of thought and expression—find their original development and subsequent maturity, in no slight degree, in music.

universally and eminently is this true, that the lines of Shaks-

The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils,

long since passed into a proverb. The experience of all ages justifies the severity of the language, and the universal verdict

"Let no such man be trusted."

ne lonely instances, we are aware, exist of those condemned in ibunal; men utterly destitute alike of musical talent and of susceptibility to its influence. We can hardly conceive of such a being; and we never seen them, none of us would ever have believed we cannot even now comprehend. If there be any man who sten without a tear of sympathy to the plaintive lullaby of the widow, or who feels not his pulse beat quicker at the sound of National air," be it in any grade from the rude jargon of the African to the sweetest Highland lay, let him indulge the melody satisfaction,

"To know he's farther off from Heaven  
Than when he was a boy."

regard him as laboring under some natural defect, or malformation and pity him as we do a dwarf or a cripple. The power of music over the affections was early understood, and genius of men soon sought to reduce it to a system—to ascertain and publish abroad the laws by which it acted, and was itself governed. The results of these investigations are interesting no less to the philosopher than to the professed musician. They present us with a confusion of opinions, and a strange blending of ill-defined and notions, from which, while we learn little with certainty, we are led to infer, with very great probability, many important facts. To enter upon these topics is foreign to our present purpose. We give it to be a fruitless task to attempt to find, anywhere in the history of our world, the date of the origin of music, or the circumstances attendant on its first appearance. Ask of the grim and sullen where in all his dominions the voice of music was first awakened and with a frown he points you backward through that rayless where

"Age on age lie heaped like withered leaves,"

cannot tell its source. No! such attempts must fail. Music is a part and parcel of man's nature; a part—we might almost say an attribute—of his Creator. As such it has existed in some form or other all eternity, and will continue the delight and rapture of intelligences throughout the endless future.

Music lays claim to one great distinction,—that of being the first science cultivated among men. Although this honor has generally been awarded to Astronomy, those better informed now concede this point. Indeed, it seems hazarding but little to say that it was the first instrument of power ever used in swaying the minds of men. At any rate, if not the first, we know that when combined with poetry it for a time superseded all others, and that it has lost none of its powers in six thousand years of effort.

The first attempts of its votaries produced those coarse, rude instruments which were little else than “tinkling brass” in reality or in effect. Rough wires extended on rougher sticks of wood, horns of various shapes and material, together with a miserable apology for the modern drum, completed, so far as we know, the catalogue. When language had become sufficiently well defined and established, rhythm and poetic measure were introduced, and music sought her abode with them. Here she could find a ready expression. With such allies she could penetrate to every heart and erect her throne within it. It was like the return of an exile. She had been banished before, and while confined to the rude and distasteful clatter of the primitive instruments, she had longed for that freedom which she now found in song. Once in the heart her dominion was speedily established, and thenceforth songs were composed and sung on all great occasions, as expressing more truthfully and energetically than other language could do, the depth of popular emotion. For example; the oldest song on record, (perhaps an exception should be made of some portions of the book of Job,) is that composed and sung by Moses after the passage of the Red Sea, to celebrate the greatness of the miracle which had effected a nation's deliverance. What could be more appropriate? In what way could so much of gratitude and exultation be expressed? What other language was strong enough to set forth the contrast between their past and present prospects? How else could they approximate to any adequate expression of their ideas of the majesty and wonder-working power of that Being who had so strangely rescued them?

We learn from observation, what indeed reason would otherwise teach us, that there exists a strong sympathy between music and the religious part of man's nature. In fact, they sometimes appear so intimately connected, that we almost doubt their individuality, and refer them to the same principle. The reason of this sympathy is obvious. The religious emotions are the strongest and deepest known to man, and they accordingly seek expression in glowing, vivid language:

“In thoughts that breathe and words that burn.”

Hence the evident origin of those sublime Hebrew poems which are justly held as sacred, and are embalmed on the pages of holy writ. To the same principle we may refer the sacred songs of the Arabs, Persians, and Hindoos. The same religious feeling stimulating the descendants of Odin, exerted its influence on our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, and has had no slight effect in shaping our destiny.

And now we begin to find a natural offspring of sacred in Lyric poetry, differing, originally, little if any in its nature, but condescending to humbler themes. It aims not to follow the sublime flights of its parent, but wanders freely through every field and culls flowers from every stalk. It is digressive and rambling, now seated on a throne, and now on the hearth of poverty—now swelling high above the tumult of war, and now chanting love ditties in some quiet retreat. Close upon this, and nearly allied with it, followed epic poetry, differing from the lyric in that it always contained a narrative, with generally a moral either expressed or understood. Both were adapted to music, and appear to have been its inseparable companions.

Here then we find music and poetry in their grand development, combined in harmonious proportions, and reigning joint monarchs in the realm of the human affections. It would be tedious to follow through the whole course of their history. Let us come down to about the time of the rise of modern civilization, and trace out, if possible, amid the obscurity of the dark ages, the part which their influence exerted upon its character and progress.

At this epoch we find ballad singing everywhere prevalent, and a glance at the records of those ages, imperfect and tattered as they are, is sufficient to show that they wielded no unimportant influence. Frequently they become themselves the only chronicles of the time, and the only sources of history or tradition. Indeed no element of power or influence in the events of those days seems more worthy of consideration. Minstrelsy had become a profession, and politicians (if that name may be applied to any of that day) sought their influence. In a short time they well nigh controlled not only the people, but their rulers, and bid fair, like Cæsar's wife, to govern the world.

Here then ballad-singing becomes a fact—an element of power—an important item of national greatness. The remark of an old politician, "Let me make the songs of a people, and I care not who makes their laws," was not wholly a theory. It was based upon facts of every day observation, and has been amply justified in the experience of all succeeding ages. It was a proper philosophical deduction from premises which everybody acknowledges. His was an eye which looked beyond, beneath the cold outside of human nature, and, peering into the inmost soul of man, saw what was there, and knew what it saw. He had discovered an important principle of that nature, and one to which every successful politician constantly appeals, though perhaps unconsciously. It is this: that while arbitrary enactments affect only the surface of society, the power of song springs from, and penetrates to the inmost soul, the fountain of impulse and emotion, and, consequently, he who would appeal to man successfully, must touch this chord which vibrates throughout his entire being. The most rigid metaphysical analysis—the most lucid and logical discourse—indeed, all the machinery and trappings of argument of every description, appealing as they do, to the cool and passionless intellect, are impotent to resist the power of this national soul-music of any people. Laws

impose restrictions, and therefore, their influence, as far as it is felt, operates as a check on those natural outbursts of popular sentiment which have so much to do with the formation or transformation of society. Songs, on the other hand, owing their origin to impulse, and made up of passion and sentiment—incapable of legal restraint, and reaching beyond the limits of the privations which the order of society imposes, form an outlet—a safety valve—to those free impulses of the spirit which could never be safely expressed in action.

Hence the historic interest of national ballads. We have seen the astonishing amount of influence which was in the possession of the multitudes who adopted this profession. We shall presently find them wielding a giant power. In the barbaric ages of our world, when those rules of action, which in more refined society spring from a sense of duty, were unknown, impulse was the governing principle. Where there was no majesty of law to overshadow and subdue—where there was no sense of justice to appeal to well established principles—no common bond of interest to unite all for the accomplishment of a worthy end, there was felt this magic power. Armies chanted their "National airs," as they met on the field of battle, and those who had no interest in the issue of the contest, who had neither home nor friends for whom to fight, were often incited to prodigies of valor by the notes of the war-song rising high above the din of battle. This habit is still in full force. Never has there

"——— moved forth a band

Of men that moved to die,"

unaccompanied by the wild and thrilling strains of martial music. The maxims of social order and private intercourse were embalmed, and have been transmitted to us in the National Song. Children dandled on the knee of age received their earliest impressions from this living influence, and in later years acknowledged no other authority. Old men whiled away the tedious hours in the recital of the exploits of some real or imaginary hero. Annals and traditions intermingled with the sketches of fancy and fused by the warmth of poetic fire, were chanted by wandering minstrels through every city and hamlet. A few scattered fragments of these lays, found here and there amid the ruins of many centuries, are all that remain to us; and from these we derive much of that mythic, legendary lore which so confuses the early pages of history. How interesting to the philosopher, and how fascinating to the student of history, is the task of tracing through the long course of the progress of civilization, the workings of this deep seated principle—the influence of National Songs!

It is common to compare the growth of the nation with that of the individual; and as youth is the season of hilarity and buoyancy of spirits—capricious and impulsive—the time of all others when the entire being is under the control of the affections—so it is the time when poetry and music, ballads and song, gain their most complete ascendancy. Thus with the nation. Emerging from the shades of bar-

barism, new emotions are awakened, a new world is laid open before them,—the fountains hitherto stagnant in their souls are unsealed, and they enter at once upon a state of untried being. All within and around is changing and fitful. The rude and uncouth dialect of former days yields to the power of the general revolution. Clans are formed around the banner of some victorious chief, and nature, in her purest simplicity, finds no expression but in song. Their earliest themes, in such cases, are most naturally the exploits of their chief, and while they tend to strengthen the mutual confidence subsisting between the master and his subjects, they answer, besides this, the double purpose of pastime and chronicle. Direct examples of this we find attendant on the dawn of civilization in every country of the globe whose history we know, but especially in the countries of modern history. In the declension of literature, before the revival of letters, poetry and music were a very common vehicle of expression. At all national gatherings or public festivities, music and dancing seem to have been the chief occupation. The depth of religious emotion, and the glow of military ardor, alike spurned the common vernacular of the day, and sought a more appropriate expression in the delightful cadence of ballad and song.

Thus, notwithstanding we omitted the history of many centuries from the time of sacred poetry until now, we find the same principle which we left there, now at work here. The same causes which then gave to the world those immortal "poems of prophecy," we find here, overcoming precisely the same obstacles, and in the end producing the chivalrous ballads of the middle ages.

In the history of our own country we are unable to trace the influence of minstrelsey on a semi-barbarous age. We as a nation have passed through no such period of formation. We can recur to no period of chaos, of a confused intermingling of dissimilar elements, out of which we have grown by a slow and gradual process. We must accordingly follow back the line of our genealogy to the tribes of Europe, would we learn our own obligations to this peculiar agent.

We find the earliest traces of European ballad singing among the Scalds or Scandinavians, who, emigrating under Odin from the East, settled the north of Europe, and appear first in reliable history in the second century before Christ. From these were descended the Anglo-Saxons, the Normans and Danes.

Horas and Hengist, who conducted the invasion of England in the fifth century, were reputed lineal descendants of Odin. Many curious circumstances respecting the influence of the minstrels on this invasion are narrated in the chronicles of that age. They seem to have strangely forgotten their literary character, and to have acted a very conspicuous part as military chieftains. Their presence in the thickest of the fight aroused and sustained the courage of the soldiers more than the bravest feats of their real commanders.

The Normans, however, present us with the finest specimens both of musical and poetic taste. They seem to have arrived very near



that point where poetry and music again separate. For, like the laws of electrical affinity, these two dissimilar elements at first seem mutually attracted to each other, but when either arrives at, or near perfection, it again repels its ally and chooses to go alone. Society even among the Normans had not yet arrived fully at this very advanced state, though it seemed in this respect already verging upon it. The annals of the Norman conquest abound in incidents similar to that of the Saxon invasion mentioned above. One of these incidents has been made the subject of a beautiful poem entitled "The Troubadour," by Hortense Beauharnais, a translation of which is found in the works of Sir Walter Scott. This poem is an almost exact description of the conduct of Taillefer, a minstrel, at the battle of Hastings. While chanting the praises of Charlemagne and of "the gallant peers who fell at Roncesvalles," his enthusiasm led him into the thickest of the fight, where he falls, exclaiming:—

*" Mourir gaiment pour la gloire et l'amour,  
C'est le devoir d'un vaillant troubadour."*

It is a matter of doubt, however, whether Taillefer can hardly be called a troubadour, inasmuch as they were chiefly confined to Provence in France, and flourished some time after the Norman minstrelsey had passed its zenith. The history of these celebrated troubadours, and the strongly marked traces of their influence on the poetry of Southern Europe, is an interesting object of research, amply repaying the toil it costs.

One strong reason for the increasing martial spirit of the minstrels of this time, is found in the fact that the chiefs were accustomed to keep one or more of them near their persons in time of war, that they might participate in the scenes they were afterwards to celebrate. As a very natural consequence of this custom, we find the prowess of the chief and the adulation of the bard acting and reacting on each other, thus fanning to a flame that universal warlike spirit which found its maturity in an insatiable thirst for conquest, and finally resulted in planting the Gothic flag on the ruins of Rome.

Another peculiar circumstance in the history of the minstrels is their sanctity. With such superstitious veneration were they regarded, that they ever found perfect security even in the camps of their national enemies. Amid all the prevailing commotions and wars, and consequent insecurity of life and property, the minstrel and his humble harp-bearer were sacrosanct. Like the scribes among the Jews, they were by universal consent acknowledged keepers of the law, and chroniclers of passing events. To destroy one of these, therefore, would be to obliterate a page, perhaps the brightest, in their history.

Alfred the Great is said once to have entered the Danish camp disguised as a minstrel, and under the protection thus afforded to have examined minutely all their arrangements and resources, while even the Danes themselves rendered him every assistance in their power.

The Danish king, Aulaff, however, in a subsequent attempt to retaliate by using the same stratagem, was detected and put to death. There are some signs of tradition about these stories, but whether strictly true or not, they were generally received, and suffice to show us the prevailing sentiment of the age. Another interesting anecdote is related of one Blondel de Nesle, a minstrel who had been brought up in the household of Richard Coeur de Leon. When that monarch was on his return from the crusades he was arrested and imprisoned in an Austrian castle. His subjects were meanwhile ignorant of his fate, and for several months no tidings of him could be heard, until at last this minstrel undertook to traverse Europe in search of his master. After various adventures he at length arrived at the castle where the king was confined, and, under the sanctity of his profession, gained a ready admission. Not finding his king, however, among the inmates, he made use of a singular expedient to ascertain whether he might not be in close confinement. When a favorable opportunity was offered, he commenced repeating a ballad which king Richard and himself had composed together years before. When partly through, he stopped, and the king took up the song and completed it. Thus the condition of the king was made known, and negotiations immediately commenced, which resulted in his liberation.

Such appears to have been the position of the professional minstrels in the days of their ascendancy. Always the attendants, and frequently the ambassadors of kings, they had much to do with the direction and government of public affairs. Objects of sacred veneration in the eyes of the multitudes, they were able to control and regulate the popular will. The only chroniclers of their age, we owe them a debt of gratitude for nearly all we know of the historic incidents, or of the manners and customs of the times in which they lived. More than this. We are indebted to them for those quaint but beautiful poems which "come to us as the early voice of the world better remembered, and more cherished still, than all the intermediate words which have been spoken; as the lessons of childhood still haunt us when the recollections of later years have been effaced from the mind."

Would the student, then, seek delight in real romance? Let him search among the "Ancient Reliques" for those ballads which commemorate the valorous deeds of Charlemagne and his twelve peers. Let him go back to that "early period of time where the uncertain rays of poetry blend with the serener light of history," and sit with king Arthur and his knights at their famed Round Table. Let him read the exploits of the four and twenty knights of each of whom it was said, he was "the curteist knight—the goodliest person—the truest friend and lover—the kindest man that ever stroke with sword—the meekest man and the gentlest, that ever sate in hall among ladies—the sternest knight to thy mortale foe that ever put spere in reste." Let him read these, and drink the inspiration of poetry, romance, and history combined. And let him also trace out among them the origin and progress of many of those influences and principles

which are so conspicuous among the elements of modern civilization. The effort can at the most do him no harm, and has afforded us infinite satisfaction and profit.

The causes which led to the decline of minstrelsey, and which gradually brought ballads into disuse, cannot be enumerated here. Perhaps another opportunity may be afforded us to follow the subject farther. Meanwhile if any one may be incited by the perusal of this sketch to make ancient Rhyme, and particularly National Ballads, an object of study and attention, our sole object will have been attained, and his enjoyment immensely heightened.

M'FINGAL.

### Sporting in the Country.

"Sic vos juvet audire."

IN the beginning of October, 184—, it so fell out that I, Pilgarlick, found myself condemned to a fortnight's rustication in W——, one of the prettiest and dullest of the many pretty and dull villages on which the old Bay State prides herself. With regard to the manner I became thus circumstanced, it is not necessary that I should be very prolix. Suffice it to say, that a rash promise which certain unforeseen events rendered it necessary to fulfill, had reduced me to the dire necessity of visiting a chance acquaintance whose residence lay "within the precincts" of W——: that is to say, only a mile from another house, and perhaps three from the church. Mine host, a prosperous farmer, and his wife, a kind of dried-apple old lady, were very good-humored personages, and did all in their power for my entertainment. But alas! that was little enough. The worthy pater-familias was necessarily absent during the greater part of the day in some unknown regions which he termed his "medder land." The village proper was at a sufficient distance to preclude convenient intercourse, while the society which it offered was by no means sufficiently tempting in itself to remove that obstacle. My worthy friend's literary wealth consisted of a Bible, Hymn-book, Barber's Historical Collections, Pope's translation of the Iliad, a few theological works reeking with dust, must and polemics, the county newspaper, and the New York Observer, to both of which he had been a constant subscriber since his marriage. I, however, contrived to pass part of my time at the village hotel, reading newspapers a week old, and smoking cigars whose flavor bore evidence to the patriotic quality of Native Americanism, if to none other of any value.

In this delectable amusement, varied by occasional rides and rambles through the really beautiful scenery around, I contrived to pass three days. On the fourth, as I sat in my usual position at the bar-room

window, lazily solacing myself with the paradisiacal weed, the rumbuling of wheels and shouts of the driver announced the advent of the stage. As it rolled slowly past, just about to stop, a familiar visage within met my eye. Clapping on my beaver I rushed out and was speedily grasping the hand of Billy C——, a special friend and companion in many a wild scrape. We were not long in comparing notes. Bill had assumed the responsibility of extending his leave of absence a few weeks, trusting to his inventive faculties for an excuse that might be satisfactory to the reverend Præses of B—— University. He was now on his way to Albany.

"Well, Ned," said C——, as we sat *tete a tete* in two arm chairs under the piazza, "what brought ye here, mon?"

I explained my situation and begged his friendly advice. After knitting his phiz into the similitude of a purse-end, and gravely cogitating for two or three moments, mine oracle first emitted half a dozen smoke-rings, leveled with great force and precision at a neighboring column, and then proclaimed his response.

"To-day is Wednesday; I must *nolens volens* be in Albany on Tuesday morning next. I will stay with you till Monday afternoon, then ride over to N——, and take the night train west. It is the best of the shooting season, and I dare say we can kill time and woodcock in very pretty style till next week."

Advice so sound and welcome was not to be rejected. It was speedily arranged between us that Bill should take up his quarters at the inn, and as early as might be on the ensuing day we should meet to concert our future plans. This having been settled we shook hands and parted for the nonce.

Uncle Sol and myself put our legs out of bed simultaneously in the morning. I first threw a glance at the window. It was not rainy. So far so good, and without troubling myself farther, I scrambled into my toggery. Early as the hour was, I found the good wife bustling actively about the kitchen. She stared rather vaguely at my tartan unwhisperables, and coat with two-inch skirts. "Why, Mr. C." was her greeting, "where on airth are you going in that dress?" I satisfied her curiosity, and after one or two observations, at which Frank Forester would have fainted, the old lady set forth a capital lunch. In half an hour I had taken in freight and was under weigh with a stomach well lined, though generously obsecrating a cigar. I found Bill in his room, half dressed.

"How are you, Ned? Just tip me that cravat—the plaid one, if you please. Glorious morning, is n't it?" "Have n't seen it yet, but will presently." I pounced on his cigar case, lighted one of the fragrant rolls which it revealed, and was soon inhaling the delightful breath of an almost forgotten Regalia.

Seating myself at the window, I gazed out. The moon was indeed one of promise. A thick fog slowly yielding to the beams of the rising sun still clung round the horizon and partially intercepted them. But overhead the sky was perfectly clear. The grass was heavy with

wet, and far beyond the variegated Autumn glories of the forest were in full view, deliciously mellowed by the distance. All around spoke most intelligibly of the plump woodcock and sturdy quail. Especially as my eye ranged over these brilliant scenes of foliage, did I figure unto myself visions of the beautiful ruffed grouse darting up on strong pinion and whizzing away with the velocity of thought—for one moment flashing through the green branches and then reeling earthward beneath the fatal missiles sent from ready double-barrel. But alas! for these delightful images. How nearly they approached realization the reader will soon see.

During my day-dream Bill had finished his toilet and his breakfast, and returned from the lower regions with news on his lips. He had inquired below for dogs and guns. One of the hostlers, according to Boniface, had a gun—as for dogs, he knew of none, “unless”—for saving clause—“the gentlemen like to take my Pomp.” Down stairs we went to see the owner of that portentous name, but he turned out a very different animal from the neat, muscular setter or pointer which Bill and myself had inwardly thought to behold. After much bawling and a little swearing on the part of the landlord, “Pomp” condescended to bring his fair proportions to light. He was an ugly hound, mangy, limping, covered with mud, and possessed of but an eye and a half. Bill and myself exchanged looks of disgust, and promptly declined the obliging offer of our host. After many more inquiries we found that the needful might be obtained from a person living a mile or two out of the village, who, as our informant remarked, “had got him a prime little dog down at York last spring.” Away we went, and finally succeeded in bargaining with the man for a day’s use of both dog and gun. The former was called by his master a setter. To us he seemed a peculiar nondescript founded on the usual cur breed, with, by some Taliacotian operation, a few pounds of Spaniel and the “laste taste in the world” of setter thereon engrafted. Yet he was not destitute of good points—he was well built and seemingly intelligent. His master gave him an excellent character for every good quality in general, and “treein’ partridges” in particular. The gun was a rakishly cut and painted piece, weighing at the outside five pounds, but of enormous gauge, in short, a kind of dandified blunderbuss. My own weapon, obtained from the above-mentioned hostler, was a venerable musket, with nought save a somewhat modernized lock in common with its dapper comrade.

These transactions, with the coaxing and feeding which “Dan” required before condescending to follow us, occupied so much time that the sun was well up in the horizon, and the dew nearly off before we got fairly under weigh. After some consultation we directed our steps towards an extensive cornfield which lay at the distance of nearly two miles, and skirted a large open forest. In the very outset “Dan” gave us a warning taste of his quality. Instead of walking soberly along and husbanding his energies for the time which would severely task them, he was in the most madly exuberant flow of dog-

gish spirits imaginable. Paying little attention to our first mild and soothing commands, he was equally indifferent to the harsher tones of oburgation which our wearied patience elicited. He gamboled round us just out of striking distance, now rushing madly towards us with a short quizzical bark, and then flying off in a tangent after some cow or other quadruped to which he chose to proffer a morning salutation.

But halting for a few moments' rest, we soon forgot our late vexation in contemplating the beautiful prospect stretched out before us. Bill and myself were no cockney Venators—we did not estimate the quantity of game slaughtered as the true measure of a sportsman's happiness. No—the brutal love of killing for killing's sake, entered into none of the associations in which our memories most delighted. The rude hunter, who gazes at the lovely lake sleeping amid surrounding mountains and smiling in the pure flood of sunlight shed around it, as but a chance halting-place for ducks—to whom the waving meadow and barren pasture, the lovely moor, and the deep forest, the sky-kissing mountain summit, and the hidden glen, are all alike, so that they bring him game—of such is not the true “kingdom of Venerie.”

However, there is a time for every thing. Sentiment was soon dismissed, with a careless jest; levity resumed her throne, and we went merrily onward. Reaching the cornfield at last, we commenced operations in earnest, by endeavoring to make Dan understand that he was to enter the same. With no little trouble we contrived so to illumine his faculties that he dashed in, while C— and myself proceeded along the edge ready for a shot. We did not wait long; whizz! up darted a woodcock, showed his fat breast for an instant, turned, and made for the woods. Up went my gun, but ere the heavy musket came to a level, crack! from Bill's lighter piece, and down went the slain “timberdoodle.” Another bird rose while my gun was still up-lifted, but flew thirty or forty yards before I could command sufficient presence of mind to cover him. With a convulsive effort I at last fired. A mighty roar, that would have done no shame to Mons. Meg, reverberated through the still atmosphere, and the unlucky bird disappeared in a cloud of feathers. Almost immediately Dan emerged from the cornfield and began a glorious gallopade in all directions but the right one, in search of the dead birds. All our swearing, shouting and entreating, would not induce the rascal to reënter the field—he only wagged his tail and continued his headlong scamperings towards every point of the compass. When he desisted it was from sheer exhaustion, and he came panting up with his tongue protruded and head hanging down. Finally, we made a virtue of necessity and plunged bodily into the tall wet corn. After stumbling through the infernal stalks for nearly half an hour, we discovered one bird. But the other was *non inventum*. Emerging from the abominable thicket, completely soaked in the moisture which descended on us at every step through the long maize leaves, we adjourned to a convenient chestnut tree for the recovery of breath and temper. We were now in an extensive

pasture full of bent and ragwort, interspersed with briars and low shrubbery.

The composing fumes of a cigar soothed our exacerbated feelings in no slight degree, and we soon recommenced our march. Dan struck off with hearty good will. In five minutes he was eighty yards off, and half lost to sight amid the dense weeds through which he galloped. Suddenly, *morte de ma vie!* what a sight met our eyes! Could it be real? Alas, the brute had indeed flushed a bevy of quail, thirty or forty strong, as we could dimly perceive in the distance. He was dashing, roaring and open-mouthed in pursuit. With a most unchristian ejaculation I desperately leveled my Queen Ann, and sent forth a missive, which, however well intended, fell harmlessly on the air. In utter disgust I mechanically reloaded and we bent our steps towards the forest, hopeless of any success on the open ground. My stock of forbearance was now thoroughly exhausted, and as soon as Dan reappeared, I incontinently seized a twig and treated him to a sound scourging. He snapped and yelled in vain till my strength gave out. The succeeding fit of sulks in which he sought revenge for his punishment, lasted till I shot a gray squirrel out of the branches of a lofty oak. Then he suddenly took heart of grace and sprang after the animal. Expecting him to fetch it presently, I proceeded to load my gun. At last he did come forth with the squirrel in his mouth, but obviously without the slightest idea of "fetching" the same, for it was already half devoured, and he coolly laid down to finish his meal. This was too much; I caught a stick and rushed after him—he turned tail and fled, holding that useful member in tight embrace between his hind legs... Up went two guns, and the receipt of as many ounces of shot materially assisted the scoundrels' rate of locomotion. He reached home first, and I have forgotten exactly how much it required to satisfy his master for damages. Bill went to Albany the next day.

E. P. C.

### Truth, as an Element of Eloquence.

MEN naturally love truth. They sometimes have a craving for the excitement of wild and speculative errors, but it is a morbid appetite, and brings leanness upon the soul. Even poetry always gives the greatest pleasure when it is most faithful to nature, and the greatest poets are content to wander like children through its pleasant walks, or when there is some lofty flight to be made, to limit their soarings to its shining atmosphere. We said to limit: but it is no limitation, for truth is infinite. There are heights to which the most daring imagination has never soared, and depths in which the profoundest understanding is bewildered and lost. When a poet chooses for his sub-

ject that which has a likeness to nothing "in the heavens above, nor in the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth," he proves his want of title to the name. The real poet never complains of the poverty of nature, but always bears evidence to its inexhaustible richness.

There is a limit where truth runs into mystery, as time into eternity, and it is along the borders of this sublime, untraveled expanse that Miltons may wander, and without the imputation of extravagance draw descriptions gorgeous and beautiful enough to satisfy the most wildly imaginative. The loftiest poetry, then, as well as the lowliest, need not transgress the bounds of the natural and probable. Indeed, each step beyond is a sacrifice of beauty and a defeat of its own legitimate ends.

Truth then in a certain sense is an element of poetry, but in a far higher and broader sense it is an element of eloquence.

Poetry may employ a profusion of fanciful imagery and range anywhere within the bounds of the possible, but real eloquence must reject every thing like useless ornament and deal with certainties alone.

To leave awhile the common thoroughfares of thought and roam through the smiling fields of poetry, is a pleasure excursion for the intellect, but even then we will not bear to be tantalized with unnatural scenery and shapes that cannot have existence. Men will not have their feelings wantonly trifled with when they know it is in sport; what indignation then would they feel towards one, who, when their passions were wrought up to the height of intensity on some deeply absorbing subject, and when every moment seemed pregnant with the interests of years, dared to amuse them with idle chimeras or sportive sallies of fancy! That hour must be an honest hour. Imagination may work, but it must paint no false pictures; passion must swell the bosom, but it must utter no extravagance; the eye must flash, but not with the sinister glance of falsehood. And yet there need be no check imposed on the most impulsive spirit.

If it be an occasion of real interest, and if the orator have that deep stirring of soul which is the only basis of eloquence, in the excitement of the moment his subject will open before him with unsuspected richness. There will be no desire to exaggerate; the simple truth will have become sufficiently attractive. Ideas which, in his cooler moments he had never dreamed of, will glide rapidly through his mind, and his reason will dart to deductions that he might have *sought* after in vain. Though naturally prolix he will condense his thoughts, and whatever at other times his character, he must, for once, despise falsehood and artifice.

There are moments when the vicious are constrained to be virtuous and liars to be truthful. It is when the feelings are intensely moved and refuse to be smothered. A sudden emergency has sometimes arrested the traitor in his purpose and made him a patriot; a coward in the midst of dangers has been transformed into a hero; and so the orator, though on ordinary occasions a sophist, will, when his soul is really on fire, pour forth the words of burning truth.



Deep emotion then is the great element of eloquence, but *truth* is the only source of deep emotion. Affected passion can never impose upon an audience. They perceive at once when the orator is really excited, and when he is trying to lash himself into a fury. He may use the same language, he may go through with the same gestures, he may modulate his voice to the same intonations, and yet in one case he will make the blood tingle in the veins, and the tears start to the eyes, while in the other his words will die upon the ear before they can make their way to the soul.

It may be the absence of some undefined quality that tells the tale, or there may be in us an instinct for this nice discrimination. Which-ever it is, the fact remains the same: unless there be real emotion in the speaker, there will be no wild struggle of feelings in the hearers. He may rant and fume and his audience will laugh. But let him speak in a tone of suppressed emotion, and they will hold their breath to listen to his words.

Men sometimes, when hissed for their dullness or failure, have become maddened by the ridicule and launched out in the most withering tones of eloquence. Then those who turned up the lip in scorn were quick to cower down in silent dismay. Sarcasm and irony are terrible weapons, when wielded by one in the delirium of excitement.

Loud tones and furious flourishes are no evidence of real passion. The most deep, and strong, and fearful is best indicated by lips pale and compressed, by eyes starting with tears in the effort to keep down the struggling emotions, and by a voice of assumed calmness. Such signs of feeling will awaken the most intense sympathy. They may be combined with rough words and uncouth gestures, but they will command attention when polished periods cannot.

All have noticed, that upon occasions of real moment, a few words stammered out by one whose feelings seemed to choke his utterance would make the hair stand on end, and the teeth compress when a fluent and elegant speaker was heard with impatience.

There are moments when silence is the most impressive eloquence, and there are also moments when a few broken and incoherent sentences are more thrilling than the sublimest bursts of oratory.

Sincerity, itself, will move us much, though we feel convinced that the speaker is in the wrong. It yields in power to absolute truth alone. And who, as some one has pleaded a cause with heart-ringing words, has not felt half disposed to violate conscience in its behalf, or, at least, turned away with moistened eye, grieving that such ardor had not been expended in a better cause? He who tells us in a husky voice, but in a modest and sorrowful tone, the wrongs he has suffered, will force us to give our attention and then will melt down our souls in sympathy. But extravagance or an unwarrantable degree of anger will produce immediate disgust, and at the least tendency to either of these, though all our feelings had been called out at first by the simple earnestness, the charm will be wholly broken.

And even upon subjects of the most absorbing interest, when the

passions, and prejudices, and welfare of the audience are all bearing intensely upon the side for which the orator is pleading, every exaggeration, instead of adding fuel to the flame, will only dampen it; and a speaker, by disregard to the soberness of truth, may even end in dissipating the excitement which swayed his hearers when he began.

But, on the other hand, men have dared, under the consciousness of right, to face an audience that was mad against them; and by calmness and candor have won attention, and even turned the tide of passion in their favor, and brought it to bear with overwhelming power upon the object which they wished to gain.

How mistaken then are they who think that eloquence consists in extravagance and noise! Truth, though a still small voice, will thrill more upon the ear than the thunder of falsehood. What an object then for cultivating this element of eloquence! And what an object for cultivating every element of eloquence, for nothing is so universal in its power and so noble in its triumphs!

Music may fall upon ears which heed it not, though the very air throb and vibrate in joyous unison with the gushing melody, and the forms that seem ready to start from the painter's canvas, and the marble that seems to glow with life, may not kindle the faintest spark of enthusiasm; but yet the tones of manly eloquence will send the blood bounding through every vein, and make the flesh creep, and the bosom heave, and the eye flash with delighted interest.

A. H. C.

### Truth in Beauty.

Though among other faults, it be specially objected of Valla against Spenser, and of others against Burton, that with much study they affect antiquity—as coveting thereby credence and honor of elder years, yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the like, that these ancient solemn words are a great ornament, both in the one and in the other;—the one laboring to set forth in his work an eternal image of antiquity, and the other carefully discoursing matters of gravity and importance.

*Gabriel Harvey.*

“FAITH! a marvelous allegory!—and yet, Festus, methinks it hath a secret meaning.”

“It savoreth strangely of black-letter romance, and the ‘Faërie Queene;’—read farther, Emanuel!”

“The manuscript is ancient and imperfect, and the night is fast waning away; but listen to the remnant of the chronicle of

THE LADYE UNA.

\* \* \* And, as the hours—golden in the merry land of sunlight, but long and fearful in this shadowy realm—came and passed away, the night rolled drearily over the Enchanted Valley. And the

stars, that peered forth one by one, and took each his solemn station in the heavens, were scarcely apparent for the unearthly mists that brooded in the air. All was Dreamland, and Nightmare, and Shadow! The sullen river moved sluggishly along, more like a stagnant lake than a joyous current. Nor was there life, nor motion, nor sound; only the tall, dank weeds of the fens swayed to and fro with a restless sighing—seeming, as they bowed their heads to one another, like fallen spirits, doomed to linger forever in the noisome marshes, and sigh, and weep, and wail for their doleful misery.

Yet, with never-varying progress, through vapor and horror of darkness, the three Knights of Christendom kept on their way. Ceaselessly, side by side, paced the chargers on which they rode; while the muffled tramp of their hoofs gave forth a dull monotone, without change or time. And ever onward they pushed, in the spectral gloom,—silent as the night, yet not dismayed. And neither fiend might deter, nor terror move them from their journey; for high purposes were their stay!

Nevertheless, while onward they pursued their course, mysterious depression weighed heavily on their souls, as the mist on the face of the Enchanted Valley; and they rode among Shadows and Phantoms—Dreams and Visions—strange, weird Things, that writhed about,—yet ever kept earnestly on their way, like the haunted wanderer of Jewrie.

For the Knights trio were in the Enchanted Valley of Doubt and Darkness. Searchers after Truth were they—chivalric and earnest; but more of these anon! \* \* \* And Doubt ever cometh before the certainty of Truth, and Darkness before the light of the Beautiful!

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun arose, and it was morning in this land of glamoury. And, in the stead of Mist, and Silence, and Horror, lo, glorious scenery, and beautiful as in the Happy Isles of the Blessed!—for in the Enchanted Valley, the fearful by night was bright and joyous by day. And no longer was the river a sullen and lifeless tarn, but a silver stream, laughingly caressed by green banks;—and the banks were no longer the fosterers of sickly reeds, but curiously beautified with tulips and water-lilies;—and trees waved their stately branches to and fro in stately beauty—the laurel and the myrtle, and the fragrant almond,—and birds of sovereign plumage sang delicately in their branches!

And on every side were arbors, and vineyards, and lakes. Everywhere the jewels of morning spangled the lawns and groves. But there was no living soul to claim possession of this glorious domain!

But the Knights—still riding on—were amazed and gladdened at the wondrous transformation, and they smiled—gazing wistfully upon each other. Nor were their steeds weary from the toil of the midnight journey, or the strength of their purpose abated; nor yet were they rejoiced at the wondrous change from darkness to beauty, and

from silence to delicious melody,—but ever they pressed on, as before, save that with the mists of the night passed away the fear that brooded on their hearts.

And then might be seen the marvelous fashion of their accoutrements. For, in the light of morning, their appearance was beautifully fantastic, and never before, I wis, journeyed a knightly company in so royal guise, and with such stalwart hearts. And, as they came to the brow of a declivity, green and sloping, the sun—all golden—shone upon them, and glittered from the caparisons of the steeds and their riders. Then they—for the first time since the commencement of the Chronicle—paused, and reined in their palfreys, side by side, even as they traveled through the mist and fearful shadow of the midnight.

And it seemed, that the one in the midst was statelier, and more knightly than the other two. For he was mailed, from head to foot, in steel, burnished like silver; and he rode on a winged steed, whose wings were fettered and weighed down by heavy armor. (Now this winged steed was given him by the good Queene of Faërie, to aid him on his perilous errantry, but, for that he did not comprehend its service, it was useless to him, save in the way of all other chargers!) and on his arm he carried a mighty shield—wonderfully emblazoned—and he bore for his escutcheon the head of a saintly, blind old man, surmounted with laurel—between three lions rampant. And the visor of this knight was lifted up, and he looked neither to the right nor to the left, but straight forward and upward.

But the cavalier on the left seemed younger, and more pensive than his stately companion. He rode on a milk-white steed, and was mailed, *cap-a-pie*, in gleaming silver armor, and beneath his half-closed visor, he gazed silently on the ground; yet his eye was bright, and a lofty purpose was settled in his countenance!

And the knight to the right of all, seemed wilder, and more restless than the other two. His steed was black and mighty, and he was sheathed in golden armor, that glistened like fire in the sunlight. And he alone of all the three, was wayward and uneven in his progress;—for now would he turn aside, and linger behind, and again, would far outstrip the others. Yet, in sooth, a right noble cavalier was he—as were they all—three royal champions of Christendom! And the knight of the silver armor had for his escutcheon, a pale ground, with Prometheus moulding the man of clay;—but the golden knight bore on his shield, a Cheveron Gules, between three Mulletts Or—the whole surmounted by an Iris.

Thus were accoutred these Searchers after Truth. For they had learned from the Queene, that it was hidden in the Enchanted Valley. So onward again they spurred, earnest and ever hopeful, through the valley so fearful by night, and so delectable by day.

Scarcely seemed it real, that so glorious a castle should be standing, silent and majestic; in this beautiful land! and, for during the whole day they had seen nought but groves and rivers, and bowers

with no living soul therein, the Knights were bewildered at their sudden approach. But they knew that within lay the end of their journey, and there should they find the golden boon for which they toiled. So, boldly went they up and gazed upon the scene.

Before and around the castle ran a moat of limpid water, and on the face of it were swans sailing to and fro. And a draw-bridge hung above the moat, suspended by a brazen chain. And the castle walls were of like metal, polished and fiery, and four massive towers rose from the four corners of the walls. But all was silence without and within. Yet opposite of the bridge stood a pillar, also of brass, and on it was hung a silver bugle, and above the bugle this inscription :

Whoso'er the Truth would knowe,  
Let him ionously me blowe !

Then, when the Knight of the Wingèd Horse beheld this writing, boldly he stepped forward, and lustily he wound on the bugle ; and the strain rang clear and wild, over the terraces and walls. And slowly the draw-bridge descended, and the gates flew open, but no hand was seen that did these things. And straight forward rode they, over the moat, and beneath the portcullis, into the great court-yard ; and they were amazed, for it was paved with alternate squares of gold and silver,—and on the pavement and the brazen walls, divers wonderful figures and charms were engraven !

Then, at length, they alighted, and ascended the lofty steps, to the castle-hall. And, with admiration at its size and beauty, they paced along. And, lo ! before them, a man of lofty appearance, and eyes burning, yet calm and holy. And on his head was a crown, and in his hand an iron wand ;—and, by his side, a most radiant maiden, that seemed his leman ;—and her beauty was so wondrous that no chronicle might portray, or soul conceive it. And around her hair was a golden fillet.

But on the crown of the man was written, in characters that the Knightly Trio wot not of,—AAHΘHΞ ;—and on the silver fillet of the maiden who clung to him—KAAAONH. And then they perceived that they were within the castle of the magician, concerning whom the good Queene of Faërie spake, when she sent them on their errantry ; and they knew that his name was Truth, and that, with his leman Beauty, he stood before them. So the Knights drew near to the stately pair, and then

\* \* \* \* \*

So, when the magician and his leman had led the Knights through all these magic halls, and had shown them all these marvelous wonders, they conducted them, at last, to a lofty balcony, overhanging a little valley, and a grove. And suddenly there came before their eyes, into the valley, a lovely ladye, clothed—like Innocence—all in lily-white ;—and her hair fell, in golden ringlets, down her shoulders, and a gentle lamb—lovely as its mistress—gambled at her side. And the ladye was alone with the lamb, and there was nought to protect her

from harm, save only her gentleness and purity. Yet walked she on, calmly and peacefully, when, lo ! a fearful, wild lion sprang out of the grove before her, and made as though he would cruelly mangle her ; but she smiled, and spake kindly to the beast, and he drew near, and rubbed his terrible mane against her. And, like some gallant cavalier, he walked by her side, for a protection—awed by her beauty and holiness !

Then said the magician—" See you not this gentle ladye ? It is the Ladye Una, and she is Innocence, which is more powerful than Might, and Love, which is stronger than the Lion. Thus may Truth be revealed under the guise of Beauty, and thus will the end of your pilgrimage be achieved !"

But then the Silver Knight fell at the Magician's feet and prayed—" Oh ! that I—even as the Deity on my shield—might shape this truth, in the celestial form of the Ladye Una, out of the living marble !"—And it was granted him.

And the Golden Knight, in like manner, prayed of the Magician—" Oh ! that for the sake of our good Faërie Queene, I might also image forth this beautiful truth in colors like the Iris on my escutcheon !"—And it was granted him.

But the Knight of the Winged Steed stood aloof from his companions, and, uplifting his voice, chanted loudly a mighty song, in praise of the sweet Ladye Una, and the Magician, Truth, with the fair le-man, Beauty !

And him the Magician took, and established as the herald of his castle. But his knightly companions went on their way— \* \* \*

Thus endeth the dusty manuscript, Festus, and it is well, for hark ! the cock is crowing, and though Art is long, yet Time is wondrous short !"

" But, Emanuel, see you no writing in explanation of the allegory, for such it seemeth to be ?"

" None, save only the Latin words,

*' Veritas in pulchritudine, pulchritudo in veritate. '*"

## "Six" Remarks "on the Nature and Uses of" Alarm-Clocks —

BY A. THUMP STRIKER, ESQ.,  
Author of "Genius Waking," &c.

In which the writer remarketh of the alarming nature, and the alarming uses of alarm-clocks. He also speaketh of their Rise and Progress, and treateth of the different persons who use them. He discusseth besides, of whether an Alarm-clock be a "Malum in se," and alludeth to the incompatibility of a sound-sleeping, and a sound while sleeping.

### REMARK I.

Wherein the writer remarketh of some of the qualities of an Alarm-clock.

Startling it broke, like a blacksmith's stroke,  
While the cord ran off, that was wound on;  
And the noise was strong, as a Hotel-gong  
That a "darkie" would love to pound on.

In a course of remarks on so *weighty* and *striking* a subject as the present, nothing can be of greater importance than method. "Order is Heaven's first law;" by a proper use of it, each point in a complicated subject may be treated of by itself, and we may thus get a more complete understanding of the whole. It is a great truth that things are often more important in their relations than in themselves. This is especially the case with alarm-clocks. Although they may be regarded as somewhat *momentous* in themselves, yet I aver, and that too from experience, that they are oft-times perfectly *astounding* in their relations; as, for instance, the not-particularly-soothing relation of my neighbor's alarm-clock to myself, every morning, of which I shall speak more fully by and by.

From different points of view, an alarm-clock presents, on careful observation, many suggestive features. We are at once struck, and our attention *awakened* by the *startling* "evidences of design" which it exhibits. If a person were to sleep quietly during the whole night, and were to be asked why he did so, he would most likely answer that, for aught he knew, it was perfectly proper for him to do so. If, however, he should be awakened before morning by a violent and *alarming* noise and should be asked the meaning of his waking, he would no longer make the same reply, viz., that it was perfectly proper for him to be awakened at such a time and in such a manner. You could not make him believe that the noise did not proceed from some cause. Neither could he, by the fact that he had never seen anything "capable of making" such a noise, be persuaded that his senses deceived him, that he heard no noise in reality, but only imagined that he heard one. He would still assert that there was a noise, and that it was made by something "then and there" existing; nor would it be of any avail to say that this cause had always existed, or to suppose "an infinite series of" noises; this would only render the whole matter more *confused*.

Can we then, unless extremely sleepy, conclude that no person ever made an alarm-clock, or that there are no such things, in existence, as alarm-clocks and bells and ringing sounds? Can we try to make ourselves think that we did not hear them? "Yet this is" "sleeping over."

An alarm-clock is a musical instrument; it is a harp of one string, yet it contrives to take a longer *run* on a small *scale*, than can be readily imagined by any one whose morning slumbers have never been embellished with its harmonious twang. To the student who retired late, intending to get his lessons before prayers, it is a harp of somewhat solemn sound. Through the dim shadows of morning, calling to mind duties not done, its reverberations fall upon his startled ear, as, through the dark vaults of Hades, the thunderbolts of Jove do light on a Stygian ghost.

An alarm clock is capable of considerable intellectual and moral attainment. Sometimes, when wound up, it acquires a character of the most unyielding stability. When this is the case, it lays aside that vociferousness with which it is too often gifted, and maintains a silence which is at once indicative of a great mind, *bound up* in the workings of its own internal intricacies.

Another quality, showing the high capabilities which an alarm-clock may possess, is, that while playing its own incomprehensible solo, it keeps *time* with perfect accuracy. Any person of musical habits will at once perceive that this must require very superior tact. I doubt if there be one music teacher in a score who can keep time to the tune of an alarm-clock. But seriously, and in another sense, I used to try it myself Freshman year. Sometimes, though rarely, I *came out* "all right;" generally it *beat* all how much *time* I allowed for *rest*, making one *interval* of perfect silence from the time my alarm went off till the prayer bell rang.

"Finally," an alarm clock is a very becoming article for the room of a student. Never wind it up but keep it always "set at four," so that your class mates may know at what time you (want them to think you) get up. You can keep it up on a little shelf, out of the way, and it will present a very respectable appearance.

#### REMARK II.

Wherein the writer remarketh of the Rise and Progress of Alarm-clocks, and introduceth Peter Bell.

"*Fit Sonitus.*"—*Virg.*

We shall find, on reviewing the history of nations, that "great minds have rarely appeared, unless called out by great emergencies." Neither has any great work of art been produced, while there was no need of it.

The steady inhabitants of the good old land of "Steady habits" had long been sinking into an unbecoming apathy. Contagious sleep from Dutchdom was gradually setting upon them. Their neighbors, the



mighty burghers of Manhattan, did but "grunt and smoke and sleep," passing their lives in perfect ease; and why might not they do the same? Thus they reasoned; and soon the somniferous God began to away his leaden sceptre among them, and the days of "early rising" began to be numbered among the things that were. At this great, solemn and soporiferous crisis, when our forefathers began to echo back the snores of Dutchdom, appeared just the individual who was most needed. Peter Bell, a descendant of Wordsworth's Peter, made an alarm-clock,

And Dutchdom heard another sound,  
When Peter's clock began to pound, &c.

The people were all delighted with Peter's clock, and so was Peter himself. He immediately commenced another, and issued the following professional bull:

"Y<sup>e</sup> underscriber maketh clocks, which are so contrived that they shall awaken him that sleepeth, before even that he be through sleeping.

"He also warranteth all y<sup>e</sup> clocks which he maketh that they shall faithfully awaken all y<sup>e</sup> people who purchase them, except y<sup>e</sup> Dutchmen of Nieu-Amsterdam who doe sleep excessive sound.

"He inviteth y<sup>e</sup> people to inspect y<sup>e</sup> clocks at y<sup>e</sup> technical apartment of y<sup>e</sup> fabricator, it being y<sup>e</sup> first habitation "over y<sup>e</sup> left."

"N. B.—Y<sup>e</sup> minister will hereafter be awakened, gratis, every Sabbath morning by y<sup>e</sup> underscriber. "PETER BELL."

Peter was a precocious youth and did not live long after this mighty throb of genius. He was greatly lamented, and on his tombstone was uncouthly sculptured a Death's head with the cross-bones drumming on a "peter-kettle," while below was inscribed,

"HERE LYES PETER BELL."

"Y<sup>e</sup> people soundly slept y<sup>e</sup> live-long night:  
Peter made clocks;—they woke before y<sup>e</sup> light."

#### REMARK III.

Wherein the writer briefly remarketh of whether an Alarm-clock be a "Malam in se."

Some love to jump, when alarm-clocks thump  
Their rub-a-dub jubilee,  
But a morning dream I much esteem,  
And a quiet snooze for me.

An alarm-clock is a very "interesting" machine; that is, it is "adapted to excite emotions or passions." I had never been aware that it possessed this quality in so high a degree, until my neighbor, a regular "dig," began to entertain me with potions of music administered gratis every morning at four.

On such occasions I am left in a delightful state. Awake just enough so that it is hard sleeping; and so much asleep that it is hard waking. Ere I can compose myself to sleep again, the alarm of my neighbor on

the other side awakes me completely, and now I have nothing to do but listen, with sundry execrations, to a succession of alarm-clocks, and growl in unison with the *grating* of divers pokers, which, by way of interlude, falls upon my exasperated ear. Under such circumstances, an alarm-clock, so far as I am concerned, seems a "Malum in se."

But really, the moral character of an alarm-clock is far from being unimpeachable. The internal "springs of action" are often found defective. It sometimes displays an obstinacy, a *holding back* from the performance of its duty, which is entirely at variance with morality, betraying all the confidence reposed in it, and leaving its unhappy possessor to recite on what he does not know. In fine, it frequently violates the great "moral principles" of Benevolence, Humanity, Truth, Purity and Order. An alarm-clock rarely *gives* pleasure to any one. With pitiless voice it rings in the ears of the sleeper; with no *feelings* of mercy, and no compunctions of conscience, it robs him of the sweet dreams which hover round him, and cruelly calls on him to leave his warm resting place and come forth into the cold air of winter. It practices *deceit*, not going off at the *set* time, or perchance going off before and waking the careworn student at some forlorn hour of the night to shiver and retire again in cool discomfort. It often becomes *impure*, and choked with dust until incapable of action. Every one who has an alarm-clock knows that it gets out of "Order." Violating all these principles of morality, "how can it but be" a "Malum in se?"

#### REMARK IV.

Wherein the writer remarketh of the use of the Alarm-clock to that Student who studieth hard.

Loud alarm-clocks all remind us  
We may waken ere the light,  
And arising, leave behind us  
Sleep-gowns in the bed of night.

Perhaps there are persons who like to study hard. If so, perhaps they like to get up early in the morning to do it, and like to be waked up so as to get up, and like to have something make a noise so that they may be waked up. Although I own myself totally unqualified to appreciate them, yet such likes are, no doubt, possible, and to those who have them an alarm-clock may be an agreeable companion. But, after all, of what use is it, even to such a student? It wakes him up. And how much good does he get from that? Why, he gets his leason. There was time enough to get that the night before. Yes, but he wants to look it over again, and then to get up early is so much time saved, promotes health and good habits. That is a complete fallacy. It is not a good habit, because it is injurious to the health, and hence also is a *loss* of time.

It may be very easy and sound very well, to say that a person, who rises half an hour before light, saves, in seventy years, about a year

and a-half, which another person rising with the light loses. Let us examine the matter. If a man knew just how long his life was going to be, as, for instance, seventy years, and that it could not under any circumstances be shortened, then he might talk in this way with some reason. All the time he could save from sleep might be gain, and if he could keep awake continually, he might save a large amount of time. Then too he might go without food, since there would be no danger of death, or he might eat half a dozen lobsters at once, or he might do a great many other things which he can't do now. All these might-be's are cut short by the fact that man's life is, to a certain degree, dependant on circumstances. If men are free moral agents they have the power of putting an end to their existence; hence they have a negative power of lengthening it; that is, of not putting an end to it, but allowing themselves to live as long as Divine Providence may see fit to allow them.

Now what is termed "early rising" does make a man's life shorter, if a thing injurious to his health has this effect. Error has crept in here with truth. It is called healthful to get up and breathe the morning air. So indeed it is, but not the morning air of one o'clock, nor that of five or six, while the sun rises at half-past six. The night air is called "bad." Very true, and for that very reason the air just before sunrise must be the worst possible, for it has then been night the longest possible.

If six hours were enough for man to sleep, why did not an all-wise Creator, seeking the comfort of man, have the night six hours in duration. The power of arranging all things in accordance with this cannot be denied him. The night was evidently made for sleep. In ancient days, men slept longer and lived longer than they do now. Not, that men should doze the whole time, if perchance they may live longer, but that it is proper for them to sleep in the night, and then only, and to use so much of that as they may desire. One thing is certain, that whether a man can lengthen his life or not by much sleeping, he can most assuredly shorten it by little sleeping. If we take a large share from the first part of the night, we ought, much more, to take none from the latter.

As to the ill effects of early morning air, the best medical authority can be given. Our major premise then, that early rising, or rising before the sun, is not healthful, must be correct. The minor, that certain persons do rise quite early, must also be true. A dozen brassy tongues proclaim it about the writer every morning, and if this be insufficient, there are a dozen pokers that rise up gratefully to confirm it.

The rightly drawn conclusion must then be true, viz.—There are certain persons who injure their health by "early rising;" that is, for aught we know, they are making their lives shorter; and hence the general conclusion; we may reasonably suppose that the person who rises half an hour before sunrise, and lives seventy years, would live more than seventy years if he slept till sunrise, or, still more generally, and proverbially,—Time gained, by living before sunrise, is lost by

of absence, while the one who is a "hard student" is obliged to take it; each is, in his own way, *durus sed non durans*.

Now to a "hard student" an alarm-clock is of no possible use, unless it be to "keep up appearances." Some are, however, fond of having them and of "setting" the alarm at an early hour, the result of which operation is, that they "go off" entirely for the benefit of the surrounding community. Such disinterested generosity the community would very willingly dispense with. Why then, should not the "hard student" let his "alarm" go unwound? If every one else who does not wish to, hears it while he does not, then it is a useless evil. If he hears it, and it were possible that no one else should, then it does no good, for he never gets up. If no one hears it, how sad that it should waste its morning music for nought! But the truth is, the "hard student" is the last to hear an alarm-clock, or even the prayer-bell. Could we hear his internal discussions, as he has a drowsy sensation of hearing the prayer-bell, they would probably be somewhat on this wise:

"Did ye not hear it?" "no, 'twas but a dream  
Or a Freshman year remembrance faint and fleet.  
On with my sleep! Flow on, thou Lethæan stream,  
Nor cease till "eight," when I and breakfast meet  
To chase off hunger with the hot buckwheat."

And now, farewell! farewell! my alarm-clock, guardian genius of my College course, for we soon must part. Thou art venerable, for the *marks of time* are already graven on thy brow. Thou hast, indeed, been my constant friend. When others have failed, thy pale *face* has watched over me with unswerving fidelity, and in all my *turnings* thy two *eyes*, like perforated stars, have still looked kindly on me. Thou hast *ticked* when all my other creditors were fearful; and thy ever-moving *hands* have set before me an example of unceasing industry, which may I never forget. Respectfully, farewell!

### Obituary.

Died in this city, March 18th, Mr. Erastus S. Marvin, of Homer, N. Y., aged 19 years.

At a meeting of the Sophomore class of Yale College, held in consequence of this mournful event, the following resolutions, presented by Mr. Alfred GROUT, Chairman of the Committee appointed for the purpose, were unanimously adopted:

*Whereas*,—It hath pleased a mysterious Providence to afflict us by the sudden death of our esteemed friend and classmate, Erastus S. Marvin, of Homer, N. Y.,—

*Resolved*, That while we murmur not at the works of Him "who doeth all things well," we cannot but deeply mourn the death of one who was so amiable as a friend and classmate, so generous and noble in all his dealings, and so prompt and energetic in the discharge of his duties; and also, sincerely lament, that one whose future was so brilliant with hope, should thus early be removed from the field of usefulness.

*Resolved*, That we most deeply sympathize with the mourning family and friends in their sorrow at this distressing affliction.

*Resolved*, That in testimony of our regard for his memory and virtues, we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

*Resolved*, That a copy of the resolutions be transmitted to the friends of the deceased, and to the press for publication.

E. L. CLARK *Secretary*.

H. C. ROBINSON, *Chairman*.

### Editor's Table.

Winter's devil has just come in great haste to tell us that the last form is that consequently the usual Editor's Table must be left out. It is too bad, it be helped; though we must confess we are not altogether sorry, for as romance is always expected to be "decidedly rich," and sparkling with wit and wit for which we were never particularly famous—it will spare the violence it be caused to our readers' feelings, and our own mind, by the unnatural

form is passing quickly, if not quietly, away. There have been some rather ebullitions of feeling in the Sophomore class, which is always supposed to be of high fermentation; but beside this, and the occasional crash of winter "causes unknown," the usual order and decorum have prevailed. Action of Editors to succeed ourselves reminds us that our senior year is near. The College course, with all its labors, and vexations, and excitements, wears too, (and the latter have certainly outnumbered the rest,) seems "like what is told."

"Well, we have passed some happy hours,  
And joy will mingle with our tears;  
When thinking on those ancient towers,  
The shelter of our youthful years."

has been among us again. One full of hope and promise has passed very away. The word that he was unwell and that he was dead went round together. Such an event at college, though it be soon forgotten, is especially; for it is the departure of the young and gifted. The vacant seat in the name unanswered to in the recitation room, and the absence of the tones from the society meeting, for a long time, silently yet eloquently reflect the "spirit that's gone."

we but a word to say to our contributors.

na," from what we learn of it we dared not venture on. "The Eccentric" a few good passages, but, as a usual thing, the author's wit has come too compulsion. Why does our unknown contributor F. wish so much to resign? He may rest assured that the pages of the Magazine will be always open if he continue to write as well as he has begun. "Thou art gone," cannot be published. The writer may obtain it through the Post Office. A wing gem of poetry was received just in time to be honored with an insertion:

#### "IN MEMORIAM" CATTORUM.

##### I.

In the stillly hush of night,  
While the sleeper fondly dreameth,  
While the silver crescent beameth,  
Looking from its azure height;

## II.

When the gentle flowers are weeping  
 Dewy tears, like ocean-pearls,  
 When no tiny ripple curls  
 On the lake, so calmly sleeping ;

## III.

When o'er glassy hill, at play  
 Fire-flies hold their flitting flight,  
 Like the falling stars of night  
 Passing on their airy way ;

## IV.

Then, the sleeper's window under,  
 For the sleeper's special pleasure,  
 "Tommies" in melodious measure  
 Warble forth their feline thunder.

## V.

Now it's gentle cadence falling,  
 Strikes upon the sleeper's ear ;  
 Grasps he now a cudgel near :  
 Cats disperse with angry squalling.

Communications are wanted for the succeeding number. It is particularly desired that they be sent through the Post Office.

Some of our Exchanges have been received, and others for a long while have not. We have the Amherst Indicator, for January, the Ciceronian Magazine, for February, and the Nassau Literary, for March.

VOL. XVI.

No. VI.

THE

# YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



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APRIL, 1861

NEW HAVEN:

YALE COLLEGE PRESS.

... within its  
... debating club; the  
... adorned with the fine  
... mechanic's Institute. For,  
... their characters, they all owe

## CONTENTS.

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|                                           |     |
|-------------------------------------------|-----|
| Miscellaneous Addresses,                  | 2   |
| The Modern Fairy,                         | 11  |
| Job and Zeno,                             | 21  |
| Monarchical versus Republican Stability,  | 31  |
| Woman,                                    | 42  |
| Thomas De Quincey,                        | 50  |
| Reverence for Law,                        | 59  |
| The Sun of Dry Hill,                      | 68  |
| Conscience,                               | 77  |
| The Reveries of a Bachelor, by H. Merrel, | 86  |
| Editor's Table,                           | 95  |
| Editors' Farewell,                        | 103 |



THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XVI.

APRIL, 1851.

No. VI.

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Miscellaneous Addresses.

"ORATIONS," "*addresses*," "*lectures*," and many productions of a similar kind, and bearing similar names, first delivered in public and afterwards printed in the form of pamphlets, are yearly becoming more abundant among us, and may be considered as already forming a peculiar branch of our country's literature. We suppose there are not a few of our readers who have had accumulate upon their hands many of the above kind of productions, which, as often as their number has become troublesome, they have swept from their tables, and sent, if not the way of the trunk-makers, the way of that even more destructive class, the fire-makers. We have for some time considered this miscellany of more importance than is usually attached to it; and in the few remarks we purpose to make upon its origin, character, and influence, we would wish to offer a few suggestions, which may turn the attention of the reader somewhat to a consideration of its value.

The great number of voluntary associations, that exist in our country, exhibits a phenomenon, which, should we attempt to account for it, would lead to the contemplation of some of the most interesting features of our free government, and the nature of man. And though we, generally, from the mere fact that these associations are so common, may not have considered them peculiar, yet there is, probably, nothing which sooner attracts the attention of an intelligent foreigner, who visits our shores, than these, if not from any peculiarity in themselves, at least, from their great number. We fear we should annihilate the dignity of our subject, did we attempt to name all the associations of this kind, which we may see around, established for various purposes; but scarcely a community in the whole land feels itself fully organized until it has established one or two of them within its borders. The village is proud of its Lyceum and debating club; the town has its Young-men's Society, and the city is adorned with the fine buildings of its Mercantile Association and Mechanic's Institute. For, although these associations may differ in their characters, they all owe

their origin to the same cause; they may differ in species, but they all belong to the same genus. They are all but the offspring of that mutual sympathy, which ever exists among individuals engaged in the same occupations, and which will always display itself in like results, when unchecked by adverse legislation. And they may, consequently, at all times be taken as an index of the liberty enjoyed by the persons composing them. But while these associations arise from this sympathy among persons pursuing similar vocations, they are not designed merely to increase the knowledge of their members in their particular crafts, but are raised to the higher sphere of affording advantages for the increase of their general information. Frequently their libraries are among the most valuable in the land, and the tables of their reading rooms are occupied by the best periodicals of the present times. And we would refer to the same origin even those innumerable societies professedly literary in their character; such, for example, as are usually connected with academies and colleges, and others of a more exalted aim, and, perhaps, wider influence. It is from associations of this character, that that particular branch of literature we are now considering, especially emanates. Yet, there is another principle which not only greatly assists, but may perhaps be considered of vital importance to its existence; and this is the universal desire and prevalence among us of public speaking. Which, though we are accustomed to consider it as a characteristic of our country, as if arising from some quality of mind peculiarly American, is yet, not so much American in its origin as democratic. For if we view the nations of the globe which have approached nearest to our condition, we shall find a phenomenon exhibited among them very similar to this mania for public speaking among us. In every revolution that occurs in a monarchy or a despotism, this fever instantly arises, and continues to rage or is assuaged, according to the success or failure of that revolution. When, then, we have societies of individuals seeking their advancement in learning, and those societies existing among a people who have a decided taste for public speaking, we should naturally expect the rise of just such a class of literature as we here have. These two causes, we think, are those which have produced this peculiar result. And if we examine into the circumstances under which these addresses have been delivered, we shall find that by far the great majority has been before such associations; the exceptions being for the most part those which have been spoken at the anniversaries of some national events, and which, as exceptions to the class of addresses we speak of, we are willing to acknowledge partake largely of the usual ingredients of Fourth of July orations. But even of these it may be said, that "e'en their failings lean to virtue's side."

Without going into an investigation of it in reality, from this consideration of their origin, we might be able to foretell what would be the character of these addresses. We should not expect it to be that of forensic or parliamentary efforts, dealing in technicalities, and which can be enlivened by only occasional flashes of eloquence;

neither should we expect it to be that of learned treatises, diving to the lowest depths of philosophy, and groping about for new truths. But we should rather look for the discussion of such subjects as would be of interest to an intelligent assembly, that sought instruction of a substantial kind, yet not administered in its driest, but rather in its most pleasant and interesting form. Extensive subjects would scarcely be treated of in all their relations, but main truths, rather, would be set forth in an impressive and perspicuous style. We should expect the orator, instead of rousing the passions, to address the understanding, and make his mighty power the vehicle of sound information.

If we now look at the reality we find such to be their character. The wide realms of literature have been traversed, and its best products transferred to these pages, while the results of much observation and sound thinking have herein been set forth with such force and perspicuity that any intelligent mind is able to comprehend them. The deepest truths of science have been dragged from the hiding places in which they have lurked for centuries, and displayed in forms so simple, that the understanding of the multitude can grasp them. The abstract principles of government become living, active truths. The lives of eminent men are often pictured with such glowing language, as must elicit the reverence of all, who can appreciate genius or admire virtue. Important epochs in history are discussed and their relations to the past and present set forth with a precision and clearness, that is often lost in a many-volumed history. And yet, by many, the charge of superficiality is stoutly maintained against all of these productions; and, we suppose, it is because this charge has been generally believed, without a demand for proof, that much of that carelessness, with which this miscellany has been treated, has arisen. Many seem to consider an oration or an address good enough to listen to during a spare hour, but its publication of importance only as a compliment to its author. There are exceptions to all general rules, and we should be far from asserting that there are no superficial productions among these, but that such is their general character we deny. If some of the lectures on science had been meant for delivery before the Scientific Association, or some of the addresses on historical events been intended for reading before some historical society, and the other orations been got up for the information of individuals the most learned in the subjects of which they treated, the assertion would, perhaps, be better founded. But that they are superficial for most of those who hear them or read them; even for minds well educated and informed on general subjects, we think no one can believe, who once gives his attention to their contents. Superficiality is to be charged upon him only, who gives you no subject for thought; who tells you no new truth; who stimulates your mind to no new exertion. And that many good thoughts and much information cannot be gained from these productions by many who pass them by as superficial, we most sincerely doubt. There even exists a supposition in the nature of things, which should make us hesitate to acknowledge this charge, without thorough examination. If an individual, who is prominent

enough in a community to receive such an invitation, is called upon to deliver an address before an association, whatever its character, we should not expect that his effort would be so far below the standard of respectability, as to be branded as superficial. And when we consider that some of these addresses have come from the best minds in our country, who have not supposed any sphere of usefulness too humble for them to labor in, we should hesitate still more to believe them very superficial. If, indeed, simplicity in the style of any literary effort is an index to any one of superficiality in the matter, to him this miscellany will probably be, in every sense of the words, the most simple foolishness he ever complacently smiled over. For it is meant to be understood by all, and we admire it especially for that simplicity and perspicuity, by which it is characterized. The good common sense with which many of the most intricate and difficult subjects in science, literature, art, and religion are discussed, rather indicating learning and research in the authors, than making a pedantic display of them, is far from displeasing any one, whose good taste has not been utterly perverted. It is easy to set up the cry of superficiality against any of the mental productions of man; for what is the knowledge of the most learned, compared with that "illimitable ocean of truth," which lies yet unexplored before him? But our judgment should point out to us where superficiality does or does not exist, and we should ever be careful not to sacrifice this to the vain desire to appear learned.

There is another particular feature in the character of these addresses, which we think especially worthy of notice. We shall find that many introduce incidentally, or have a direct bearing upon subjects, which have been before the minds of the people for discussion, at the time of their delivery; which subjects are consequently as various as those innumerable topics, that constantly attract the attention of a nation. The skillful orator is constantly upon the look out for such topics, either for illustration or comment, as by this means he is able both to instruct and please; and in this way, a volume of this miscellany is imbued with the spirit of the age. And, perhaps, its character assumes an importance, when viewed in this light, greater than in any other. The philosophical historian, who wishes to trace the rise and progress of principles and ideas, will here have a daguerreotype of the public mind, such as he will be able to find nowhere else. Newspaper literature may be considered of importance as furnishing a similar picture, but it is evident that the thoughts there expressed are more influenced by prejudice and, necessarily, less elaborately set forth. And to every intelligent mind in this country, where the subjects of public attention are so continually changing, such a treasure must be especially valuable, and this miscellany, for this, if there were not other reasons, is certainly worthy of careful preservation.

The character of these productions being such, their influence, in diffusing knowledge among the people of our country, must be very great. It is commonly remarked that Americans are generally possessed of more general information than any other people; and, although this is to be referred mainly, indeed, to the fact that they are

generally educated, yet we cannot conceive of so much thought being cast before it, in the form of this miscellany, having the advantages of both a public delivery and printing in the cheapest form, without the intelligence of the community being advanced far beyond the limits it would otherwise reach. If from stump-speeches and newspapers we all become politicians ; from lectures and printed addresses the whole nation becomes more or less imbued with the spirit of philosophy. And to nothing would we sooner attribute that tendency of all the movements of the present age towards universality, than to the fact that so much that is useful is being cast forth by these means. This tendency shows itself plainly in the diffusion of a knowledge of scientific principles, in the increasing desire for refined literature and a prevailing taste in matters of art ; and alone would furnish matter enough for an essay much longer than it is intended to expand the present one, as with one more remark we hasten to a close.

The mind is ever active and continually making progress in one of two directions, either rising upwards or falling downwards. It lives and grows by knowledge and truth, but decays from ignorance and falsehood. A nation is as sure to be exalted when knowledge is diffused throughout it, as it is certain to be degraded from the want of it. And even if the assertion made by some, that a high degree of intelligence in a nation is a preventive of the rise of those mighty intellects, whose splendor, coming down through centuries, yet dazzles by its brightness, were true, who would not, that they rather should be wanting to his country, than obtained by the degradation of a whole people ! The greatness of a few can never remove our pain at viewing the wretched ignorance of the many, and nothing should ever rejoice us more, than to behold a nation fully imbued with a desire for knowledge, that was leading them on to higher, and still higher degrees of civilization. It is by planting such a desire in the minds of men that Christianity becomes the great engine of this progressive civilization. This desire grows by what it feeds upon, and whatever nourishes and increases it, or even indicates its existence, can never be unworthy of our notice and our care.

N.

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### The Modern Fairy.

You've heard the stories poets tell  
 Of quiet nooks where fairies dwell,  
 Of foot-prints on the greensward seen,  
 Of elfin rout and fairy queen ;  
 And all the tales of wond'rous power  
 That pleased and brightened many an hour  
 With youthful visions, truer far

Than manhood's dreams of glory are;  
 Until we wished that fairies still  
 Might come and work our childish will,  
 And teach us some mysterious charm  
 All potent to preserve from harm.  
 Those days are past, those visions fled,  
 Nor skies are brighter overhead;  
 But childhood's dreams oft haunt us yet,  
 And bring a sigh of vain regret  
 That things are not what once they seemed,  
 Or that we had not always dreamed.  
 But not with childhood's trustful day  
 Have fairies wholly passed away,  
 And though amid the sylvan scene  
 They dance no more around the green,  
 When fled their merry troop away  
 One fairy lingered still, they say.

I wandered at eve in the balmiest dell  
 That fancy e'er hallowed with magical spell;  
 Old trees reared their branches in grandeur o'erhead,  
 And the blue was above like a canopy spread.  
 In wonder I knelt on the flowery sod  
 Where footsteps of mortal not often had trod;  
 While laden with fragrance of Araby rare  
 O'er my brow came the breath of the sweet-scented air,—  
 And borne on the breeze o'er a silvery sea,  
 A strain of rich music was wafted to me,  
 Sweet and low like the Nereid's song it began,  
 And this was the way that the melody ran.

"Murmur not, murmur not,  
 What is past, is past regaining;  
 Good is mingled with thy lot,  
 Wherefore then complaining?  
 Darkest night hath morning bright,  
 Joy succeeds to sorrow,  
 Dry thy tears and banish fears,  
 Hope lights up the morrow.

Why repine, why repine,  
 Though the way be dark before thee?  
 Goodness hath some wise design  
 In the shadows o'er thee.  
 Greatest ill hath mercy still  
 Future hope to borrow;  
 Dry thy tears, dismiss thy fears;  
 Hope lights up the morrow.

Murmur not, murmur not,  
 Time regardeth not thy sighing,  
 Ages have the lesson taught,  
 Naught retards his flying.  
 Not in sighs true wisdom lies,  
 Not in useless sorrow;  
 Cease thy fears for future years,  
 Hope lights up the morrow.

Hast thou seen, hast thou seen  
 Jewelled robes in sun-light glowing?  
 Flow'rets boast a fairer sheen  
 By the wayside growing.  
 Yet they bear no dream of care  
 Anxious thought to borrow,  
 God will guide, His love provide,  
 Trust Him for the morrow."

The strain died away on my listening ear,  
 But its echoes still lingered, sweet, gentle, and clear,  
 And I sought not to know whence the melody came,  
 For I heard in its music a magical name.  
 Bright spirit, weave round me thy talisman rare,  
 To ward off the troublesome visits of care,  
 And sacredly cherished, the charm thou hast lent  
 Shall bring me the blessing of sweetest CONTENT.

### Job and Zeno.

THE name Stoic has often been used as a term of reproach. Some seem to think the word means a clay-cold, misanthropical Cynic, who lives in a winter moonlight of intellect, and never feels the heat of the summer sun of passion. Sterne describes a man who never felt a thrill of unlawful feeling, knows not what temptation is, and has not a single drop of sympathy for erring man or woman—a man with the streams of affection frozen—and calls him Stoic with as much propriety as to call an iceberg, oak. In fact the Stoics hold the same position among the Socratic philosophers, as these among the heathen. They are illustrious for teaching the purest lesson ever learnt from nature alone, and for coming nearest the elevation of Christians. Lives in accordance with their doctrines displayed the beauty of holiness in striking contrast with the deformity of surrounding paganism. If we cast our eyes backward to the first page of human history, we find most of the morally great have been actual Stoics. The martyrs for

religion, the apostles, and the prophets, though they knew nothing of the logical or metaphysical peculiarities of this school, were inspired by its principles. Let us briefly compare the life of the first practical Stoic on record, with the tenets of the earliest Stoical theorist.

Whether the ancient and sublime poem of Job, which has come down to us among the sacred books, be a moral fiction, or a real biography, is of no consequence here. It stands among the works of old as imposing as a pyramid, with its date and maker quite unknown. It is valuable, because it presents a complete manual of morality, characterized by divine simplicity and purity, and venerable from its very remote antiquity. The historical part is an account of a sincerely upright man, probably an Arabian prince, who was the wealthiest man in the East. He lived in oriental magnificence, with a tribe of attendants, hundreds of oxen and asses, thousands of camels, and a myriad of sheep upon the hills of Idumea. So much anxiety had he for the virtue of all about him, that on the morrow after the respective birth-days of his sons, which were convivial occasions, he always assembled his children at sunrise, and as priest and patriarch, offered a burnt offering, to atone for the sins which might have mingled with the festivity. It is needless to recount the calamities which befell him in a single day; how from the height of prosperity he was brought down to the ground by the loss of his riches and children. All have read the story in the beautifully simple language of the book. Adversity, which usually makes the great greater and the weak weaker, showed the sublimity of his character. "Job arose and rent his mantle, and shaved his head, and fell down upon the ground and worshiped. And said: The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." There was still more misery in store for him. The horrors of the leprosy or the plague have often been thrillingly painted in poetry and prose. A disease as loathsome as the one and worse than the other, because more lingering, took possession of his body. Still his great heart bore it in silent agony. Last of all came his wife tempting him to sin, and his friends offering reproach instead of consolation. "In all this, did not Job sin with his lips." He did not rush wildly to the desert, and fight the elements in despair like frenzied Lear, but sat down in the ashes, and called God to witness his integrity. The Lord answered in a tempest, and finally blessed him with twice his former possessions, in the enjoyment of which, he spent an old age of health and happiness.

The character which Job exhibited in every fortune, is remarkably coincident with Zeno's doctrines. This great man was the son of a Cyprian merchant. Suffering shipwreck near Attica, he determined to devote himself to philosophy, of which he had before become enamored by the works of Socrates. He found Athens sinking into luxurious corruption; and at once resolved to take a bold stand against the degeneracy of the age. Convinced that real philosophy is eclectic, and that every prevalent system must have some truth at the bottom, he studied successively under all the principal masters. He was as much pleased with the morality of Crates the Cynic, as he was dis-



gusted with his gross habits, and dissatisfied with his narrow knowledge. From Stilpo the Megarean, Diodorus Chronus the celebrated logician, and Polemo of the Academy, he gleaned all that seemed valuable to his candid mind. Having gone through the whole field of Athenian philosophy, he bound his harvest into sheaves, and arranged his learning into an harmonious system. Nor was he merely a compiler, for he made many valuable additions to the truths he gathered. For fifty-eight years he taught in the magnificent painted porch, from which his disciples were called 'men of the porch,' or 'Stoics.' In the serene climate of Athens, under that grand edifice, supported by rich Corinthian columns and adorned with the paintings of the old Greek masters, this tall, pale, majestic teacher instructed all who would come, in the purest philosophy ever framed without revelation.

Of course Zeno is no more responsible for the errors of his successors, than St. Peter for the false doctrines of the popes. In the contest between the realists and nominalists, he took the same ground as the most eminent modern metaphysicians have taken, that of conceptualism. He invented grammar, and in physics taught a cosmogony remarkably consistent with our present knowledge of geology. He asserted the freedom of the will, opposed the materialism of the Epicureans, and always sought whatever was most sublime and divine. Under various symbols he declared the existence of an intelligent Creator and Ruler, not pleased with idolatry, perfectly good, wise, and happy. His ethics was the soul of the system. Harmony was the main principle. The sage should follow nature, not in the licentious sense of the English free-thinkers in the last century, but by keeping the lower parts of his being in due subordination. Without disparaging wealth, friends, and honors, he should cultivate his powers in harmony, and practice rectitude of conduct as a means to virtue, the highest good. He should act uprightly and leave the consequences to God. He should never repine at calamities, but regard the submission which springs from love, awe, and remorse, as the sun of piety. Dedicated to Virtue instead of Minerva, he should stand like the Parthenon, harmonious, grand, and stable, whether glittering in the sunlight of prosperity, or beaten by the storms of adversity.

Such was Job. He led a life of virtue, and in misfortune bore up under his afflictions, in calm confidence in a just, wise, and good providence. Both Job and Zeno were strangers to the doctrines of Christianity. Both reflected the light they had; the one by example, and the other by instruction. Job escaped the error of going to extremes, to which Zeno, in common with most theorists, was somewhat inclined. In accordance with prevalent views of right, Zeno closed a useful life by suicide; Job, truer to the genius of Stoicism, met a natural death.

The lives of such men inspire us with the dignity of man, and suggest his corresponding responsibility. The more lofty man's rank in the universe, the lower may be his fall; for the precipice is as deep as it is high.

L.

### Monarchical versus Republican Stability.

BORN, as the Republican form of government was, in the very core of dynastic Europe ; cradled, as it was, by the rockings of her early intestine commotions, and nourished through childhood by her political pabulum, it may, at first, seem alike unnatural and unaccountable that it was so long the subject of her obloquy. But when it is taken into consideration that on the success or failure of this grand political experiment depended the healthful continuance or ultimate overthrow of the monarchical form of government, it ceases to be a matter of wonder that kings were wont to watch, with an Argus-eye, every opportunity to lessen all appearance of confidence in it. Various, and widely differing objections were brought and arrayed against its possibility of succeeding in opposition to other long established systems of public policy.

But on no point perhaps has it ever been more strongly objected to a republican form of government, particularly by the crowned heads of dynasties, than on the ground that it lacks the principles of stability, that its elements want affinity, and that its permanency is wholly dependent on the unceasing fluctuations of faction and party spirit. And fortune, that is wont to flatter the erring and coquet with them, in order only to render greater the mortification of their disappointment, did for a long time seem inclined to sanction this conclusion, to help on despotism by flattering the prophecies of tyrants, as the Republics of Rome, Greece, and Carthage rose and fell, after, though not an ephemeral, yet an existence harassed alike by democratic distractions and aristocratical encroachments. Tyrants, doubtless, joyed in these perhaps somewhat unfavorable prospects, sneeringly inquiring when public spirit, or, what is but another shadow of the same object, pure, exalted patriotism in a republic, would come to take the place of allegiance in a monarchy ; yet, happily for them, " political experiments cannot be made in a laboratory, nor determined in a few hours," else their insulting invective might have been stayed in their throats. For is it not apparent that each of these experiments enriched the science of politics with new results ?

As it is a leading principle in the material world that not a particle of matter has ever been annihilated, so in the political, not a single item in the past experience of governments is now lost sight of in the formation of new ones. And in the instance before us, the principles of republicanism did not share the graves of their first advocates, but lived, lived for an immortal triumph ; and who shall say how much we are indebted to these primitive model republics for the existence of our own, so free and prosperous !

It is between the binding powers of such a republic and those of monarchies I would institute a comparison. For, as an able writer, in discoursing on the different existing forms of government, has

wisely remarked, "the name Republic is given to things, in their nature, as different as light and darkness, truth and falsehood, virtue and vice, happiness and misery. There are free republics, and republics as tyrannical as an oriental despotism. A free republic is the best of governments, and the greatest blessing to which mortals can aspire. \* \* \* An empire of laws is a characteristic of a free republic only, and should never be applied to republics in general." Now, was not political science, however much it may have benefitted by antiquity, and the wisdom of modern philosophers and statesmen of such a "doubtful and ill-ascertained character," or could politics, in reality, be said to exist as a science, controlling times and circumstances, we might pass over, without further notice, the history of the earlier—so styled—republics of Greece, Italy, Carthage, Germany, and Poland, as well as the cantons of Switzerland, to that of our own cherished republic, inasmuch as the question under consideration supposes a comparison instituted between monarchies, as they have been and are, and the best forms of republics, as they are and will be. But as such is far from being the case, and as the result of every system of government ever adopted has depended so much upon the circumstances under which it has been employed, and the times in which it has been called to act, it seems proper to first test the question by the history of the mixed genus of European republics, which, in the language of the naturalist, "needs overhauling," and then by the success of later ones.

Let us suppose, then, the question put, Can public spirit in a republic take the place of allegiance, or personal attachment to the reigning family in a monarchy? By this, is to be understood, is it possible for a nation of civilized men to feel that attachment for a mere abstract thing, as a particular form of government, that it would feel for a living, acting agent, as a monarch? or can public spirit have the same binding power, and thereby give the same stability—for instability seems to be the strong-hold of all arguments against republicanism—to a republic, that allegiance does to a monarchy? We answer, it can—and in every important view *has* taken the place of allegiance. And, what is more, in every thing that tends to the elevation of a nation, it will ever claim a rank as far in advance of the highest position ever attained by allegiance, as freedom is in advance of slavery. Nor is this assertion made in forgetfulness of the power of allegiance, or of what it has accomplished. For ever will it be remembered with what energy it acted under the control of Napoleon. Bound to this great, over-ambitious man, by the bonds of allegiance, the French people, with blinded zeal, followed him, regardless of danger to both life and property, and utterly careless as to what government might be established, provided Bonaparte, whether as first consul or emperor, should be at its head.

With this remarkable instance of personal attachment to the reigning family, as well as that in the case of the Stuarts, fully in view, it may be safely asserted that, in point of devotedness, energy, and stability, allegiance may find its equal in public spirit. The devoted-

ness, too, based on patriotism is not like that founded on allegiance, a blind infatuation, but the devotedness of deep-laid principle, the energy, not that emanating from excessive, ungoverned zeal, but from conscious rectitude, and a determined purpose, the stability, not the stability of insensibility to danger, but that arising from extreme discretion.

And to go back to the first position taken, if it can be clearly shown that public spirit in a republic, in every important respect, has taken the place of allegiance in a monarchy, the conclusion that it *can* will immediately follow, and our object is gained.

Monarchies have ever been characterized by ignorance, and with the greater mass, by ignorance of the most degrading kind. Indeed, it was a favorite maxim with most monarchs in ancient times, "that the people must be kept in ignorance." And it would appear that this vile maxim has been strongly adhered to, even in the more modern and enlightened monarchical governments of Europe.

Frederick, king of Prussia, that philosophic monarch, who was allowed by all to be a correct observer of mankind, three quarters of a century ago, made this estimate of the actual intelligence of monarchies. "Let us take any monarchy you please," said he, "let us suppose it contains ten millions of inhabitants; from these ten millions, let us discount, first, the laborers, the manufacturers, the artisans, the soldiers, and there will remain about fifty thousand persons, men and women; from these let us discount twenty-five thousand for the female sex; the rest will compose the nobility and gentry, respectable citizens; of these let us examine how many will be incapable of application, how many imbecile, how many pusillanimous, how many dissipated, and from this calculation it will result that out of what is called a civilized nation of nearly ten millions, you will hardly find a thousand well-informed persons; and even among them, what an inequality with regard to genius! If eight tenths of a nation toiling for their subsistence never read, if another tenth are incapable of application, from frivolity, or dissipation, or imbecility, it results that the small share of good sense of which our species is capable can only reside in a small fraction of a nation." Thus did monarchs keep the people in the darkness of ignorance,—wholly dependent on a few of the nobility for guidance in their actions. And how did this select nobility guide or control this illiterate herd? Briefly thus: by first binding them down as tightly as they dared, by rigorous laws, strictly enforced; in many cases depriving them of many of man's highest privileges and blessings; and then by cunning appeals to the passions, by bribery and every other species of artifice, they strove to win and keep in check those few powers remaining free. Thus the nobility depended wholly upon the ignorance of their subjects, who were bound to them only by the brittle links of excited passion. Strong indeed, while warmed by the concentrated rays of intrigue and ambition; but easily snapped when frost-bound by jealousy;—a house upon the sand indeed.

Dependence upon any other resources than what is one's own, and

under one's special control, as well in the hour of trial as in the day of rejoicing, history shows, has ever been a main cause of ruin, not only to individuals, but to nations. Yet here we see a dependence based on a foundation as deceptive as the hope of health based on the hectic flush and the brilliant, vigorous flashes of thought. And *this* is monarchical stability. This is the soul and centre of that boasted force which has so often bound together, even unto death, leader and follower, while fighting in the cause of his majesty, the king, but whose real attachment for the king might have been measured by these few words, "monarchs pay well, and applaud liberally."

But broader and firmer is the basis of republicanism. For however much so styled republics have differed from each other in other particulars, they have agreed in this,—that the people all had a voice in the government, that they were, for the most part, eligible to the highest offices, and that the chief magistrate or magistrates, whether termed kings, archons, alcaids, governors, presidents, mayors, or dukes were not beyond the control of laws. The interests then of the rulers of a republic are alike the interests of the ruled; in short there is a sort of national law and national interest; and wherever free republics have been established, there has always been found to arise a national pride, a unity of devotedness to the nation's welfare. Wherever this feeling towards the government prevails, no power of allegiance can ever subdue it. This national interest, or as it is usually termed, nationality, tends more to the long duration of any system than any other single thing. It is this principle that some of the better leading men in ancient republics strove to inculcate in the hearts of their fellow citizens. A Grecian was, at one time, taught from his earliest years to love his country and to honor its laws as he loved and honored his parents. Solon saw the importance of nationality as giving stability to a people, and in every thing strove to cultivate it. It was with a view to the establishment of this nationality, that he—inasmuch as he was a man poorly calculated, by his kind and gentle disposition, to combat the numberless changes and amendments proposed—as soon as laws were promulgated, when he had given to his people a new constitution, left Athens for ten years, in order that they might have an opportunity to ascertain its excellencies or its defects; having previously "exacted an oath that they would make no changes in the laws." He thought in this way to win their affections to some particular code of laws, and thus create within them a willingness to uphold them. As they then were, he looked upon them as a swarm of bees, having just quitted their old hive, buzzing about and stinging even the friendly hand that should extend to them a new one, beneath the shelter of which they might labor and hoard up the products of their toil, and strove by "drumming on" nationality "to cause them to light."

This disquietude is what has given the idea, that republics have not a sufficient binding element in their composition, but it will be found, on a careful examination of facts, that it depends on other causes

than this. There are at least two causes that would, in the natural order of things, tend to produce such a result.

First, an increase of knowledge would for a time tend rather to increase than diminish their suspicions with regard to the virtues of any political institution. A little light only makes the surrounding darkness visible. They see how they have been blinded and deceived before and become most mistrustful of the future. Again as it is by the application of heat that impurities are extricated from fluids, and by their boiling carried to the surface in the form of scum; so by the application of the heat of intelligence to a nation, a similar scum rises, as the result. It was this boiling that gave apparent mutability to republics.

The second cause which would go to produce such an apparent instability, is the difficulty that must attend the proper establishment of a new form of government, and the balancing of its parts in such a manner as not to give here too much license, there too much severity, to foster this branch of labor without injuring that, and at the same time to satisfy the high and encourage the low. It was owing to this want of balance, principally, that early republics always seemed in such a state of commotion. They had not yet found their equilibrium; but a little close attention was sufficient to convince any one, however scrupulous, that, as the raging of the sea when the storms are past, casts each succeeding wave with less and less force upon the beach, till at length it sinks into a calm; that as the needle, true to its pole, vacillates now this way and now that, till gradually it hovers, like the hawk above its prey, over the true meridian; that as the unassisted pendulum swings through a less space at each succeeding vibration, till its motion ceases; so the waves of republicanism were nearing their level, and were soon to find their equilibrium. Yet *this is republicanism instability*. And what says history of its result? How do its ends correspond with its means? Of the republic of Athens, so long the mistress of the whole civilized world in arts, eloquence, and philosophy, unfortunately, the history, from the abolition of kings down to the time of Solon, has not been circumstantially preserved. Yet judging from its advancement in literature and the arts, we find nothing to condemn—in its republican principles at least. Its ingratitude, its levity, its convulsions and its factions *are not republican*.

But as a particular account of each of the ancient republics would be out of place here, there may be, perhaps, no better way of arriving at the merits of their several constitutions, than by noticing their duration. To give the exact time at which the existence of each of these republics began and ended, would require much careful research amid historic lore, so much did the different forms of government at times intermingle. But as history is extremely deficient here, care shall be taken, that no data, but such as are reliable, be given. Rome, in some respects the imitator of Athens, history informs us, preserved peace and harmony in so remarkable a manner, "that in all their contests that happened for six hundred and twenty years, they never proceeded to bloodshed." Carthage, too, although her national character

was military, yet for the space of five hundred years, never had "its tranquillity interrupted by sedition, or its liberties attempted by the ambition of any of its citizens." A single example more, which though in itself insignificant, is yet worthy of mention as affording an instance of the monarchist's *republican instability*. It is to St. Marino, that little Italian republic, allusion is made. Perched like an eyrie, far up the mountain height, this petty republic has stood upwards of thirteen hundred years, and its whole simple history "consists in two purchases of a neighboring prince, and two wars in which they assisted the Pope against a lord of Rimini." Yet the historian says of them as a people, "they would probably sell their liberties as dear as they could to any that attacked them." This is public spirit and not allegiance. No personal attachment to sceptered kings inspires this noble valor; it is nature's voice speaking through patriotism.

Mention might be made of the republics of Biscay, Genoa, Venice, England, Poland, the Cantons of Switzerland, and many more, examples at once of democratical, aristocratical, and monarchical republics, but it seems unnecessary, for as another has wisely said in speaking of St. Marino, "nothing can be a greater instance of the natural love mankind has for liberty, and of their aversion to arbitrary government, than such a savage mountain covered with people, and the Campania of Rome, which lies in the same country, almost destitute of inhabitants." Should any be so incredulous as still to doubt whether public spirit can take the place of loyalty, I would mention the patriots of Thermopylæ. I would call their attention to one of the few *sacred* pages of history, where is written in ever-living characters the sad story of the brave, lamented Leonidas and his public-spirited Spartan army, and challenge them to show a stronger instance of pure, self-sacrificing devotedness to country than is here set before them. The glorious account given by historians of the brilliant deeds of this courageous and patriotic band, is too familiarly known to need any thing more than a mere allusion to it, at the present time. Their elevated spirit was breathed forth from their monument, "which bade the passing traveler tell their countrymen, that they fell in obedience to their laws." Wealth and honor have been sacrificed, not unfrequently perhaps, to monarchs, but where was ever *life, that divine essence*, before so freely and nobly offered up?

This then is the true balance of public spirit against degrading allegiance. Between freedom and servitude, knowledge and ignorance, is choice, then, to be made. But if so astonishing was the contrast between republics and monarchies, between public spirit and allegiance in olden times, when republics were in their infancy, what must be the wide difference between them now? How will the few remaining monarchies of the old world, that have only kept pace with the age, compare with our own prosperous republic, the model of all new governments and the admiration of the world? Yes, how does the *stability* of European monarchies, now tottering to their centres, compare with the free and purely democratical republic of the United States of America? I dwell not on the question, for as the

true end of government, "is the greatest happiness of the greatest number, saving at the same time the stipulated rights of all," may we not hope our Union may long stand, a standard of comparison for nations throughout the world? and as it goes on gaining in strength by the increase of national ties, and by the rapid growth of public spirit engendered by the freedom of its institutions, by the close connection and mutual dependence existing between the rulers and the ruled, and by the entire absence of all distinction on account of wealth or birth, that it will constantly exhibit, more and more strongly, the triumphs of patriotism over loyalty. "Governments like these," says Mr. Adams, "where a large share of power is preserved by the people, deserve to be admired and imitated. It is in such governments that human nature appears in its dignity, honest, brave, and generous." M.

## Woman.

\* \* \* THE volcanic mountain, Teneriffe, is situated on Tahiti, one of the Sandwich islands. From its nature the mountain is very desolate. The lava, which for centuries has poured from its crater, has prevented the least shrub from growing on its sides; while, for long periods of the year, its towering peak is covered with snow. Yet this desolate mountain has one of the most pleasing and peculiar phenomena connected with it, that can be found, perhaps, in all nature. Around its brow an airy, fairy-like cloud, a cloud like those which float along the sky in the summer time, wreaths its beautiful form. It must appear thrice beautiful, seeking a resting place far up on that rough, rugged volcano.

Now the fierce storm is sounding in the distance, and the elements are all preparing for dreadful conflict. Surely that fairy form must be driven far away on the careering blast, and its brightness supplanted by the darkness of the thunder cloud.

But, no! Through all the fearful contest, though the thunder rolls over it, and the quick lightning pierces through it, though the strong wind beat against it, and all is dark and lowering around it; yet that fair, bright, and beautiful cloud still clings around the brow of that dark, furrowed and lonely mountain.

Happy emblem! Thus it is with woman. Man is the mountain. Adversity has fallen upon him; its scorching fires have furrowed his brow and his soul. All the fine feelings which once bloomed at his heart have been blighted, and he stands like Teneriffe, dark and lonely—but not all alone.

As around the volcano's brow the bright cloud is wreathed, so does woman bind herself around the desolate heart. Let the storms of adversity come and misfortune darken all the skies, still woman, kind,



angelic woman, but presses closer to the breast and shields the brow of him she loves.

A beautiful woman is ever lovely, though she be but floating along like the summer cloud ; but as we look upon the cloud of Teneriffe, that in the wildest storm still clings around the mountain's brow, with adoration, so woman gains both our admiration and our love when "binding up the heart that's broken."

### Thomas De Quincey.\*

THE writings of Thomas De Quincey have but recently become definitely known to the American public. Many years since, an anonymous volume appeared among us, bearing the rather startling and unfavorable title of "Confessions of an English Opium Eater." It was read, admired, wondered at, and forgotten, or only remembered as containing the story of a man who was the greatest consumer of opium in the world. From that time to this, our parasitical magazines have occasionally graced their pages with articles from the pen of De Quincey.

At one time we saw a noble essay on some great Genius, bringing to light qualities never before noticed, and establishing his fame on its true basis ; at another, a keen analytical exhibition of deep philosophy in a seemingly trivial incident of a drama ; again, a scholarly disputation on a contested point in history or language, or an eloquent vindication of some unfortunate great one lying under the ban of doubtful history, and then again dreams which rival in beauty and fearfulness all that we read in Eastern Romance ; until we were almost ready to believe that England had a score of De Quinceys and all geniuses.

A few months since, however—thanks to "Ticknor, Reed, and Fields"—we were presented with a fine collection of the writings of De Quincey, so that now he stands before us as a known English author, to be looked upon in the same manner as Macaulay, or Southey, or any other of the class.

It will be impossible in this short notice, to enter into a minute examination of his works, therefore our principal object shall be to state our own feelings and impressions as we hastily perused them.

Of his life we shall say very little, as we could add nothing to what he himself has told us. However, we may remark that it is unfortunate we have not his complete biography, but instead of this we have merely the casual mention of a few circumstances of his life, unde-

\* The writings of Thomas De Quincey, in four volumes. Boston : Ticknor, Reed, and Fields, 1850.

fined and unconnected by dates or localities, and serving only to awaken and leave unsatisfied our desire to know more, while they present no certain explanation of his mental experience. The frequent indefinite references he makes to his life, indicate a history full of interest to the moralist as well as to the lover of incidents.

So much do the events of life affect the mind, that no man's literary works can be considered complete without his biography. It, if true, is a key to which constant reference may be made, in order to discover the sources of his whole mental development, to disclose the springs of his opinions, and partially to test their sincerity and correctness. This is especially true in writings of so subjective a character as our author's, in which the inner life, as produced by outward circumstances, is so distinctly written out that we may almost say that De Quincey's writings are not the products of De Quincey, but of De Quincey's life.

In addition to the advantage of such a biography as an accompaniment to his works, it would be full of interest as the history of a Philosopher and a true scholar. For this purpose, an autobiography would be better. The life of a scholar—his inner and outer life—is oftentimes as full of instruction as his printed pages; and nothing affords a better proof of the philosopher's sincere belief in his maxims, than an evident, harmonious interchange between his life and his philosophy. For these reasons we regret that we have not a full history of De Quincey's life, and hope that either he himself will make it the work of his declining years, or that some one of his literary contemporaries will undertake the task for him.

Of the great fact of his life, viz : opium-eating, he has given us a complete account. He has written a whole book describing its pleasures, and pains, and various effects. Setting aside its literary character, all we can say of it is, that *De Quincey ate opium until it turned upon him and consumed the very marrow of his life and genius*. We can learn but little of its physical effects generally, from his assertions, as the effects upon different people are so unlike, and must be quite peculiar on such a peculiar temperament as his, to say nothing of the opposition it bears to more extensive and more scientific observation than his own.

Of its moral tendency, there is more doubt. The brilliant halo of bliss with which he surrounds its beginning, is certainly no more than balanced by the horror with which he clothes its latter end, while the natural bias of the youthful mind especially, is, to seek the pleasure and hazard the danger. It would not be a surprising fact to find that many had been induced by "the Confessions," to enter upon the same fascinating though ruinous course. It is unfortunate that he has not made a stronger contrast between its different effects, and that he has not left an impression of horror rather than of fascination. The mistake is very natural. The bitterness and misery of the habit had become so inwoven with all his natural feelings that he did not make sufficient allowance for the ignorance of the uninitiated, while his

benevolence and natural impulses led him to dwell, unconsciously, on the only bright spots of his dark story.

In looking at De Quincey, either as a man, a thinker, or a writer, we must not separate him from his unfortunate habit. It is the great modifying fact of his existence—the hinge upon which his whole life turns. It is the medium through which we look at the man, and if he seem distorted and unnatural, it is only because we see truly and distinctly. To look at him otherwise, would be like contemplating Louis XIV, and setting aside the fact that he was king of France, or Shakespeare, and forgetting that he was a dramatist.

As I have said, De Quincey has told us but little of his childhood. He describes his sublime vision and wail of childish grief over his dead sister, his military campaigns under his pugnacious brother, his castigations at school for writing better latin verses at eleven than did those twice his age. Then we find him a truant in London going up and down its streets, like Otway and Chatterton before him, homeless, penniless and starving. He is rescued from this miserable condition and impending death, and sent to Oxford, where he completes his education, and begins to eat opium. Then commences that long dreary night of mourning and of desolation, whose shadows extend far into the morning, that late has dawned upon him.

In turning from his life to his writings, we must not forget that what is presented to us in bound volumes was written for periodical magazines. That which under paper covers appears with good grace, and passes scot-free among the critics, is often liable to a "different interpretation" when "bound in muslin," inasmuch as stout paste-board seems to indicate the intention of a *longer stay* than thin paper. Perhaps no Magazine writer has less need of this consideration than De Quincey, still he is entitled to its full value.

In taking a general survey of his works, several qualities present themselves as marked characteristics. The first that attracts our attention, (and perhaps it is his chief excellence,) is the true scholarship that everywhere shines forth. It is refreshing in these days of superficiality and glittering display, to meet with one who presents some indications that he has *studied and thought*, and that he writes *because* he has studied and thought. Such an one is De Quincey. Yet he is a scholar in more than the ordinary acceptance of the term. His attainments are wonderful—almost beyond belief. Scarcely a department of learning can be mentioned in which he does not stand in the first rank. And his acquirements have been made with an unflinching accuracy and certainty which render him truly formidable to all printing blunderers. But he has not contented himself with the mere acquisition of knowledge. He has taken a step beyond—a step without which no man can be justly styled a *true scholar*. Regarding learning as a means instead of an end, he draws from it principles, and theories, and rules. As the results of this, we find scattered through his writings, definitions and distinctions, and general conclusions, that evince great research united with true philosophy. As we have said, it is as a scholar that De Quincey commands our

highest admiration. In no other light can we look upon him with entire approbation; but in this he stands complete, and whether his theme be Theology, or Metaphysics, or Science, or Language, or History, still in the widest, highest and truest sense we find him a scholar.

De Quincey has been justly admired for his power of analysis. In this, our own Poe closely resembles him, although unlike him in most other respects. They both exhibit the same delicate perception of analogies, the same clear insight into character, and the same power of weighing probabilities. This gift united with his learning especially qualified him to examine doubtful passages in History and Literature, the right understanding of which depends more upon a nice appreciation of the circumstances and characters concerned, than on the quantity of facts. In the volumes before us, this is strikingly evident in his essay on "the knocking at the gate in Macbeth," and in some of his biographical essays.

In speaking of his style we hardly know how to express ourselves. The usual phrases that are dedicated to such a purpose are of little avail. The combination of qualities which forms it, is not only unlike any other, but strange in itself, and there still remains an unexpressed impression when all terms have been employed. Literature affords no parallel to it. Qualities which we have before considered as impossible to be found together in the same style, are discovered in friendly proximity. None of the theories hitherto maintained that the Poet will ever write in such a manner, and the Metaphysician in such another, that the Essayist expresses himself *thus*, and the Historian *so*, find harmonious responses when applied to him. The most subtle logic, the keen analysis, the tender, tearful poetry of the heart, visions of Miltonic sublimity, all flow with equal fluency from his pen. Still we think the great characteristic of his style is *power*. Understanding thoroughly his subject, conscious that he is right, feeling its merits with all the earnestness of his great nature, and gifted with an almost perfect command of language, he carries all before him, leaving not a standing thing within the sweep of his mighty pen. The moment he touches his theme, you are conscious of being under the influence of a master power, and are contented to follow in his mighty wake without attempting to struggle against its surges. In argument he not only casts his opponent to the earth, but buries him beneath his potent rhetoric, so that there shall be no hope of his resurrection. It cannot be said that his style is natural or flowing. It is artificial—extremely so, but it is architecture of a stupendous order. It possesses little symmetrical elegance, but rises in proportions so grand and magnificent that you are awed into wonder, rather than persuaded into admiration, and although you may observe graceful arches and symmetrical turrets, still you *feel* only the presence of the stupendous towers that overshadow you.

His sentences are usually long and complex, and occasionally seem to have a vague and indefinite meaning, but a closer examination generally relieves us of such an impression. Indeed one of his chief excellencies is, that in his most refined and spiritual flights, the ideas are

always definite and distinct—a fact not often met with in spiritualizers—and although, through the inadequacy of language, they may be obscurely expressed, yet when discovered they are found to possess a real existence and to be based on a logical foundation. Still with all his command of language and rhetoric, he sometimes seems to be vainly struggling to express his impassioned thought. It is so subtle and tenuous that it comes not within the limit of words, and these he uses only to draw our minds into sympathy with his own, so that we may perchance *feel* it if we cannot *read* it.

The dreams and visions of De Quincey stand as unique creations, (if that can be called a creation which is an unavoidable result of one's experience.) When considered as real events—and they are given to us as such—the harmony of their parts, their deep allegorical meaning, their intrinsic beauty and poetry, fill us with wonder. But when we look at them clothed in language, wonder passes into the highest admiration. Although not in the form of verse, they partake highly of the poetic spirit. Such vivid portraiture, such intense feeling, such unearthly sublimity is rarely met with in poetry proper. They rise above the restraint of rules and seek utterance in forms most expressive of their spiritual sense.

A quotation will best explain our meaning, although under the disadvantage of isolation. We select the following from the "Dream Fugue:"

"Lo! afar off, in a vast recess, rose three mighty windows to the clouds: and on a level with their summits, of height insuperable to man, rose an altar of the purest alabaster. On its eastern face was trembling a crimson glory. Whence came *that*? Was it from the reddening dawn that now streamed *through* the windows? Was it from the crimsoned robes of the martyrs that were painted *on* the windows? Was it from the bloody bas-reliefs of earth? Whencesover it were—there, within that crimson radiance, suddenly appeared a female head, and then a female figure. It was the child—now grown up to woman's height. Clinging to the horns of the altar there she stood—sinking, rising, trembling, fainting—raving, despairing; and behind the volume of incense that, night and day, streamed upwards from the altar, was seen the fiery font, and dimly was descried the outline of the dreadful being that should baptize her with the baptism of death. But by her side was kneeling her better angel that hid his face with wings; that wept and pleaded for *her*; that prayed when *she* could *not*; that fought with heaven by tears for *her* deliverance; which also, as he raised his immortal countenance from his wings, I saw, by the glory in his eye, that he had won at last."

It must not be supposed that De Quincey's subjects and style are always of so elevated a character. There are scattered through his works many touches of nature and sweet simplicity, although he seldom escapes his lofty style.

Some of the incidents of his childhood and youth are told with a truthfulness and pathos that touch the deepest chords of our nature. Who does not weep over the touching history of his sister's death, and

the tender, manly tale of the poor outcast and wanderer that once befriended him?

It would be an agreeable task, did our limits permit, to notice particularly, more of the qualities that render him so pleasing and instructive as an author. It is not merely a felicitous style, or correctness of logic, or accuracy as a historian, that secures the admiration of his readers. We admire also his enthusiastic love of truth and untiring zeal in its discovery and defense, his impartial honesty, his indignation against all deceit and false pretensions, his manly view of life, and above all his tender, unsophisticated heart, that amidst all his suffering and misfortunes ever beats warm and true to his fellow-man.

It is not to be supposed from the manner in which we have spoken of the writings of De Quincey, that we have discovered nothing censurable in them. He has a habit of digressing from the subject upon the slightest occasion, and although his wanderings are pleasant, they are so frequent and long continued that they cannot be defended by the widest stretch of charity; and also a most vexatious and needless way of dallying with his subject and delaying to come to the point. Neither his great learning nor his nice definition of the term can wholly save him from the charge of pedantry. His egotism *will* find vent occasionally, notwithstanding his endeavors to repress it. In his contests with others he sometimes exhibits an almost boyish petulance, and uses phrases that are not perfectly consonant with the dignity that should accompany his vast learning. Perhaps in no point does he fail more than in his wit. His powers of sarcasm are considerable, but his humor seldom raises a smile except by its ridiculousness. His *designs* often contain wit, but his style is wholly unadapted to its expression. A sally that an Amateur would make with a few pointed words, he clothes with the dignity of long swelling sentences.

But his faults are a theme upon which we scarcely feel at liberty to dwell. Whatever failings he may exhibit, either as a writer or as a man, may, with honest charity, be referred to the sad habit, that with its subtle influence, wasted the life and energy of his mind as it did of his body. When we look at his writings, filled with learning and logic and poetry as they are, and remember that a mountain-weight rested continually upon every power, we are filled with wonder and are unable to conceive to what heights his genius might have borne him, had it been untrammelled. In examining the writings of De Quincey by themselves, we must judge them by their intrinsic merits, but when viewed in connection with his genius, we are permitted to regard them as but faint evidences of the power that produced them.

We shall always turn to them with pleasure, but there will be coupled with it the regret ever experienced when we see Genius squandering its powers, instead of raising for itself a monument that might stand through all time.

### Reverence for Law.

LAW pervades the Universe. The tiny seed drops from its parent stem upon the mellow soil and gradually expands, until, bursting its tender shell, it shoots forth the slender blade of grass, to contribute its mite for the maintenance of the brute, which toils for man and furnishes him with food ;—the acorn, trodden into the ground by our heedless foot, is warmed by the nourishing earth, transformed into the delicate plant, and grows at last into the enduring oak, spreading forth its verdant boughs on every side, and with its refreshing shade protecting the weary laborer from the scorching rays of the noon-day sun ;—the tides of the ocean ebb and flow at their appointed hours ;—the seasons recur in their wonted succession, to refresh the body and gladden the heart of man, with the wholesome fruits of the earth and the salutary influence of the change ;—the planets pursue their accustomed paths through the unbounded regions of space ;—and all these are obedient to mysterious, yet unfailing laws.

But sublime as is the contemplation of the wisdom and power of God, exhibited in the laws that govern the material creation, it is our purpose to consider a different department of the subject presented for our attention.

Law, as given for man's observance, may be divided into two grand departments, the *Moral* and the *Municipal* Law.

The former and more binding of these prescribes rules for man, directing him in the performance of his duties to God and his fellow, and is embodied in the decalogue delivered to Moses amid the thunders of Sinai. The latter is designed to govern us, as individual members of society. These two divisions then, the moral and municipal, constitute the sum of rules prescribing our duties to individuals, to society and to God.

By "Reverence for Law," we understand, *That religious respect for Law, which prompts to a strict and cheerful obedience to its mandates.* We purpose to consider only Municipal Law ; and, regarding the American Republic as that system of government which most deserves our reverence, we shall endeavor to prove the duty of citizens, and especially American citizens, to yield a willing obedience to the laws of their country.

I. Law is the result of a social necessity.

Man is a social being. The entire history of the world proves that he was not created to exist in his original state, his own and only associate and absolute governor. As minds are various and none is in itself complete, endowed with all the faculties and affections, which distinguish the human race ; man is consequently incompetent to provide, or even to suggest for himself all the necessities of life, or to draw from himself that varied enjoyment necessary to render life happy. Conscious of this inability to provide for himself, he has ever

sought the companionship of his fellow ; and, as all men are subjects of this same weakness, this desire for society has, from the creation of man, been mutual and common.

But as the human race became multiplied and scattered widely over the face of the earth, the mind exhibited itself in different genera, influenced by climate, the nutriment which the soil of different regions affords, and various like causes, which serve to mould the mind in harmony with nature ; and men, governed as they are by mind, found different *nuclei*, around which to cluster as their own peculiar centers. Thus by a necessity incident to an incomplete, though wise, creation, man seeks society ; while, from a variety of character, which numerous conjoined causes have heightened into diversity, he limits his desire for society, including only those of kindred tastes and affections.

From such causes men have ever been wont to form themselves into associations for mutual government and protection ; and these are the societies which constitute nations. From the same causes likewise, nations have increased in number in proportion as the human family have multiplied and spread more widely over the earth.

In entering into this form of society, each individual tacitly, yet effectually, acknowledges his own inability for self-protection, happiness and support ; and, in return for the means of security and happiness afforded him, sacrifices, in a measure, personal will and interests to the advantage and preservation of the society. The original contract of society, though not expressed, yet implied in the very act of associating together, is therefore, that the whole shall govern and protect all its parts, and the parts shall pay obedience to the will of the whole.

Having considered the origin of the social compact, we now claim that government is an essential element of society. Unless some person or persons be selected to consult and provide for the common safety and advantage, each individual will remain his own absolute master, bound to his neighbor by those feelings of humanity only, which God has implanted in the breasts of all men—a state directly opposed to the existence of society, the necessity of which has been already demonstrated. Again, society cannot provide for itself by means of a system of *popular legislation*.

Man, with all his fondness for experiment, has ever shown himself unwilling to put to the test so impracticable a form of government as the pure democracy. Rome affords us an instance of resort to this system, but she found it impotent for her protection. Agitated by internal commotions and menaced by powerful enemies from without, she felt within herself her own weakness, and twice was she forced to call Cincinnatus from his humble station at the plough, to take the helm of state.

II. Government is the safeguard of society.

The temptations to crime are often powerful, and a fixed penalty frequently proves more potent than the warnings of conscience, in deterring the wicked from the commission of crime. Thus it is that government becomes effectual in restraining citizens from evil, and stimulating them to good actions ; in protecting individuals in the enjoyment of



personal rights and the undisturbed possession of property ; in strengthening the bonds of society, and above all, in securing to individuals an unmolested enjoyment of religion and communion with God.

It has now been shown—

1st. That individuals, knowing the terms upon which a membership is purchased, do in the very act of uniting with society, bind themselves to comply with its known regulations.

2dly. That, whatever sacrifice of personal prerogatives is made in uniting with society, receives a far greater than an equivalent compensation in the advantages arising from the membership.

And hence it follows, that disobedience to the laws cannot be otherwise regarded than as a manifest violation of faith ; whereas obedience to the will of the whole body is but the exercise of due gratitude toward our benefactors.

III. Imperfection in law does not weaken its obligations. As human wisdom is finite, human laws cannot be perfect. Were all men free from the stain of selfishness and actuated by none but the most benevolent motives, yet not even then could all the learning which man is capable of acquiring, exercised in accordance with his highest judgment and the strictest integrity, avail to invent a plan which should satisfy the wants and subserve the interests of all in an equal degree. Now is man accountable for the incompleteness of his creation. He is the work of a just and wise God ; who, when he had created the earth and placed man thereon, “ beheld every thing that He had made,” and it seemed unto him good. It is not then the province of man to question the designs of his Creator ; but rather does it become him, with humble gratitude and cheerfulness, to act the part assigned him in the grand drama of existence. It is our duty to comply with those regulations which the most profound earthly wisdom has prescribed for us, and to refrain from murmurings at the will of Him, who, in the accomplishment of His wise designs, withholds from us a portion of that infinite knowledge, to which we, His disloyal subjects, have forfeited our every claim.

IV. The private feelings of magistrates do not lessen their obligations to execute the laws.

Just as the same code of laws cannot be suited to all nations, so also, as the condition of society changes, the laws must be altered to meet the exigencies of the times. In a government where intelligence and love of justice characterize the citizens to so great a degree as in our own, and especially where the ballot box determines the welfare of the state, the magistrate is supposed, when entering upon his office, to be acquainted with its peculiar duties, and conscious that the laws assigning them are liable to alterations and additions.

True, unforeseen circumstances may arise, which will require of him the discharge of duties repugnant to his sensibilities, if not indeed to his conscience ; but knowing as he did, that such cases were liable to arise, he should not have received the office, unless willing to perform its attendant duties. It cannot be else than a most painful duty for a

sheriff to perform the office of executioner ; still the fact that he hoped when entering on the duties of his magistracy, that such an office might not be required of him, is far from being a sufficient reason why the midnight assassin should be suffered to go "unwhipt of justice," to repeat his work of death at will.

Again, the magistrate should consider that the laws are enacted by the wise and conscientious majority, and that to their will he is bound to yield, in the execution of those laws which protect him in his rights, and which, if not enforced, will fail of promoting peace and justice, those high ends which they are designed to secure.

V. The people are the authors of the laws.

The right of suffrage should be cautiously and religiously exercised by every lover of freedom. In a republican government, where every man has a voice in the election of legislators, the failure of one man to exercise his right as a voter, may determine the prosperity or adversity of a nation for years. Although men are so formed that they cannot all possess the same principles, or pursue the same course of action ; yet, if all are actuated by a conscientious regard for the welfare of society, the will of the majority will receive the sanction of the whole. Not daring the experiment of the pure democracy, the founders of our government preferred a system, which still gives to all men an equal voice in the framing of the laws. We elect our legislators and furnish them an ample remuneration, in order that they may employ their time and labors wholly in our service.

We assign them a place of meeting, that, by mutual consultation and instruction, they may exercise a proper regard for the common good, and a becoming spirit of compromise, in the discharge of their legislative duties.

Thus we become the authors of our government, and, like a corporation, bind ourselves to comply with the acts of our legislative agents. We also assert the fitness of our legislators for their office, by making our own selections from the community. If then we are prudent in these selections, we shall have wise and wholesome laws ; but if, on the contrary, we yield ourselves, as servile subjects, to selfishness and favoritism, on our own heads rest the consequences of our folly.

VI. The constitutionality of laws claims our obedience.

The noble spirits of our forefathers would not consent to yield with tame submission, to a system of tyranny and despotism. Their own natures thirsted for freedom, and experience had proved to them the bitterness of oppression.

Heaven had implanted within their breasts the germ of liberty, which, fostered by their watchful care, grew in their day into the infant plant, and has increased, until beneath its sheltering canopy millions now find a shade as cool and salutary as that of the tree Tabar in the Paradise of Islamism. Never were men better suited for the exigencies of the times in which they lived, than our fathers proved themselves. The Congress of the Revolution presented examples of wisdom that have never been surpassed, even by the dignity of a Roman Senate, or a British Parliament.

By such men was the Constitution, under which we now live, framed. Approved by the States, it was received with all the veneration due to the greatness and genius of its authors. Transmitted to us, it retains all its original worth ; and while we as a people revere its origin and prize its intrinsic worth, it proves itself adapted to our necessities and the stay of National honor and prosperity.

Some of the noblest minds our country has ever produced, have battled through long lives in its cause ; and their names will remain to the most distant age of the world, engraven in unfading characters on the tablets of the human heart, as worthy a place among the great and good of the earth. In a voice as solemn as the responsibility of man, it calls for our veneration in the name of its origin, its worth, and its defenders.

The Constitution forms the outline of our government ; and if the finishing strokes are consistent with the original design, the canvass will display a scene of symmetry and beauty ; but if they be assigned to rude and unskillful hands, it will exhibit a spectacle of hideousness and deformity.

VII. We have a remedy for unconstitutional laws.

We shall not attempt to draw a line between constitutional and unconstitutional laws. We design merely to consider, under our present head, the remedy for laws which are unconstitutional. In those controversies which concern our personal rights, we are accustomed to govern our action by the advice of those members of the legal profession, who are the more distinguished for their acquaintance with the intricacies of the law.

And thus, although every man has the means of recourse to the Statutes and such other authorities as pertain to ordinary business transactions, we acknowledge our inability to construe the laws relating to even the minor disputes in life. If then our judgment is insufficient to direct us in business transactions, much more impotent must it be to dictate our duties to society, to whose protection we are indebted for so great a portion of the happiness and safety we enjoy.

But for unwise legislation we have provided a remedy, by instituting judges to decide upon the constitutionality or unconstitutionality of the laws. In all cases of oppressive legislation, we have the right of appeal to the Judiciary : an order instituted by the people and characterized by the most profound wisdom and learning. If the laws are approved by this tribunal, with its decision we are bound to comply, in yielding a strict obedience to those laws, which have been first enacted by our agents, and subsequently confirmed by wise judges of our own appointment. As no unconstitutional law is liable to be enacted, which would deprive individuals of their lives or rights, the brief interim during which this appeal is pending, cannot be attended by evils as unfortunate as the too certain results of murmurings and threatenings in the community.

VIII. The convictions of conscience should not exercise a supremacy over the laws.

It is a delicate task to discuss the prerogatives of conscience. The

vicegerent of God in the human heart, it claims our reverence and obedience. Yet it is evident that man was not designed to be subject to this governor alone. Reason sways her sceptre over the mind, while Conscience, with the mildness of her warning voice, restrains and counsels her in the exercise of her high dominion. 'Reason taught the sage pervading gravitation;' by reason we trace effects to their hidden and mysterious causes; by reason we believe in the existence of a God, and draw from His attributes the consolations of religion. But that Reason, in her fondness for speculation, may not invent theories inconsistent with the truth, if not irreligious, Conscience is given to direct her enquiries in the path of usefulness.

Were men to obey the laws of their country on no other terms than that they should be made to comply with their own private notions of right, the diversity of minds is so great that one only could be gratified; and thus, while every man might adopt his own system of government in theory, no *national* laws could exist in practice.

Accordingly by granting this license to each individual, we resolve society into its original elements, and government exists only as a theory in men's minds. It is evident therefore that strictly conscientious objections to law, should be, in a measure, compromised.

But men are often deluded by a false conscience. All men are blind to some of their own failings, and not unfrequently the most selfish think themselves the minions of benevolence and conscientiousness. Such cannot be censured, unless it be for their extravagant ambition, which too often assumes in their eyes the semblance of rectitude. It is often a difficult matter to discern real conscientiousness from deluded ambition; and we doubt whether conscience was designed to exercise so exclusive a rule over us, in the discharge of our duties to the State, as in forming our opinions upon questions of religion and those matters which pertain more strictly to our personal interests. True there are questions, with regard to which reason and conscience plainly assert our duty, and laws may be enacted, which neither, however charitable, could approve. But to determine when our sense of right, biased as it often is by prejudice or interest, shall assert a supremacy over our reverence for laws—the fruits of the combined wisdom of the nation—we regard as an office requiring extreme nicety of discrimination.

IX. Law has additional claims from its origin.

The claims of law upon our reverence, rest not solely upon the social and civil advantages we derive from its fostering care—its protecting influence. Although evoked by a social necessity, and first recognized in the social compact, yet the principle of restraint—which is law—was in full and vigorous exercise prior to the association of men in communities. It sprang into life and action at the creation, by the fiat of Omnipotence. The development of this principle was that inner and constant guide—the law of nature—the unwritten decree for man to implicitly obey.

This law of nature was insufficient, and revelation was superadded. Then the system was perfect. The law of nature with the revealed will of God, formed a complete code.

Man, collating maxims of justice and equity from this, wisely employed them in his systems of laws and of governments. Hence arises their efficiency, and their adaptability to the wants of our race.

Human laws cannot be permanent, unless framed in conformity to the laws of God. For nature revolts at a contravention of her mandates ; education and the religious sentiments at laws not based upon revelation. But laws, at which nature, education and the religious feelings revolt, cannot be permanent ; in fact they cannot exist. Consequently human law must be in conformity with the law of nature and revelation. The fundamental principles of the former must be radiated in, and derived from, the latter.

But the law of nature and revelation are the laws of God ; consequently human law, mediately, comes from God ; and for this reason, should be most deeply revered.

Finally, a deep and earnest reverence for law is the best security of a country's liberties ; the real hope of the permanency of its government. Social tranquillity and personal happiness are its first fruits—its final results are incalculably beneficial. Advancement in all that elevates and ennobles man in the scale of being, purity of life and of conduct, and an unswerving, faithful performance of social obligations, spring ultimately from this influential and invaluable element of society.

Reverence for law is a protecting angel, which untiringly watches over every member of society, and, with its broad, outstretched wings shadows and protects the interests of all. In our country is it especially necessary to guard against popular outbreaks and sectional differences ; of these, reverence for law is the only effectual preventive. We firmly believe that the most serious dangers, which will ever menace our loved Republic, will rise from a lack of this element of reverence ; and we are equally confident that it will continue in the prime of its strength and power as long as reverence for law and its mandates shall be found among us—which is, and must ever be, the only true Palladium of social and civil liberty.

J. A. W.

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### The Story of Dry Hill.

All, all, who were here, like the hurrying waves  
That ride on the restless stream,  
Have hastened away ; have dropped in their graves,  
Have finished life's changeful dream.

In a recent vacation which I enjoyed among the lakes, the rivers, and the mountains of New Hampshire, I chanced upon a pleasant spot in the forest during a hunting excursion. I was charmed at once by the sylvan beauty of the scene. The morning sun gemmed a thousand sprays with diamonds of dew. The scampering squirrels shook crys-

tal showers from the branches that overhung my head, and the thickly falling drops seemed in the soft sunlight as a silver fringe to the green canopy above me. A mellow radiance stealing through leaves of light and dark green floated in the lofty arches of the forest with a stillness and grandeur not unlike, but far more glorious than the soft colored light that streams through the stained windows and among the massy pillars of an old cathedral. Birds of every note sang out their melody at intervals in chorus, and the distant flow of the river rolled a continual bass in the anthem of the "populous wild," that seemed so full of joy.

Yet withal there crept over me a mysterious loneliness. I found old apple trees choked among the forest pines. A gloomy owl stared at me from a hemlock, in a hollow under which were white bones, apparently the remains of some animal. I found also a dilapidated cellar. Stones lay scattered around in a shallow pit, over which a house had once stood. There were two little mounds beside a neighboring rivulet, so hidden by the tangled grass that one would scarcely notice them, but that one or two small, flat stones lay near. My busy imagination converted these into time-worn monuments of the dead that rested beneath, and many thoughts of household desolation suggested themselves. I slowly retired as I had come, disturbing an ugly snake as I stumbled over the scattered stones, and with many surmises respecting the former tenants of the woods, departed. I sought a venerable man whom I knew, and whose youth had been spent where his old age was now passing. I asked him of the history of those whose relics I had been among. In a voice enlivened with long-forgotten recollections, he told me their brief story, which I will relate, so far as my memory serves me:

That place which you visited we call Dry Hill. 'Tis a pleasant spot, I know, for I have often walked there to look at the little graves. A happy family once lived where you looked upon those ruins. I was then a boy, but I remember them well, and my heart is sad when I call to mind their happiness and subsequent misery. One spring morning, when the first bluebirds of the season were singing, they passed by me along the ill-conditioned road, on their way to a new home in the woods. This was a rough country then. Where the steam-whistle now pipes along our valley, the settlers then jolted over stumps and stones in a wretched ox-path. Where that pleasant village stretches over the hill, bridle-paths then wormed among the fallen trees, and blazings spotted the forest. Wolves used to ravage our sheep-folds, and deep snows often half buried our houses. Yet, thank God! worse evils never plagued us. The war-whoop had then ceased forever to startle the slumbers of our infants. Notwithstanding the prospect of all the privations of so uncouth a region, this family had obtained a location on the hill, and a snug log cabin was then ready to receive them.

They had formerly enjoyed the comforts of a Bay State mansion. But misfortune had nearly stripped them of a competence, and with feelings partly misanthropic, they had left a civilized abode, to seek better fortune in the solitude of the mountain region.

They brought little with them, but their household goods were two as little innocents as ever gladdened a mother's heart. These seemed fit guardian angels of a forest home, so lively, and pretty, and gay, as to excel the utmost rivalry of the birds and squirrels that romped around them.

When I first saw them they were in their mother's arms, their sweet pale faces resting upon her sombre dress, as the white crocuses peer above the black-thawed earth of spring. I thought it hard at first that such sweet blossoms were to bloom in the gloomy forest, yet I heartily welcomed them. I often visited the settler's family to catch a sight of these dear children whom I loved. Their playfulness was my unfailing diversion, and in their simplicity they were talismans of beauty, to charm my soul to a reverence for goodness and purity. In my frequent visits I could but observe the thrift and industry of the family. The wheel was ever whirling in the house, and the sturdy settler labored steadily to improve his farm. The huge pines, that had occupied the clearing, he had piled into picturesque and useful fences. A snug and well-stored barn had risen beside his cottage. A young orchard under his care competed successfully with the pine-tree shoots that continually strove to choke it. A field of corn yielded him a plentiful and sure subsistence, and a little garden of flowers and herbs made the wilderness to "bud and blossom as the rose." A blessing seemed to rest upon all their labors, and happiness again revisited them. Yet fate lowered over them again and turned the only sweet of their life to gall.

The little children were allowed the liberty of the clearing as they grew older, but enjoyed even that narrow license under their mother's watchfulness. They were about seven or eight years old when four harvests had been gathered in. One afternoon in the next early summer, they were out at their play, and something unusual must have happened in the house, for at supper time their mother missed them. They had apparently strayed into the woods a little way, enticed by what I know not. The parents advanced into the forest, and loudly called their children's names, but they heard no answer save the caw of the scared crow. The anxious father came hastily down to our house to implore our aid in rescuing his dear ones, and then passed on to seek his only other neighbor. No second appeal was needed to arouse me. All that night we sought the children with torches and with shouting, but our efforts were fruitless. Toward morning, a fearful thunder storm arose. The rain drenched us, and the lightnings shivered many tall pines, but we thought not of discomfort or danger in our solicitude for the lost children. The poor mother was frantic with grief, but the father strode tearless through the forest, persevering even in his despair. We found them not during all the sunlight of the next day, but at evening I chanced to direct my steps to a part of the wood where I had never been, although it was not far from the house. The hill there verges precipitously toward the east, and for about twenty feet there is a perpendicular descent. About this crag stand old, ghastly trunks of pines, lightning-blasted, and now of fearful memory

to me. I walked to the brink, and looked down. O, dreadful and unexpected sight! There were the poor children lying lifeless, like withered buds, upon the green turf below a scraggy tree that jutted out from the rock. I supposed that they had fled from the glare of our torches, and in their fright and the darkness had fallen over the cliff. I gently took them up, and bore them to their mother. I was prepared to witness tumultuous grief, but she surveyed them as calmly as she would look upon dead lambs of the flock. "Poor Nelly," said she, lifting the cold hand of one, "did it get wet, and did the thunder scare it? Well, it shall be with its mother in the house to night." And then the poor woman turned away humming a lullaby. Her reason had fled at the apparition of her dead babes.

On the second day after that evening which I can never forget, they dug two small graves close together, and in them they laid the cold forms of those dear children beside the rivulet in which they had dabbled on the last afternoon of life, and near the little thicket where I have watched them playing at hide-and-go-seek so often. They did not let the poor crazed mother see her dear ones put in their graves, but enticed her to the next neighboring house. The dead forms were gone when she returned, and she seemed to renew her first and fatal anxiety for their safety. The last day that she remained there, she was anxiously inquiring when Nelly and Sally would come back, and she often called their names in the edge of the woods. But the grief-stricken husband could not endure a spot where such gloomy scenes and associations oppressed his heart. In anguish he collected what means he could, and took his journey to distant parts. I have not heard of him or of his poor wife since the morning, when as they traveled by me, she bade me farewell, and asked me to try to find poor Nelly and her sister against the time she came back. They have long been gone—and their hearth is desolate. By some strange fatality the tempest and the lightning completed their work of desolation upon the very house and barn of the unfortunate family. The forest is fast encroaching upon the clearing, and but few of the apple trees remain unkilld. Those bones you saw are the decaying bones of the settler's cow which died of the murrain, while her owner was yet staying after his children's death. A more completely sad picture of ruined happiness I have not found.

I am now old, but still the memory of former days is fresh within me, and I take a melancholy delight in revisiting that haunted spot. I have once or twice walked again to the verge of the precipice where my first visit was so sorrowful. Every thing seemed as it did on that long-past summer evening, except that my soul was not tortured with a repetition of that grievous sight. Instead of those lifeless forms in the deep solitude, I looked down upon the happy dwellings of those who participate not in my sad recollections, and saw children playing about them, as once I saw those of sixty-five years ago. I returned, and gazed upon the two little mounds, and the ruined site of that once happy home. I wept, till I thought of a happier abode, where I trust the grief of that poor family, and all their pain, is merged in joy. I



e to think that those little bodies have so beautiful and serene  
ing place for the remainder of time.

es," I added, musing,

"Here sweetly secure from all pain they shall lie,  
Where the dews gently fall, and the streams ripple by;  
While the birds sing their hymns, amid air-harps that sound  
Through the boughs of the forest-trees whispering round;  
And flowers, bright as Eden's, at morning shall spread,  
And at eve drop their leaves o'er the slumberers' bed."

W.

### Conscience.

NIGHT, o'er her wide dominions  
Her gloomy scepter passed;  
High swept, on murky pinions,  
The storm-cloud hurrying fast;  
The deep-toned thunder loudly  
Went rumbling through the sky,  
As if a monarch proudly  
Rolled, in his chariot, by:—

'Twas gone; and fell upon mine ear,  
While died the tempest-shock,  
As if a "still small voice" were near,  
The ticking of the clock.

I heard the strong winds madly  
Go echoing along;  
Anon, but low and sadly,  
They sighed a mournful song;  
The tall tree, o'er me creaking,  
Its sturdy branches threw,—  
Among them, wildly shrieking,  
The gusts of midnight blew:—  
'Twas still; the winds lulled o'er the plain,  
The branches ceased to rock;  
And faintly now it fell again,  
The ticking of the clock.

There is a world of being  
Within each human breast,  
Unseen, but not unseeing,  
It governs all the rest;  
And it hath storms of spirit  
Whose tones ring fearfully,  
No other ear can hear it,  
No other eye can see;  
Its sky full oft is shrouded  
Beneath a murky scroll,  
And Reason's sun is clouded,  
And Passion's thunders roll:—  
And Conscience, as the clock is heard,  
In lullings of the blast,  
So uttereth her "still, small word"  
When Passion's storm is past.

### The Reveries of a Bachelor, by Ik Marvel.

IT is probably known to most of our readers that the author of this book is one of the foster-sons of our beloved Alma Mater, and one who but recently trod these ancient halls, and took an interest in our well-cherished Maga. It may not, therefore, be out of place in us to say a few words in regard to the performance of one to whom we feel bound by other ties than those which ever unite the reader to those who furnish his highest enjoyments. Let it be understood that we do not intend to criticize the work; we have no heart for that, even if we had the requisite time and ability. We would merely say what we think of it, and try to give some reasons why it has pleased us so much. To Mr. Mitchell we feel truly grateful for this addition to the literature of the affections. It seems to us that there cannot be too many such books written. They are true ministers to "whatever is highest and best within us." They keep up a telegraphic communication between individuals widely separated in time and space, and furnish proof that underneath all the stiff and frozen formalities of life there are occasional fountains from which well up warm and refreshing waters to mingle with the flood and temper its rigor. Thousands with souls overflowing with genial feelings are necessarily debarred by the whims of fashion or the usages of life from society they might adorn and elevate, and are too often driven to coarse gratifications and unhallowed pleasures. Such will find a peculiar pleasure in these reveries. They will always find Mr. Marvel in a pleasant talkative humor—always sensible and always interesting. There is a heartiness about his reveries which is quite refreshing, especially coming as they do, among such a mass of barren sickly sentimentalism on the one hand, and such huge folios of hard, dry, scientific or political disquisitions on the other. His "brother bachelors," we are sure, will feel grateful that he has anchored so many of their floating islands of bliss and put them down on his chart. Here they may come to spend a quiet hour secluded from the stunning roar of the city, or to break the monotony of life in the country. They will recognize many of the old landmarks, and be gratified to find everything retaining its former freshness; and go again to their toil if "not full of thanksgiving and full of hope," at least, with less indifference to the gentle sex! We believe that all who are charmed with a simplicity that is not puerile or affected—with true earnest feeling and taste seldom or never at fault, will be heartily glad to read this book.

To us the style of the book seemed, at first, rather jagged and broken, but as we read on this was entirely forgotten in the deep flood-tide of emotion which is occasionally thrown up, or in the pictures that stand so palpably before you. We now believe Ik Marvel would interest a reader even with "pure nonsense" longer than many others can with the most important matters.

The need of sympathy and companionship is universal and acknowledged. It haunts manhood in its weakness and its strength. The hermit burrows with his dog, and the prince must have his court-

iers. The child feels it and clings to its mother. In sickness and in old age sympathy cheers the lonely hours and throws a bright halo around even the couch of suffering and want. If the outer world is cold and repulsive, books may open a new and beautiful world within. Although much has been written to supply this craving of the soul for sympathy, how small a portion really accomplishes that design! How many of the "judicious books" published for the young with very good intentions and with a view to make them moral, religious and refined, are given over in contempt to "nice young men!" They may be very well written in their way, and probably those for whom they are intended ought to make a better use of them, but, in point of fact, they fall around us unheeded and unheard like forest leaves in autumn. If they are read at all, they do not awaken a single aspiration in the mind or meet a single want of the heart. You toss such a book at a well-grounded vice and it rebounds like an ivory ball from a marble slab, and it is considered a marked example of a disposition to reject what is true and holy. Now it is useless to say that such ought not to be its reception. The Creator has stamped, with depth and power, upon the soul, certain lineaments which can never be effaced. With all the stupidity and vice there is in the world, genuine feeling will always kindle emotion, and affectation of sentiment unfelt, disgust the earnest and sincere. Thought must be kindled at the fire of living thought. But assuredly "to kindle these must be warmth and life." The heart does not demand all these sweet perfections that charm the eye and gratify the taste. But it does demand living, and not dead books—such as make the lip to tremble and the soul to leap up with new-born delight. It is easy to feel such emotion when a gifted author pours it along his page, but it is more difficult to be the magician and summon up the passions at your will. Those who have written well—who have written what old and young pore over with unceasing delight, have sent forth what was unspeakably precious to themselves—what they have felt, not what they have heard. Mere wishing to excite men is powerless. There must be something more. The preacher who would acceptably present the most impressive truths must feel as well as think. There was true philosophy in the recommendation of an old clergyman to a younger brother, "to pray his sermons before he preached them." This warming of the soul is necessary to any successful effort to move the feelings. The actor who would not absolutely bore his audience, must go out of himself and be, for the time, what he would represent. A discriminating poet of ancient days has truthfully said,

"If you would have me weep, begin the strain,  
Then I shall feel your sorrows, feel your pain;  
But if your heroes act not what they say,  
We sleep, or laugh the lifeless scene away."

This is especially true of books. Our friend Marvel (Is he not our friend?) could never have given his Aunt Tabithy "such a sunshiny sheet of reverie, all twisted out of the smoke (of his cigar) as would make her kind old heart ache, unless he *knew* what it is to "press your

fingers on your eye balls as if you would press out something that hurts the brain," and to

"Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees  
Their medicinal gum."

We love him for it. Pathos must indeed fill the deep wells of the soul before it can overflow in tears.

But there may be true feeling and still an inability to communicate it to others by means of pen and paper. It is difficult for an unpracticed hand to hit upon the exact things to be said, and things to be omitted, to bring it home to another. A painter, with a few apparently careless strokes, will bring out and set before you a face which you recognize in a moment. He touches a few points and from these the imagination fills up the picture. Another could not reach it by any painstaking. "A word fitly spoken" may suggest more than a long and labored description by an unskillful writer. This we have often heard, but upon reading the *Reveries of a Bachelor* we think it has a strange, new meaning. Our ability to labor physically, or mentally, depends very much upon the feelings we carry to it.

Is the future bright, and hope ardent? Toil is then turned to pleasure and burdens are no longer felt. You bound along like a fawn in its native wilds. The frame seems lithe and active. The mind, quick, far-searching, strong. You exult in a sense of joyous freedom and confidence, and feel a rising sentiment of thanksgiving and love. But when the heart is heavy—when affliction's hand is upon you, a pall thicker than night hangs around every object, and seems to weigh it down. The blood no longer spins through the veins, but seems thick and moves at a snail's pace. Your limbs are heavy. You "take no interest in anything," and if you laugh, it is such a poor meagre laugh that you readily pass for a rising Mephistopheles. Your intellect is covered with clouds. You try to throw them off but cannot, and you begin to fear they will grow thicker and thicker till they quench it in endless night. O then can you study—can you labor? Why should you try? "The world is indeed no longer whole, but a poor half world that swings uneasy on its axis, and makes you dizzy with the clatter of its wreck." The sympathy of one who has suffered, is then precious. You think him worth a thousand regiments of the soulless bodies which move around him. How peculiarly valuable then are books that carry consolation with them—books written apparently, at least, not for fame, not for money, but to give some expression to feelings like our own, and written, too, by cheerful men who have "known sorrow and been acquainted with grief." We are drawn towards such authors, both because they are relatively so few, and because they supply a real and existing want—a want that gives us pain and makes us seek for a sympathy and fellowship which the hurrying, bustling world cannot give. How much do such men do to make mankind feel a brotherhood that binds them together? How much to make us better? How much to cheer the lonely and distressed? Let us feel thankful that so many are given to us, and implore a thousand blessings on their heads! Among them we must reckon Mr. Mitchell.

We have lingered *here* too long, but such we believe are the uses of true books of the heart, and such, some of the difficulties that stand in the way of their production.

The author says, "These are not sermons, nor essays, nor criticisms, they are only reveries." There is in reverie something insinuating and delicious—something that for a time so transforms whatever is hard and unpoetical in life—that so "steals away its sharpness ere you are aware," that we are not disposed to say or to feel that there is not "much that is good" in it. But at the same time it cannot be denied that there is much, very much, in its tendency that unfits one for active duty—that makes the home-bred joys insipid and unsatisfying. Something that depends in part upon the kind of reverie indulged. What is good speaks for itself. Let us turn to what is bad. There is no doubt that the world seems colder and harder to him who has lived long in a cloud of enchantment—who has almost rejected the actual and built up for himself a gorgeous fantastic ideal world, that always greets him kindly—where his life seems

"Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,  
When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun."

When he forgets that these, at best, are but dreams—the faint longings, as it were, for a better existence, and expects to realize his visions here, the disappointment and chagrin which must follow cannot but make him miserable.

Again, to deliver up the mind wholly to blind impulse, and to give loose rein to fancy, is by no means favorable to that energetic, persistent effort that can alone form a strong character, or give zest to any pursuit. It draws off the genial humors from the heart. The will that, tough and wiry, could hold on to its purpose through storms of fire, becomes, by degrees, a rope of straw that is wasted by the wind. Active exertion brings no pleasure.

"And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
With this regard, their currents turn away  
And lose the name of action."

Such, in general, is the tendency. The influence of reverie depends, in part, as we have hinted, upon the feelings which characterize it. Is pride humbled, and does it seek some more congenial field to riot in. Reverie opens a charming world just suited to its wants. Here are no strict measurements of soul to force the consciousness of inferiority, or of absolute imbecility down its throat—to awaken a just sense of imperfection and a desire of improvement. Here it may swell into pomposity, with no finger of scorn to point at it. But it is a dropsy in the mind that weakens and finally destroys its substance. Pride indulged in reverie is worse and more hopeless than pride that cannot borrow wings from the imagination and fly. When it moves on the ground, it meets with so many sharp collisions that it is more likely to be rounded into symmetry, or be worn down to shame.

So, in the same way, ambition and vanity become sources of disgust in the real world, where much of existence must necessarily be passed. Here even benevolence and religion may sometimes sink into caricature that provokes a smile, or to weakness that engenders contempt. Thus the philanthropist, who begins by throwing his affections over "the whole sentient universe," commonly ends in a reverie that soon passes into sleep. But when a soul filled with deep, tender, sympathetic feelings, steadied by these latter principles, rises into dreams, it *may* gain a clearer vision and a greater measure of strength—especially is this true when necessity forbids it to be poured out upon its appropriate objects. For a while, the little teasing details and cares of life are forgotten, and the rich blessings which Providence has showered around us, appear at their real value. Such reveries breathe the spirit of true poetry. They are healthful, cheering, invigorating. The novelist and poet weave them into substantial fabrics for the benefit of all. This Bryant and Longfellow have done, and we honor them. This Ik Marvel has also done, and we hail him as a genial friend. We have space for but few remarks on the peculiar characteristics of the book. But we would say that an air of sincerity and truthfulness certainly gives point to the author's remark, that "it is eminently one of those books which were never intended for publication." He has very wisely practiced almost a "total abstinence" from all the trickery of those novel writers who always seem to labor prodigiously to make it probable that they are telling the truth. In their books you feel as if it might possibly have been true; in him you feel that it was, and is true.

We recollect but one or two incidents that reminded us that we were reading only a story that some one had contrived. We allude to Paul *happening* to meet "his fair companion of the ocean" "down in old Devon." A novel would have had it so, of course, but a priori we should have said that Ik Marvel would have given us a sly hint that would have left it less a matter of mere chance. Again, Lawrence *happened* to meet, and finally to marry, the identical Enrica with whom Paul had passed so many pleasant hours! We find fault with them because they break the illusion and make us feel that, after all, it is only a made-up story. They probably would not have been noticed if they had not appeared in contrast with the air of perfect sincerity and truth that shines through every page. These may be trifles, but they seemed blemishes to us.

Here "with a little suddenness of manner" our labors must close. What most deserved mention must be omitted. We intended to give a few extracts, to show our author's skill in painting; (his description of the college chapel, as it appears on the Sabbath, is in point;) his true sympathy with children, the pathos and the vein of religious feeling that runs through the book, but time and space forbid. We feel like begging the reader's pardon for having written so much and said so little, but if any one individual is induced to read the book, and if he finds as much pleasure in its perusal as we have, the labor will not have been altogether in vain.

### Editor's Table.

We feel called upon to excuse the lateness of the appearance of the present number of the magazine; and we hope, dear reader, that you will bear us with favor. The change in the terms of the College year, rendered it impossible to get out an April number at the end of last term; editors are made of flesh and blood and, of course, made to enjoy vacations; consequently it has been a matter of necessity that we should bring a number out during the present term. "*Necessitas non habet legem.*" We bid you farewell, then, hoping we shall part as we have ever been, good friends. VALE!

#### OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

We have received few contributions for the present number, from some very extraordinary and unknown cause; and the few which have come to us, have pledged us to say nothing about them. Don't be afraid, gentlemen, "face the music!" We would not have hurt you very bad. Put a bold face on the matter, in a word, be impudent, and nine times out of ten, the world will take it for the self-confidence of genius. We are disappointed in not finding room for the piece by "C."

#### OUR EXCHANGES.

We have upon our table the Indicator for February; and we most thankfully acknowledge the compliment paid us in the Editor's Table, thrice valuable since coming from the Indicator. We have received the Jefferson Monument Magazine for February and March, and the Georgia University Magazine for March and April, being the first and second Numbers of the First Volume. We heartily welcome it, and wish to the Editor a long life and God speed!

### PREMIUMS RECENTLY AWARDED.

#### TOWNSEND PREMIUMS.

##### Class of 1851.

|                 |               |
|-----------------|---------------|
| E. W. EVANS,    | A. R. LITTLE, |
| T. S. POTWINE,  | J. SHELDON,   |
| W. W. WINTHROP. |               |

#### PRIZES FOR ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

##### Class of 1853.

|            | 1st Division.                   | 2d Division.                  | 3d Division.                    |
|------------|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1st Prize, | A. GROUT,                       | B. K. PHELPS,                 | E. C. STEDMAN,                  |
| 2d "       | J. A. WELCH,                    | H. C. ROBINSON,               | J. M. WHITON,                   |
| 3d "       | { A. F. HEARD,<br>J. S. FRENCH, | { T. BACON,<br>A. J. WILLARD, | { E. L. CLARK,<br>R. L. GIBSON. |

#### PRIZES FOR LATIN COMPOSITION.

##### Class of 1854.

|            | 1st Division.    | 2d Division.         | 3d Division.                        |
|------------|------------------|----------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1st Prize, | C. A. DUPEE,     | A. H. TRACY,         | J. C. WARNER,                       |
| 2d "       | W. D. ALEXANDER, | T. P. PROCTOR,       | C. CUTLER,                          |
| 3d "       | A. MITCHELL,     | A. S. VAN DE GRAAFF, | { J. K. LOMBARD,<br>O. C. SPARBROW. |

## EDITORS' FAREWELL.

---

Our task is done; and we deliver up the table, and the coffin, and the "keys of trust," and the "seals of secrecy," to other hands. It is not without some lingering regret that we take leave of them, associated, as they are, in our memories with many little passages of experience not unpleasant to recall. But we venture to console ourselves with the thought, that they have passed through our hands without receiving detriment: and we cannot but rejoice that the privilege is given us, of transferring our charge to a safe and honorable keeping.

The position in which we have been placed is, in some respects, an embarrassing one; we say it no less in behalf of those who are to come after us than for our own sakes. The productions which fill the pages of this magazine must generally be of a crude and extemporaneous character. They are not, in most cases, the fruits of protracted meditation, but the hasty effusions of a few little shreds and patches of time, purloined with much difficulty from the hours devoted to engrossing pursuits and necessary or tempting recreations. Under such circumstances, criticism should be charitable, and

"It is not meet

That every nice offence should bear its comment."

Our aim has been to obviate these difficulties, in some measure, by enlarging, as far as practicable, our list of contributors. We leave the magazine more truly a College publication than we found it; whether for the better or for the worse, it is not for us to judge.

But, however this may be, the satisfaction will still be ours, of having endeavored to discharge our duties with fidelity. We thank our readers for the liberal support which they have, from the beginning to the end, extended to us: and we would especially tender our hearty acknowledgments to our classmates, for the disinterested and manly generosity with which they have sought to lighten the burden which was imposed upon us by their own choice.

We subscribe ourselves,

With profound respect,

E. W. EVANS,  
B. F. MARTIN,  
A. H. CARRIER,  
J. W. NOBLE,  
S. McCALL.



VOL. XVI.

No. VII.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED  
BY  
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"This room (and indeed, perhaps, the whole of  
Yale College) is a library of the future."

MAY, 1851.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY A. D. MAITBY.

PRINTED BY T. J. SHAFER.

SIX CENTS.

## CONTENTS

|                                                   |     |
|---------------------------------------------------|-----|
| To Our Readers, . . . . .                         | 249 |
| Flowers, . . . . .                                | 251 |
| A Fairy Tale, . . . . .                           | 258 |
| Thought-Catching, . . . . .                       | 261 |
| Enthusiasm, . . . . .                             | 264 |
| My Time to Write, . . . . .                       | 269 |
| The Adventures of Wimble Wimbleton, Esq., . . . . | 270 |
| TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAY :                            |     |
| The Relations of Christianity to Art, . . . .     | 273 |
| Spoon Exhibitions, : : : : . . . . .              | 275 |
| MEMORABILIA YALENSIA :                            |     |
| Introductory, . . . . .                           | 281 |
| Junior Exhibition, . . . . .                      | 283 |
| The Presentation of the Wooden Spoon, . . . .     | 285 |
| The Death of Albert Hebard, . . . . .             | 286 |
| Senior Appointments, . . . . .                    | 290 |
| Officers of the Literary Societies, . . . . .     | 291 |
| Premiums Awarded, June 20, 1851, . . . . .        | 291 |
| Editor's Table, . . . . .                         | 292 |

## TO OUR READERS.

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**CUSTOM** requires a salutation to our readers, and our own feelings prompt us to follow the example of our predecessors, in thanking you for the generous confidence reposed in us, in telling you our plan of operations, and in asking your coöperation and assistance.

In assuming the honorable and responsible duties to which our classmates, by their suffrages, have called us, we find no infant periodical struggling through a weak and short-lived existence, but a Magazine laureled by years, supported with a generosity and enthusiasm which does honor to our College, and which promises a long and useful career in the future. Long has it been the Pioneer of College periodicals, and while others, later born, have breathed their last, this has nobly and successfully breasted the waves of contending fortune, and now stands a proud monument of the enterprise of our students. To maintain its past character, and to hand it down, unimpaired, to succeeding classes, shall be our aim.

In conducting the Magazine we propose but one change—a change which has been ardently wished for, and which in the experiment we are to make we hope will prove satisfactory. It is to render our Magazine more strictly Collegiate and Yalensian. It has been complained, and not without some reason, that it has no peculiar features—if we may except the charge of the puerile and prosaic nature of the articles—to distinguish it from other periodicals—that to divest it of its cover it would be impossible to trace its origin to a college, and still more so, to trace it to Yale. To remedy this we have inserted a new department, the MEMORABILIA YALENSIA. It will be our aim to collect under this head, articles which shall have a present or historical interest as connected with our Alma Mater—to make it a receptacle of such passing events as may be deemed worthy a permanent record—to make our Magazine more interesting now, and in the future a book of reference whence the customs, incidents, and sentiments of the Past may be learned. It will be our object to relieve the Magazine of the stiffness, dulness, and monotony which has been charged against it, by

the introduction of articles relating to the past and present of College life, and in which every Yalensian must feel an interest.

In other respects the YALE LITERARY will remain as heretofore. That the general nature of its articles can be improved and rendered more interesting to the reader, we confidently believe. There is material enough in College, variety and versatility enough, to make our pages entertaining as well as thoughtful. In manly intellect, in sound, clear judgment, in activity, energy and strength of mind, Yale knows no equal. In beauty, purity, elegance of style, and classic taste, she has her rival, perhaps her superior. For the full attainment and development of the latter the pages of our Magazine offer the best, and, we may say, the only means afforded in our College discipline.

We say the material is in our midst, and we would ask of those who possess the power to instruct and amuse to come to our assistance. Our columns are open to you. Do not complain that our pages are dry and worthless, but, as you are friendly to the cause in which we labor, come forward and arrest what you may consider a decline of literary taste. We offer to you our columns, and instead of showering upon us your disapprobation, we would thank you to furnish us a model which the writers of the Magazine may imitate. Let its pages be made the repository of your learning, the index of your taste, and the memorial of your talent. We need your generous and united support, and feel that we have a right to urge our claim. With your encouragement and coöperation we are confident of success, but whether the aid we crave be given or withheld we will do the best our abilities allow, asking that in your indulgence you pass the evil for the sake of the good, and give your humble servants—the Editors—a kind wish for the labor in your behalf.

c.

|                                                                                                     |   |                                          |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|------------------------------------------|
| ALBERT BIGELOW,<br>CHARLES M. BLISS,<br>WILLIAM W. CRAPO,<br>DANIEL C. GILMAN,<br>HOMER B. SPRAGUE, | } | <i>Editors of the<br/>Class of 1862.</i> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|------------------------------------------|

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XVI.

MAY, 1851.

No. VII.

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*Flowers.*

How full of significance was that old English celebration of May Day ! Nothing can be fancied as more in accordance with the nature of the occasion, more suited to the season, or better adapted to express the sentiments voluntarily suggested by the day, than those festive gatherings around the merry May-pole,—the coronation of the May Queen,—the wreaths and garlands of gay Spring flowers,—the happy, mirthful songs, and the peans of praise and thankfulness at the return of Summer. Nature has made it the gayest day of all the year. To the sprightly, blooming innocence of youth, to the warm aspirations of manhood, and the calm meditation and subdued retrospect of age, it imparts new life, and sheds a softening, melting glow, which reanimates the soul, and quickens the pulse of generous emotion. It is

“—time’s young darling, with the mirthful eye;  
With whose light locks, flower-crowned, the Greybeard toys,  
And half forgets his mission in her joys.”

What a season for mirthful enjoyment ! How appropriate that the day be celebrated with festal praise ! It comes to clothe the dreary fields of winter’s waste with the green herbage and blooming flower ; to change the sombre, melancholy hue of mighty forest trees, and give to them the lively, social air of a thousand waving leaves. It comes bringing the azure heaven and the golden sunshine to cheer the hearts of men, and giving warmth and joy to all created things. All nature seems to smile with gladness. The woods and lawns, the living streams and shady groves, the tall and rugged mountains and the secluded, blushing dells, all, in silent anthems, praise their God, while choirs of happy birds make them vocal with notes of joyful thankfulness.

And when the face of nature beams with smiles of gladness and

praise, well may man, forgetting the dread winter which has desolated his soul, which has chilled and benumbed the finer feelings of his nature, yield before the genial, softening rays of some irresistible power within him, and imitate the warbling birds, whose untaught melody is poured forth so joyfully upon the summer air. Yet, on such an occasion, how necessary to the full inspiration and enjoyment of the scene are flowers! At the sight of their gaily colored petals, the eye is gladdened, and the scent of their fragrant perfume brings a cheer to the heart. What would the May-day gatherings of Merry England be without the wreath and the garland? Without

"The rich display of flowers,—  
The airy wild of fragrance,  
So lovely to the eye,  
And to the sense so sweet."

Let the cold, bleak hills which rise above the ocean shore of rugged New England answer, where a solitary dandelion on the sunny roadside, or the lonely anemone, springing up from the mossy bank of the sluggish rivulet, or a stray sprig of the trailing arbutus, are the only prizes of the eager flower hunters in their chill May morning excursion. Slight trophies! Slight, when compared with the flowery month of June,—yet, meagre as they are, there is a pleasure in their possession which repays a hundred fold the difficulty of their attainment. There is a pleasure in finding these fragile but certain testimonials of returning summer, which only the heartfelt cry of joy, the youthful bound, the hand outstretched to ravish, and the look of satisfaction of him who holds the wild flower in his fingers and breathes its fragrance, can in fit terms attest.

And why is it that a simple flower, springing up in some secluded nook, has such power over the sensibilities of man, such an influence in directing his thoughts and controlling his feelings? Why is it that the modest daisy and the early violet, while they cannot administer to his gains, nor utter sounds gratifying to his ambition, yet, as he looks upon them, can chain his thoughts, and, for the moment, fill his soul with new emotions? Enough that it is so. It may be a kind of human instinct which brings in close affinity the pure and spotless in nature with those chords of man's heart yet untouched by communion with the world,—those native sentiments of his soul which can yet respond to the soft, still voice of nature's innocence. Mere art does not bring this pleasure,—its birth is not in refinement, though cultivation may, perhaps, add to its strength, and bring to it new charms. The Indian maiden, as she plucks the wild flowers from the margin of the brook and intertwines them, selecting those of rarest and gayest colors, in the long braids of her jet black hair, is moved with the same sentiments of beauty and loveliness as those which pervade the soul of the high-born dame of princely life. This untaught daughter of the wilderness has yielded, by the mere gazing upon and fondling of the flowers that adorn the banks of the forest stream, to a charm which has awakened

the imagination and elevated the mind. The maiden of rural life, with lightsome heart skipping through the fields, as she gathers the early blooming flowers and forms them into a bright and tasteful coronal which decks her head more richly than the jeweled crown of an empress, but acts the promptings of a noble instinct which seems inseparably connected with every woman's nature.

The mind of man is strongly imbued with a love for natural purity, grace, and beauty. There exists in the human breast an impulse which prompts us to yield our homage and adoration to what is good, beautiful, or lovely. To this the heart is drawn, and from this it derives the sweetest and purest enjoyment, since it is untainted with the coldness and cruelty of reality. Man gazes enraptured at the grace and loveliness which the artist has created, for it fills his own soul with its ideas of perfection and happiness; he listens to the lyre of a Milton and a Wordsworth with feelings of joy, for the harmony of the words form ideas as harmonious and perfect as themselves. It is the same impulse which compells him to look upon the opening bud with favor—which prompts him to wander forth into the fresh fields and pluck the early flowers of Spring. For they are forever uttering appeals to the heart full of eloquence and force, suggesting things sweet, lovely, and pure. Gazing upon them, you forget the cold utilitarianism of the practical world, for you see before you a gratuitous development of beauty. Objectless and spontaneous, they are indeed the very poetry of nature. "They toil not, neither do they spin." They furnish to man neither food nor raiment. Hence, entirely removed from the low, groveling ideas of utility, they are the most fitting emblems of things made perfect in "immortal loveliness," and eloquently typify the beneficent design of the creation. They come to us, when surrounded with the dust and heat, and, perhaps, the misery of man's earthly lot, gleams of a brighter sunshine. And more insensible than the flinty stone is that man's heart which does not soften and expand beneath the warm glow of such a radiance. An undevout astronomer has been termed an anomaly, but that a student of nature should become debased and sensual, is a far greater wonder.

It is interesting to trace the relations of flowers to the offices and circumstances of life, to notice their suggestiveness, and the different associations blended with them. They appeal to the heart at all times, as the most fitting emblems expressive of its varied emotions, and are used in all the various situations of life. They adorn the sunny locks of the May Queen upon the village green, and are woven into garlands for the brow of the victor. The ancients twined wreaths of flowers around the heads of the victims they led to the sacrifice, and the wine cup was crowned with roses. They are seen amid the tresses of the blushing bride, they adorn the feast and the banquet, and are reverently scattered over the new-made grave. They are the pledges of love, each speaking in its own peculiar voice. The Rose has been made sacred to the Goddess of Beauty, and ever offered at her shrine; by its means lovers declared their passion, and its petals convey back the

answer of encouragement or refusal. The lofty soul of ambition struggles with almost superhuman effort, and rests satisfied in the attainment of a myrtle crown, interlaced with fading flowers, while the innocence of boyhood glories, with a full heart, at the discovery of a bursting bud, an opening tulip, or the possession of the first full-blown lily from the neighboring pond.

But man has not suffered them to remain in their fading beauty, giving delight to the eye and the soul. In his creation of the useful he has copied from them and, taking the lifeless resemblance, has combined it with massive works of art and the humbler uses of life, to relieve the one and adorn the other. In architecture, the frieze with its decorations, and the Corinthian column adorned by the acanthus, speak their indebtedness to flowers. The gay fabric, woven or printed, acknowledges, in the same way, the source of its attractiveness. The painter studies their brilliant hues, and thus forms the most delicate colors of his art. And not only are the forms of flowers imitated in order to please the eye, but their sweet perfume is extracted from them, delighting the senses with their odorous fragrance.

"Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made."

There lives in man some innate desire for rural life,—a longing after its quiet, its peace and its enjoyment. There are none but sometime have wished to change the dust and noise of the treeless town for the pleasant garden, the cooling shade of trees, the verdant fields, the open, bracing air, and the delicious sunshine. Almost all great men have loved and at times enjoyed the pleasures of rural life, and there is hardly a tree or flower which is not intimately connected with the name and memory of some one 'good and great.'

Who has not read of Shakspeare's mulberry tree? of Pope's willow? and of Byron's elm? In our studies we find Cicero at his rural seat at Tusculum; Horace on his farm in the country of the Sabines, or at his much praised Tibur; and Virgil singing the pleasures of the rustic, and wishing himself a farmer. And coming to these later times, we find the French philosopher Rousseau, the very child of nature, spending his life at his loved and idolized estate amid the hills of Cambrury. The great ambition of Scott was to be a landholder, and his greatest pride his Abbotsford. Lamartine, in tones of matchless eloquence and tenderness, has exhibited his affection for his much loved Milly. The famous old Elm at Northampton is handed down with the memory of America's great theologian, who was wont to sit amid its branches.

We notice too a pleasing preference manifested for particular flowers. Horace has spoken his choice :—

" ——— neque te ministrum.  
Dedecet myrtus, neque me sub arcta  
Vite bibentem."

It was a fancy of Keat's, when on his death bed, that the daisies were growing over him. Shelly perceived his own delicate nature in the



sensitive plant. Southey sung of the holly, and Tennyson has told us of the "Lotus Eaters." Moore has recounted with the imaginative luxuriousness of Eastern style, the "Feast of Roses." Montgomery has sung of the snow-drop; Burns of his favorite daisy; and Percival of the lily. Wordsworth's great partiality was for the hollyhock, and his fondness displayed itself in planting this unpretending flower by the side of all his garden walks. Linnæus, lying ill and unable to move, at sight of some new flowers brought him from America, was so reanimated in spirit and delighted in mind that he forgot his bodily pain and recovered from his sickness. Bacon, we are told, would have fresh flowers upon his table, while forming his theories of divine and human philosophy. It was in his garden that Newton first conceived the idea of those mighty laws that hold in harmony the universe. And it was Cowley who said, "he wished he might have a small house and large garden; few friends and many books." And the boast of the Nantucket fisherman—so triumphantly vindicated—that he could recognize the soil of his own sandy island, see it where he might, is only equalled by the assertion of Napoleon, that he should know, even were he blindfolded, his father's garden in Corsica, by the smell of the earth.

A taste for flowers and a partiality for particular varieties, is not alone a characteristic of individuals; it belongs as well to nations. The Dutch have a fondness for tulips which at one time in their history, amounted almost to a national mania, and exhibited itself in the most extravagant outlays, and the extensive cultivation of their favorite bulb. The eye of the Englishman is pleased at sight of the blooming hawthorn hedge; the American sees an attraction as well as a practical, substantial meaning in a well-planted and productive orchard; and the Mexican shows his peculiar taste and appreciation of flowers, by those far-famed and gorgeous spectacles—floating gardens. And it is a pleasing circumstance, connected with the barbarous rites and sanguinary worship of that people, that a bouquet of flowers was the most valued gift, in the time of Cortes, presented the Ambassadors who visited the court of Montezuma. The Persians celebrate a festival, styled the "Feast of Roses:"—

"And all is ecstasy, for now  
The Valley holds its Feast of Roses."

The descriptions of this festival by travelers is like that of a fairy land.

Flowers follow us through life. They are hung around the baptismal font at the christening of the babe; the first great effort of the child is to snap the seed vessels of the lady-slipper, and with innocent bewildered gaze upon the scattered seeds. The urchin counts the morning glories which cover the garden fence, blows away the decaying blossom of the dandelion, keeping exact account of the puffs—holds the butter-cup to the chin of his playmate, with the prophetic interest of a magician; tells fortunes by tearing the petals from the daisy,

and spends the summer twilight in hunting for the four leaved clover. The youth sows his initials in the bed of early radishes, or at a later period, wanders along the margin of the wood to gather a bouquet of fair, wild flowers, or culls with greatest care the choicest specimens from the garden plot, to send to the one he loves. They adorn the marriage altar, and as if that gave an interest to them, in the maturity of life, when the dreams and aspirations of youth have been realized or remembered as youthful fancies, man seeks the pleasure they afford in the culture of the same garden gems. The aged, too, see in the blooming shrub an image of their own youth, and as in thought they wander back to early scenes through the memory of manhood, they look forward too, and are conscious that there is a near and certain time when flowers will be laid upon the marble bosom silent in death.

Flowers have a language. They all speak the great lessons of holy truth—the beneficence of God; the fading nature of earthly things, and the shortness of human life. They speak to us in the most befitting and most conclusive imagery of man's immortal nature, assuring him that he will live again. They are a part of

“That elder Scripture writ by God's own hand.”

Besides all this, each has a particular significance and a meaning peculiar to itself. It needs no arbitrary rules to interpret them; no systematized method collected in Floral Dictionaries to explain them, for they appeal to each individual heart, telling their own simple story. The rose is, more than any other, the flower of love and poetry, and has been styled “the very perfection of floral realities.” The violets,

“————— sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
Or Cytherea's breath,”

are full of beauty and innocence. The daisy must ever be the emblem of modesty; the

“pale primroses,  
That die unmarried ere they can behold  
Bright Phœbus in his strength,”

touch the heart with thoughts of childhood's dreams and early youth. The Dahlia breathes of haughtiness, and the mimosa is the very picture of sensitiveness.

An additional interest in flowers is derived from a knowledge of their legendary and mythological character. The many stories connected with their form, color, and history, are full of poetry, and suggestive of the purest thought. It is told that a flower of pale hue is changed into purple or crimson at beholding human crime or shame. The red rose, by some, was said to be indebted for its color to the blood which flowed from the wounded feet of Venus, when running through the woods in despair for the loss of Adonis, and the white rose sprung from the tears which the goddess shed. Some say it was colored with the blood of Cupid; others, that it was dyed with nectar, and is the flower of Bacchus. The poppy was given by Jupiter to Ceres that she might slumber and forget her sorrows, when distressed

by the loss of her daughter. A Grecian priestess was beloved by Venus, and at her death was changed into the myrtle with the injunction to remain green during all the year. At the contest of the golden apple thrown by the goddess Discordia, Venus, the successful competitor, was crowned by Cupid with a wreath of myrtle. Apollo became enamored of Daphne, but she rejecting his suit fled from him. Apollo pursued her, and she invoking assistance of her father, was transformed into a laurel. Apollo immediately adorned his brow with the leaves, and the laurel was made the crown of glory to the poet, orator, philosopher, and warrior.

The superstition of the middle ages gave a visionary and fanciful meaning to many flowers. The winter hellebore, the crocus, and the hyacinth, have been made sacred by association with the names of the saints of the Catholic faith, and in the passion flower are seen the tokens of our Saviour's agony.

Flowers have an historical interest. The father of Greek minstrelsy found delight when in imagination he wandered through the gardens of Alcinous, and the orchards of the Hesperides. Wonder is excited in reading the account of the hanging gardens of Babylon, which are said to have been made by the Median queen on the sterile plains of her adopted country, to remind her of the verdant hills and woods of the land of her childhood. There is a constant allusion to flowers in the Scriptures. The ancient poet of Isreal tells us, "I made me gardens." We are commanded to "consider the lilies of the field, how they grow," and assured that Solomon in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of them. The palm leaves strewed in the path of Christ, and the crown of thorns placed upon his head, have each a painful interest.

Nature, clad in her gay attire, presents an attraction to the eye, which soothes the passions, nerves the purpose, and cheers the inner man. He who breathes the perfumed fragrance of the morning flowers, sparkling perchance with dew, cannot but acknowledge in his heart an influence mysterious yet potent, which incites to purity of mind and intelligence of action. A taste for such things is one index of an enlightened mind and tender breast; the want of such a taste one characteristic of a debased intellect and wicked heart. To teach the humble peasant to rear a garden plot of flowers is to lead him to happiness; and to induce the high and rich to love them is to furnish innocent recreation and exalted gratification. It is told of Cato—that most severe of statesmen—that when he aimed to correct the excessive luxuriousness of the Roman people, he advised every citizen, however humble his circumstances or destitute his condition, to rear in his garden plot some flowers, in order that the influence of such a culture might contribute to the elegance and refinement of the Roman people. Who does not admire such legislation? and might it not be well for other nations even in this age of refinement and civilization, to exhibit their estimation of the power which the simple cultivation of an unpretending flower has in softening man's nature and implanting in

his breast a love of the innocent and the beautiful. And does not our daily observation approve as wisdom the idea of the old Roman statesman? And is there not something, as we pass the lowly abode of the humble cottager, and see the windows filled with these blooming types of purity and loveliness, or the little spot before the cottage door adorned with the fragrant sweet-briar, the more humble pink, or the modest pansy, which tells us of happiness, contentment, and peace within?

There is something in the cultivation of the soil, in observing the growth of the vegetable world, and in the consciousness of aiding in carrying out the great laws of nature, which fills the thinking mind with pleasure. There is an influence arising from one's cultivating a plot of ground which he may call his own, which implants in his breast a feeling of independence and worth, which makes the peaceful citizen and the loyal subject.

c.

### A Fairy Tale.

Upon a fair cloud of pearly hue,  
Within a violet moist with dew,  
A tiny fairy had made her soft bed,  
And on its fine leaves reposed her head;  
Her golden hair was wet with tears,  
But sleep had hushed her cares and fears,  
And the smile on her lip was warm and bright  
As the moon when it steals from clouds at night.

Her robe of the lily pure was made,  
Her hair was gold in the light and shade,  
And floated around a mantle of light,  
And gleamed o'er her robe like a rainbow bright.—  
She rode on the air, and the shadowy cloud,  
But when sleep came o'er her the dew was her shroud;  
Her car was of rainbow beams dipped in gold,  
The sunlight played o'er her to shield her from cold.  
Though queen of the fairies, she'd fled from her throne  
To weep o'er her sorrows in silence—alone.  
Though a fairy, like mortals, to love she had learned,  
And the blight on her spirits, was love unreturned.

\* \* \* \* \*

The fairies were dancing one beauteous night,  
When the moon on the dew drops was glancing bright;

The gems on their robes all glittering shone,  
As they tripped in light measure around the throne.  
Their mirth was soon hushed, for in wondrous delight  
They gazed on a being transcendently bright,  
Who, from his steed all fainting with heat,  
Leaped on the sward at their sovereign's feet.—  
His coat was made of the violet blue,  
His sad, soft eyes were the same fair hue,  
His voice was like music, as soft and sweet  
As when gentle winds through Æolians sweep.

They gathered around him, all eager to hear  
The story he told, with a sigh and a tear.  
He had broken the laws of his sovereign king,  
And his eye was faded and soiled was his wing;  
A ray from a star his eye could relight,  
A gleam from a rainbow his wing make bright.  
He had caught a bright fly for his heavenward steed,  
And alone in the night he had come in his need.  
Ere again the fair moon on the green sward shone,  
He must rest once more in his own distant home;  
But how could he gain the light of a star,  
Fainting and weary with riding so far?  
He had loosed his hold of his courser's rein,  
And swiftly he 'd sought his far home again;—  
How now could he catch the rainbow gleam?  
He bowed in despair to the fairy queen.

She made him a bed of the almond flower,  
Far away in a fragrant, quiet bower;  
And she threw o'er his pillow a potent charm  
To soften his slumbers and shield him from harm.  
Away from her throne above she flew,  
Nor rested till gleamed the rainbow hue,  
Then she caught from its arch one brilliant gleam,  
And smiled as she thought of the bright fay's dream—  
Of his wings, how clear and bright they would shine,  
All ready to plume for his distant clime;  
And she stayed, ere it fell, a star of night,  
To kindle his eye with its former light.

She stood once more in the fragrant bower,  
And shook from her head the pearly shower  
Of dew drops pure, she had caught as she flew  
Through the countless flowers of snowy hue;  
With her robe she brushed the hare-bell blue,  
And music resounded her wide realm through.  
She woke the fay from his slumbers so sweet,  
And again he knelt at the bright queen's feet.

A being so fair she never had seen ;  
 So noble in heart—so graceful in mien ;  
 And she bade him remain in her pleasant home,  
 And she 'd make him her lord—the king of her throne.

Oh ! sad was the eye of the fair earthly fay ;  
 A moment he paused, then in sad, tearful lay  
 He told his king's laws, and how he had sinned ;  
 Why his wing was soiled, and his eye was dimmed.  
 A mortal maiden, all beauty and light,  
 Was sick and in pain, and his king one night  
 Had bade him fly to her couch away,  
 And watch by her side by night and day ;  
 When the fever burned, to fan her brow,  
 And lull her to sleep with music low ;  
 And to waft to her pillow visions fair  
 Of Heaven, and all that is glorious there ;  
 To scatter the dew of fairest flowers  
 Ever around her in fragrant showers ;  
 And never to leave her, till again she moved  
 The center and life of the circle she loved.

“ Could I hear in her dreams her low murmurs float,  
 Of the sweetest music, the most exquisite note—  
 Could I gaze on her brow, like the lily fair,  
 Mirroring the pure thoughts that slumbered there—  
 Could I touch her pure lips, as they breathed a kiss,  
 And my heart feel not all the answering bliss?—  
 Could I dwell with being so pure and bright,  
 And my heart not learn that holy delight,  
 To love ! with its sorrows, its bliss, and its tears ;  
 Its exquisite sweetness—its exquisite fears ?

“ But the rose on her cheek again was beaming,  
 And health in her clear, sunny eye was gleaming.  
 I knew that my mission there was done,  
 And I sought again my distant home.  
 But my king soon saw from the frequent tear,  
 His laws were broken—the mortal was dear ;  
 Dearer to me than knighthood unstained—  
 Dearer than all my fathers had gained ;  
 The brightest eye, and the fleetest wing,  
 That ere was plumed for an honored king.  
 My wing was soiled with its earthward flight,  
 And my eye was dimmed with earthly light ;  
 You know the rest, save my promise given  
 To serve but my king—so help me Heaven !

“ I grieve I can watch no more o'er her sleep,  
 O'er her gentle dreams my love vigils keep ;

Pure thoughts and high o'er her pillow shower,  
 Goodness, innocence, knowledge, and power,  
 Beautiful visions to weave with flowers  
 From her own pure heart, for her darker hours.  
 I have pledged my word, my honor is given;  
 May the angels guard and guide her to Heaven!  
 And now, for the duty I owe my king,"  
 In sadness he plumed his snowy wing;  
 Then bowing his head, as he ceased his lay,  
 To the queen of the fairies, he soared away.  
 One tear she shed for her subjects true,  
 Then vanished away in the cloudless blue;  
 She sought on the Earth the mortal fair,  
 And made her home with the flowers there;  
 And every night she watched o'er her sleep,  
 Till visions of beauty would o'er her creep,  
 And pure, holy thoughts to her dreams were given,  
 To shield her on Earth—to fit her for Heaven.  
 The fairy was happy, for when the air  
 Blew coldly around her, some kindly care  
 Had made her a bed of the warm rose leaves,  
 Where the gentlest zephyrs scarce fanned the breeze.  
 If she wearied in this fond mission of love,  
 Some gentle sound of sweet music above  
 Would softly steal on her listening ear,  
 Soothing to rest every care and fear.  
 She knew 't was his gentle love carressing  
 The heart that ne'er asked, but for his blessing.

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### Thought-Catching.

and mechanically taken up my pen, hesitatingly dipped it in ink, and waited slowly and precisely to its proper angle with the paper, and waiting like a patient angler for an idea-*nibble*. I cannot, as I do, rejoice in a spontaneity of abundant thoughts. If I get them, it is mostly by such patient waiting as I have above mentioned. They are elusive. I must *catch* them, if I ever have them. They come like the sly, quick-darting creatures of the deep; and I, the foolish, solicitous angler, seek to make them mine. Yet I *have* ideas! Nay! Reader! nay! do not doubt me! Do not, with a highly indefinite upturn of your voice, and a provokingly significant shake of your head, dole out a taunting skeptical "A-a-h?"

Do not! For I do declare that I have ere now secured most ethereal thinkings, in the net-work of inken letters. I have stretched them for a spectacle upon the hard, unyielding paper-surface; I have felt for them sometimes a tender sorrow even, that they should have been dragged forth from the deep-shaded, quiet nooks of my mind, into the scorching glare of outward Life's hot sun! I have then held them out before me, and questioned my own heart, "Can I let these go, never more to be *mine*, and *mine alone*? Must they go forth to be gorged by the human mind at large?" Yet I cannot long be thus indulgent. Soon the harsh fiat of my will is heard; and (unless mayhap Oblivion's fiends catch away my dearly-loved departed thoughts) relentless men ere long possess them.

But not so to-day. I sat angling, as I said, for ideas. And as I sat, the gentlest of slumbers stole over me, and just when my eyelids drooped together, and the lashes laid themselves side by side, for repose, the Queen of Dreamland drew up upon them in her tiny chariot, and in an instant, where was I?

Methought I was sitting pensively upon a lovely shore, and spreading off before me lay my own mind like a crystal lake. As I looked over its surface all was perfect stillness. But as I bent my gaze downward into its clear depths, I could see disporting, most delicate and graceful creatures! Swift and evanescent they were, as the starlets that sparkle, flash and vanish on the ripple tops of a breeze-ruffled lake; yet, methought, all radiant with hues of the covenant-bow. They were *Thoughts*, beautiful *Thoughts*. Those shapes! Is your soul, my friend, all alive to beauty's influence? Is it thrilled in its presence, unutterably? Then know my emotions, as enraptured I gazed upon and loved the glancing tenants of that imaged lake. You have longed, I know you have, to seize the fleeting treasures of beauty chance-thrown before you, and make them yours. Yet you were all a-tremble lest you should injure them in your rough eagerness. So I with these. Still I seemed to have no choice. I seemed forced, by some still, but resistless power to strive and secure these treasures for myself and for the world. And I seemed to have been mysteriously furnished with most spiritually Waltonian implements for these exploits; presenting in their structure, all the nicety and a thousand times more, of their material prototypes. Let the enthusiastic *piscator* portray the beauty of the curve and taper of his pole! In my dream, mine was airy, light, elastic *Fancy* itself, endowed with form. And my line! For fineness a gossamer thread were its most perfect emblem, and, believe me, in appearance it was the matchless Line of Beauty. Then all the *sharpness* I was master of, had been brought together to form my hook. And for *bait*, I was completely furnished, with just the most enticing. I had bits of *memory* (do'n't forget that I was dreaming) with which I might let my barb down furnished into the clear depths, to draw forth for me some full and delight-giving *recollections*. For many creatures of the *imagination*, I had ready the most bewitching *fancy-forms* of beauty. No fisher had ever



such perfect images of the daintiest insects for his pretty prey, as had I of beauty to draw forth charming pictures. Yet all this was in vain. There lay the provokingly placid and inviting surface of my mind; but not a happy idea could I secure. I was oppressed with the feeling of need, of want; I was unsatisfied; ready almost to despair. I knew that beautiful, sublime, noble, tender, bright and fanciful ideas were *there*, but I knew that, for all *my* efforts, they were likely to be there still. Thus was I disappointed, in my dream, till I well nigh lost the calm patience of the contented angler; for not even the hope-inspiring *nibble* rewarded my perseverance.

But suddenly a *fancy*

“In shape” and hue superbly “eminent,”

darted across my vision far down in the crystal mind-depths I had been so eagerly watching. Oh! it was gorgeous! Methought that I at once forgot the long, long hours (*dream-hours*, you know, Reader, what *they* are!) I had been wearily and warily waiting for such a vision; and was in excitement most intense, amid hope and fear for my success in securing the beauteous thing.

Reader, would I might but give you even a faint impression of that *Thought*. But alas! I cannot! Had my own hopes not then been dashed: had I but succeeded in securing it, you, Reader, should have had your soul's fill of delight in looking upon it. And I, instead of being now lamenting over our loss, and telling you what we *might* have seen—which, alas! is all I can do now—would have been limning the sweet vision in the brightest colors, and preparing it with my nicest skill, for your enjoyment.

But anon, after that final utter destruction of those brightest hopes, came a dread reaction upon my soul; and had I not been dreaming, Reader, I cannot say but I should have lapsed into settled melancholy for life; and perhaps—but I'll not hint suspicions of the possibility of darker deeds. Happily for me, an instant more and I was lifting up my heavy head from off my bosom where it had sunk, and my hand, with the pen still holding the ink I had filled it with to record some chance-idea, save what a sudden nod of my head and twitch of my hand had darted upon the paper in an unsightly blot—and there is that blot to this day. I have preserved it, as a memento of that dire disappointment.

But that *Fancy*—whither did it depart? Reader! there are black channels which run down into the waters of Oblivion from the limpid mind.—*There* myriad thoughts and fancies have been engulfed; shapes, which well might people Fairy-land, have been swallowed through these channels into that dreadful sea. And I cannot doubt, that now that creature, I once doated on as almost mine, is there; but though lost to me and the world, blessed be the moment when it flashed that halo of brightness around me! Though not a line of its form remains impressed upon my memory; yet just as if the sun were to flash into the heavens at midnight, fill my eye with his

resplendence and then fall to his home beyond the sea, I should never forget his brightness, yet never remember his form, with my dazzled vision; so now I know that the glorious idea was there, and I saw its *glory*, but nothing more.

And he who lives not in constant communion with the *real*; who is ever seeking in his own mind for such fleeting creatures as elusive *fancies*, Oh! how is he doomed to disappointment. He may delight in the excitement of those moments when the prize seems ready to be his; but let him know that for every moment of such delight, he shall know hours of darkness and harsh disappointment.

A. B.

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## Enthusiasm.

An important element of success in every department of effort is enthusiasm. By this we mean not transient zeal nor blind fanaticism. Zeal breaks forth in irregular flashes of feeling; enthusiasm is an ever-living flame. Fanaticism is enthusiasm uncontrolled by reason—a mental intoxication.

Wherever we witness extraordinary displays of intellectual power, whether in destroying old ideas or in establishing new—in the warrior, the statesman, the reformer, or the author—there enthusiasm, glowing and permanent, visible or invisible, has existed to sustain, to strengthen, and to enliven. Outward manifestations of power must proceed from a living principle within—a principle that shall impart vigor to action and tenacity to will. The nerve must accompany the muscle. To effect great changes, whether in the intellectual or moral world, is not the work of an hour. Year after year the reason and conscience of men are appealed to until every shade of doubt is dispelled and the public mind is thoroughly illumined. Truth produces its slow effect upon individuals, until sympathy centers their will upon one object and the prevailing ideas are embodied in the publication. To give intensity to thought, permanence and efficiency to labor, is the office of enthusiasm. It imparts a vivid coloring to the otherwise monotonous picture of existence, and throws an unmistakable tinge over all action. It gives keenness to the soldier's blade, a magic power to the author's pen, inspiration to the religionist, an irresistible eloquence and energy to the orator. It concentrates the rays of thought into one burning focus that consumes obstacles and kindles auxiliary life anew.

If this quality be wanting there can hardly be any great work performed, for the earnest study, the protracted effort, the unremitting toil, which are essential to success, must be sustained by the stimulus of enthusiasm. Necessity may indeed compel labor, but it is an unwill-

ing, mechanical, inefficient effort. The soul must be the prime mover in the work, and all its energies must coöperate to bring about the desired end. From long contemplation the object in view must acquire vivid colors, whose radiance shall for the time exclude all else from the vision. Imagination must clothe it with fascinating charms, until its magic influence shall draw the man onward and nearer with irresistible power. Thus abstractions become palpable, moving forms; the creations of fancy seem living realities; the voice which once in dreams and reveries, whispered of fame, of wisdom, and of perfection, now swells with ceaseless trumpet tones in his ear; and the once feeble aspirations that scarce broke into tremulous dimples the ocean of youthful passion, hope, and joy, now drives its heaving billows with a tempest's might. In the exhibition of its own strength and in attaining its grand objects, the soul must feel an honest pride and a boundless joy. In the "floods of being" and the storms of action, in facing the howling winds and the struggling tide, it must feel an exulting ecstasy, like that awakened by strains of music or tones of thrilling eloquence.

Wherever this principle exists, pervading, animating and impelling the whole man, every nerve and fibre seeming surcharged with life, there are few objects within the reach of human effort that can elude his grasp, as an incessant storm of shot directed against one point will at last shiver the strongest battlement. Barriers that seem insuperable to the careless observer, vanish before the steady gaze, and the severest toil becomes a delight.

Enthusiasm is not boisterous. Its voice may not be heard in the streets or from the housetops. But in the deep stillness of the chamber, when the world is shut out and the earnest spirit sinks back into itself to gather fresh strength from its own force-creating essence—in the silent contemplation of nature, while the eye gazes on the countless forms of life, on the beauty of the earth and the magnificence of the skies, the purest, deepest, most joyous enthusiasm may exist. Innumerable incentives to earnestness are in the outer world. Innumerable motives spring up in the world of spirit. It is confined to no department of honorable effort. So many evils are to be shunned or remedied, so many blessings are to be gained or bestowed, that no taste is so peculiar, no talent so eccentric, but there will be ample field for its enthusiastic display. The infinite diversity of employments necessary or valuable to the happiness of individuals and society, calls for the ardent exercise of all the human faculties; while the boundless fields of thought, where the ponderous blows of reason, and the sportive motions of fancy achieve their own reward in exertion itself, present scenes of grandeur, beauty, and truthfulness, in which the most glowing enthusiasm may revel. Whoever amid all this measureless variety can find nothing to kindle a genial warmth in his bosom, nothing on which to center his aspirations and his hopes, no ideal excellence for which he is willing to toil and if need be to suffer, must be either unnaturally hardened or singularly weak.

Enthusiasm is an element of all intellectual greatness. It is idle to speak of power inactive and latent. Deeds and not possibilities mark the gradations of strength. We take no cognizance of energy which will never be developed. Enthusiasm is to the mind what heat is to water; separate, they display no force; combined, the result is steam in the one case, and mental energy in the other. Accustomed as men are to view only the surface of things, and to forget the cause in wonder at the effect, great achievements may often seem the offspring of the moment, and not of protracted, enthusiastic effort. But to him who reads the spirit of events, there appears no *extempore* greatness. Striking actions, deeds which work out great and lasting changes, are the result of intense thought, perchance in years gone by, when science and truth become inwoven as it were into the texture of the mind. Thus Caesar, whose living energy ingrafted the rules of military art into his very being, and made the laws of political science familiar as the plainest truths, acted in great crisis as if Nature alone was his teacher. It is easy to account for the common, though erroneous idea, that idleness is a concomitant of greatness, and that enthusiasm is no attribute of the highest mental organization. Men look upon the body as the index of the soul. If the former is idle, dreamy, unconscious, they judge the same of the latter. Accordingly they would stigmatize Steele as a loafer, Newton as a somnambulist, Webster as "stupidity incarnate," until the intense flame within bursts forth in brilliant flashes, when they exclaim, "behold a genius!" Now it is a plain law of our being that but one subject can engross the attention at one time. While the mind is absorbed in thought, the body must act mechanically or not at all, and it is often when apathy seems to have settled on the outer man, that the unseen spirit is most restless and glowing. The eye "bent on vacuity," the apparent revery, the heedless abstraction in which every sense seems lost, are the frequent attendants upon mental excitement, as they also accompany mental stagnation. Thus in this seeming stupidity extremes may meet, and exalted intellect stand on a level with the grovelling imbecility.

Fanaticism is enthusiasm run mad. Originally referring to excessive religious zeal, it has come to be applied to those in whom passion habitually sways intellect, and not intellect passion. It may arise either from self-conceit or self-distrust; leading in religious matters either to bigotry or to servility and debasement; in politics leading either to the annihilation of conscience, or to the exaltation of private feeling above public obligation. Bigots make themselves known, their excess of enthusiasm uniting with their conceit, and causing them to give prominence both to themselves and their favorite dogma. Their spirit is that of the false prophet, when he said, "There is no God but God and Mahomet is his prophet." And it is too often the case that these identify themselves with their one idea and, considering themselves as its embodiment, think that they are persecuted for righteousness' sake by unappreciating cotemporaries. The self-dis-

trusting fanatic, in proclaiming his creed, forgets self, or Hindoo-like cultivates an acute sense of his own vileness and insignificance. Both are instances of misguided enthusiasm—persons in whom feeling overrides reason—whose example warns us that even the highest and purest sentiments may become morbid, unless controlled by dispassionate judgment. The party fanatic is either the tool of demagogues or a political *illuminee*, according as he is a slave of others' passions or of his own. In whatever sect, party, reform, or scheme, we find fanatics, one feature characterizes them all;—their enthusiasm is not so much an element of their being as a tyrant over it that leads it "whithersoever it will."

We can hardly conceive of the entire and continued absence of enthusiasm—a chill, unfeeling state, in which reason may exist, but from which passion, poetry, and sympathy are excluded, in which the mind may perceive, but does not appreciate, the understanding may assent, but the heart does not feel.

A complete live long absence of enthusiasm is not found in men, but is confined to fools and devils. Fools cannot be enthusiastic; devils will not.

Between apathy and fanaticism—mind without enthusiasm and enthusiasm uncontrolled by mind—the interval is as wide as between midnight and noon. Many alternate between these extremes, but excess is less frequent than deficiency. This lack of earnestness arises partly from a mistaken notion of contentment, and partly from physical causes. To acquiesce in the will of Providence, and submit to evils which cannot be remedied, is the dictate of common sense. But to be satisfied with a condition which can be bettered, to bear evils which industry can remove, to be meek in tolerating the devil rather than energetic in casting him out, is not contentment, but sloth. Of these two extremes, fanaticism is preferable to apathy, as commotion is preferable to stagnation, which continued always ends in death. It would be well if the idea were more deeply impressed on men's minds, that it is better to wear out than to rust out. Bodily temperament has much to do with the existence and display of enthusiasm, but the trait is ever a constituent part of a powerful mind in the cold sluggishness of Webster as well as in the fire and restlessness of Calhoun.

To distinguish between true enthusiasm where reason rules, and fanaticism where passion bears sway, is not always an easy thing. Men are disposed on the one hand to regard him as an idle dreamer, whose outer man has become almost unconscious from the very intensity of the inward spirit, and on the other hand to stigmatize those as zealots or lunatics, who are animated by an enthusiasm which faces opposition, which defies danger and endures suffering, which perils all for truth and man,—Socrates, Galiles, Milton, Howard, Emmet, and a host of others,—who dare to be men when manliness costs something, and to befriend those whose only gratitude is the freezing neglect, the

stinging sneer, the savage torture, the ignominious death. Poetry shall hymn their praises in eternal song, and the pages of history shall forever brighten with the story of their deeds. It is ever difficult for the mass of mankind who have no definite and inspiring object in view, no ideal excellence to imitate and strive after, no knowledge gained from the exercise of close thought and enthusiastic exertion, to understand why it is that the patriot braves the cannon and the gibbet, the martyr smiles on the stake and savage beasts, the philanthropist sacrifices health and life in hospitals and prisons, the earnest thinker incarcerates himself in his retirement,

"Until the eyelid droops, and throbbing pulse  
And aching brain grow clamorous for repose"—

whose enthusiasm neither withering scorn nor chilling neglect can destroy—which the blasts of opposition only fan into a more vivid flame. When cotemporaries have passed away with their envy and their prejudices, succeeding ages recognize the monuments of their heroism, and the thought that they were great and good in spite of adverse fortune, throws a more resplendent glory over their names, and moistens their urns with warmer tears.

Excitement is the food of great minds; without which they must dwindle and decay. Wherever it is displayed in the pursuit of a noble object, it commands our spontaneous approbation; and even when the motive is wrong, we are so prone to admire the quality as to forget the character of the deeds. We love to behold exhibitions of irresistible power, in the swelling torrent, in the sweeping tempest, in the jagged lightning; and thus we regard the enthusiasm of exalted intellect, for this, too, is irresistible. "This deep feeling of power and joy, this ecstasy of the living soul, this untamed and untamable energy of Genius,—you cannot check its victorious career as it leaps exultingly from discovery to discovery, new truths ever beckoning imploringly in the dim distance, a universe ever opening and expanding before it, and above all, a voice still crying On! on!—On! though the clay fall from the soul's struggling powers!—On! though the spirit burn through its garment of flesh, as the sun through mist!—On! on!

'Along the line of limitless desires.'

S.

### My Time to Write.

You ask me when I love to write?  
List! and I'll tell you when :—  
I love to write when the still moon-light  
Half gildeth my creeping pen.

Though bright the play of the beams of day,  
And brilliant the evening lamp;  
Though dim to these, pale Cynthia's ray,  
And the dews of night are damp—

Yet ever to me, moon-light shall be  
My choicest time to write:  
Then wandering free, fair Poesie  
With Fancy, wild-wingeth her flight.

I have visions then of hero-men,  
Whose souls are noble and fair;  
But I wait in vain for such visions, when  
I'm buried in *daily* care.

Then I meet the fairest of earth and air,  
All beauty, and love, and truth;  
And wisdom rare, to explore I dare,  
With the burning zeal of youth.

I have everthought that the mind hath wrought  
The best at the *midnight* hour;  
And with Error fought—and the spirit caught  
Of Truth, with a wondrous power.

Then I write, for it seems that waking dreams  
Connect the Unseen and the Real,  
And fancy deems those passing gleams  
Of a better day the seal.

I hear the lays—on the scenes I gaze—  
That my young soul thrilled with joy;  
And I write the praise of the happy days  
When I was a careless boy.

And anon, hath passed, in a circuit vast,  
My mind through the round of years ;  
And I stand aghast, when I think how fast  
And how changeful their flight appears.

It cannot be that those are the free  
Glad faces that erst I beheld !  
Alas ! I see ! Every smile of glee  
Some withered hope has dispelled.

Where, *then*, was the forehead smooth and clear,  
And the cheek, sweet-dimpled and round :  
The wrinkles of care have begun to appear,  
And the frequent tear is found.

The voices that greeted me, glad and sweet,  
And my young heart thrilled with pleasure,  
Like a death-dirge meet my ear, and repeat  
Laments for youth's lost treasure.

But see ! Bright day, with an advent gay,  
Is proclaimed by the midnight bell ;  
So Grief breaks away when approacheth the day  
Of hope, Sorrow's night to dispel.

Thus in midnight dreams beneath moonlight gleams,  
'Tis mine over life to ponder ;  
And I love to write till the shadows of night  
Are dispelled in the Heavens yonder.

NOX.



## The Adventures of Wimble Wimbleton, Esq.

### CHAPTER I.

IT is well known that previous to the erection of the present Library Building, the College Library was kept in the attic of the Chapel. On rummaging over some old papers accidentally left there, I discovered an old manuscript bearing the above title. Curiosity led me to examine it, and finding it an interesting story, I accordingly appropriated it. Without wearying your patience with the introductory chapters, we will just state who Mr. Wimble Wimbleton was, and then proceed to a more interesting account of his numerous adventures.



Mr. Wimbleton, at the time of the commencement of the story, was a country gentleman of about fifty years of age. Having in his youth inherited a large estate, he had spent his life in ease and affluence, and as is often the case with persons in his circumstances, was somewhat affected with a lowness of spirits, which rendered him peevish and fretful. His physician, thinking that a change of scenery would enliven his spirits, and that the breezes of a pleasant autumnal morning would brace up his constitution, had advised him to travel for his health. In accordance with this advice, he sets out in his own conveyance, attended only by an Irish servant, whom he had lately taken into his employ.

It was just at dusk, on the day of the annual fair of the town of ———, as he drove up to the door of the inn. Covered with dust and completely exhausted with his ride, he took an early hour for retiring. Owing to the crowded state of the inn, Mr. Wimbleton could be accommodated only with a room in the attic. As the gentleman was ushered into his little dormitory, he was agreeably surprised with the appearance of comfort which pervaded the whole apartment; the carpet, underlaid with straw, gently yielded to the pressure of his weary foot. He turned his eyes to the easy chair; its arms were open to receive him. The glowing coals of the grate, (for the nights had begun to be frosty,) invited him to draw up and enjoy their warmth. And as he gazed upon the luxurious bed—upon its heaps of feathers, its clean linen, its wavy curtains, and its bouncing pillows—a spirit of drowsiness fairly came over him, his weary eyelids began to draw together, and visions of home and friends began to flit across his brain. In fact the place was such as the traveler always wishes to light upon, but is seldom fortunate enough to find.

Mr. Wimbleton having been accustomed to much sleep, and having for several previous nights been deprived of that "sweet restorer," was not long in ensconcing himself between the sheets, and a much shorter time sufficed to place him safely in the arms of Morpheus.

Now, to any one in such a state as was Mr. Wimbleton, nothing can be more unpleasant than to be disturbed in the night by any noise whatever. Particularly does the noise made by a parcel of romping children disturb the quiet of the night. This was the case in the present instance. Mr. W. turns over in his bed; he gets into a drowse; the merry laugh arouses him from his slumber. He turns over again; he gets into a drowse again; the rude voices a second time arouse him; shall he ring the bell and request that they be stilled? They are a party, perhaps, preparing to take the early coach—it will not do to say anything. He turns over again and wishes for day; the same causes still prevent his enjoying quiet repose. The patience of Mr. Wimbleton is exhausted.

Maddened by a fresh peal of laughter, he gave a leap in the dark, and as the bed unfortunately stood in the opposite corner of the room from that in which his own did at home, he encountered in his progress, the wall at its back-side. This led him to think that he could

quite as easily find his way to the floor from the front of the bed as from the back, and thereupon he wisely concluded to try the other side. In this manner he finally succeeded in reaching the middle of the room. The next thing to be done was to find the bell, but this could not so readily be effected without the aid of a light, and to find a lamp or a match was quite as difficult as to find the bell. These difficulties had not presented themselves to the mind of Mr. Wimbleton before he exchanged the warmth of the couch for the keen air of a frosty night in October. Yet nothing daunted, he resolved to proceed to quell the disturbance "in propria persona." Steering his course in the direction of the sound he hoped to find the door; nor were his hopes in vain, although they were not realized until an encounter with the back of a chair, on which hung his dressing gown, had served to remind him that it would not be proper for him to appear in the presence even of children, in a state approaching nudity. Having found the door and having opened it, what was his surprise on discovering broad daylight without. He immediately closed the door and all within was dark again. Finally he determined to step out and request one of the children to send up a servant to relieve him from his troubles.

The door of Mr. Wimbleton's apartment did not open directly into the hall, but was situated in a sort of recess or alcove. It was necessary therefore for Mr. W. to go a step or two from the door in order to be seen by the children, as they did not happen to be, at that moment, exactly in front of his room. Stepping out then into the open hall, clad in night cap and dressing gown, Mr. Wimbleton ushered himself into the presence of six or eight young girls engaged in the healthful exercise of jumping the rope. Now to a person of less delicacy of character than Mr. Wimbleton, a situation like this would be not a little perplexing. What then must have been the consternation of a man of as much delicacy as Mr. W. can be better imagined than described. The first thing to be done under the circumstances, one would naturally suppose, would have been to beat a retreat. So thought the gentleman in question. But, alas! ("*facilis descensus Avernus*," &c.) this was no easy matter, as he to his great dismay quickly discovered. The door of his apartment was provided with a spring latch, and he was not provided with a key. To burst the lock was more than his feebleness could accomplish. All he could do was to swear, and this he did with a vengeance. The hotel, the children, the journey, the darkness in his own room, the daylight in the hall, the cold, the servants, were all indiscriminately cursed. But finding that oaths accomplished nothing—a discovery which although he had made it a thousand times before, was none the less a discovery still—he cast about him for some more effectual means of bettering his situation. The girls at his first appearance, after setting up a loud shout, had run off down stairs, so that there was not a soul nigh whom he could send for a duplicate key. Some other agent then must be sought for, in transmitting to the servants the intelligence of his situation. At the end of the hall was a sort of tube, which Mr. W. took to

be a tube for communicating with those below. Although it was not exactly such a tube as he had seen in use in other hotels, yet he had no doubt but that it was a real speaking tube. Relief is now at hand, thought he. Accordingly applying his mouth to the orifice, he shouted lustily, "98, key for 98," and then applied his ear for an answer. But as no answer was forthcoming, the operation was repeated, with no better success, however. What the trouble was the ingenuity of Mr. W. could not make out. On inspection, however, a stop-cock was observed, which he conjectured prevented the sound from descending to the lower story. Delighted with this discovery, he instantly seized the handle and at the same time applying his mouth as before, he gave a sudden turn to the stop-cock. The gentleman had read of asking for bread and getting a stone, but never of asking for a key and getting a shower-bath—the pipe had been placed there to be used in cases of fire.

Leaving Mr. Wimbleton to cool his temper by the hydropathic system, the manuscript, in another chapter, proceeds to hunt up some assistance for him in the person of his own servant. C. M. B.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAY.

### *The Relations of Christianity to Art.*

BY A. R. LITTLE, NEWPORT, R. I.

CHRISTIANITY has brought into the world so many blessings and removed so many curses, that, even to the skeptical philosopher, it must always appear the greatest historical cause which has ever influenced mankind. To the Christian scholar all its relations are of the most profound interest. It is the great undercurrent which, in spite of opposing forces, has borne every thing forward in the progress of modern civilization. Other religions have produced, or at least have not prevented, other forms of social development, which have shot to the zenith and beyond, leaving a trace on the page of history like a meteor's train. Those who trust that Christianity came from God must also believe that it is intended for all nations and all ages. It is not, like the old mythologies, adapted only to particular races; but it is calculated to lead all men onward and upward to the end of time. Accordingly its wonderful effects in fostering the useful arts and sciences, are too plain for even infidel denial. Shaftesbury and Webb,

however, have undertaken to prove that it is not so well adapted to the cultivation of that large and important class of arts which address themselves to the taste. It can easily be shown, on the contrary, that our revered religion, in aiding the expansion of *all* man's powers, and the production of *all* things fitted to his nature, bears the seal of God.

Art, in the sense of the subject, differs from those pursuits which are called useful, not only in appealing chiefly to the sensibilities in distinction from the intellect, but also in requiring of its votaries something more than simple skill and ingenuity. It does not aim at producing mere superfluities; but at gratifying feelings as truly universal and natural as the powers which comprehend the theorems of Euclid, and as really accompanied by cravings for their appropriate objects. In its servants it demands taste and moral sentiments as well as judgment and dexterity. Hence, it is not difficult to see why its earliest works were invariably religious. By nature, the strongest and deepest stream of human feeling is that of religion. The external universe continually retouched the characters in which the grand truths of the first revelation were engraven on the mind of man. The same objects which spoke to him of God nourished his love for the beautiful and sublime. Almost every act, almost every form of nature, whether fair or grand, inspired at once emotions of admiration and religion. Accordingly, when disappointment and desire of something better than earth can afford, or perhaps the simple wish to gratify a principle of man's being so fruitful in happiness, gave rise to art; taste was essentially religious. But even if this thing of the heart rather than the head had not been by birth the handmaid of religion, it would have naturally flowed in the widest channel, and been guided in its aspirations by the highest, holiest feeling, which the heart possessed. In the *progress* of Art, on account of the multiplicity of other causes which add their modifications, this influence becomes somewhat less perceptible. Still by the common consent of the world, those productions which express and represent religious sentiments and subjects are judged the greatest. How could it be otherwise, when these are the loftiest which man is capable of feeling and conceiving.

All the varieties of Art as well as of man are due to the joint effect of climate as the chief physical cause, and to religion as the main moral one. The former modifies the body of Art; the latter, the spirit. With regard to man, there is some doubt as to which has exerted the more powerful influence; with respect to Art, there can be none. Architecture, which of all the fine arts is most affected by physical circumstances, has always been developed in the construction of temples strikingly expressive of the national religion. The sombre, cavernous styles of Egypt and India embody the prevalent creeds. The old Parsees gave their religious edifices a simple, pure, and elevated tone worthy of shrines for the mysterious element they held. The tower on the cliff where the sun-worshiper could catch the first beams from the countenance of his god, was equally expressive. Those sculptured piles which the Aztecs reared, corresponded with

their religion. The same unaffected grandeur pervaded the teachings of the venerable Druids and the well-known Stonehenge. In Greece the Parthenon is a mouldering emblem of a former system of ethics, according to which man, like the temple, should form an harmonious whole, enjoying that sublime repose which springs from well balanced forces. The same thing could easily be traced in music, poetry, painting, and sculpture.

In order to ascertain the natural effects of the Christian religion, as compared with those of the Grecian, which produced the noblest works of ancient Art, it must be borne in mind that success depends upon the man, the subject, and the motive. Although there are vast inequalities of taste, talent, and temperament in different individuals and nations; there is no reason to suppose that ancient artists were in any wise superior by nature to those of modern times. However this may be, as far as any difference can arise from religion, the Christian has an immense advantage over the heathen. It is obvious that the pure spirituality of Christianity would refine and elevate far more than the gross sensualism of Grecian mythology. As to the subject there is scarcely more question. The architect is to build a temple to a more sublime Divinity than ever Greek conceived. The musical composer is to express holier and deeper sentiments. The poet, painter, and sculptor have not only the old field of classical subjects, but also the rich realms of a new religion and sacred history. Fuseli, indeed, complains that some of the old Christian painters drew from the muddy brook of monkish legend instead of the pure fountain of Scripture; but he would not, from their injudicious taste, argue the inferiority of their religion. With regard to the motive, besides the prime one of love for Art, without which nothing immortal can be obtained; besides the accessory of fame—the Christian artist has a holy enthusiasm, prompting him to aid devotion and impress the principles he cherishes. He has a strong faith in the religion he is serving, instead of the worm of distrust which must have lain in the core of heathen piety.

If any one doubts that Christianity admits of the highest flights of the imagination and the grandest efforts of taste, let him turn to the many monuments of Christian Art, which bid fair to live in the memory of every lover of the beautiful, as long as human nature remains unchanged. Since it would be impossible to give the modern history of each of the fine arts, I purpose to glance briefly at architecture, and to show that even this, which is influenced the least by moral causes, has been developed in a new direction and raised to height unknown before. In doing this, care is necessary not to attribute to Christianity any vicissitudes, either of rise or decline, which are actually owing to other causes. No one would charge our religion with the sincere but fanatical excesses of the Iconoclasts or the Puritans. It is not necessary to prove that this art flourished exactly when and where Christianity did; but only to unravel the tangled web of causes, and assign to each its appropriate tendency. If, however, it can be shown, that, in despite of resistance from other forces, architecture was generally

borne onward with a progress proportional to the spread and strength of Christian sentiments and principles, the conclusion will be irresistible.

The great revolutions which have marked the history of the art of building cannot be accounted for entirely by external influences. There can always be observed a corresponding revolution of sentiments ; and since architecture has been essentially religious, usually of religious sentiments. In Greece the art declined with the disuse of the beautiful ethics which had given it inspiration. Little was to be expected of the Romans, whose rudeness in artistic matters can be estimated from the bargain of the conqueror of Corinth with the ship-masters who transported the rich spoil to Italy. A nation, the prominent men of which could see no absurdity in sailors replacing lost statues and paintings, would not be likely to borrow Greek architecture in any degree of perfection ; much less to develop its own characteristic element, the round arch, into an harmonious and peculiar system. Accordingly a style of building was introduced, exotic and fruitless, to droop amidst the decaying magnificence of the illustrious empire.

When Christianity was acknowledged by Constantine, there was no desire, if there was power, to imitate the temples of heathen gods. So the basilica, with the last trace of Grecism banished, was modified according to the exigencies of Christian worship. The long nave and aisles, the crypt and tomb of the patron saint below the high altar, the superb canopy above it, and the lofty bishop's throne in the domed apsis, gave to the earliest churches an imposing effect scarcely surpassed by the cathedrals of Strasburg or Cologne. In the course of three centuries, Christianity, though a '*religio illicita*,' had become widely spread among the people. The intellectualism of Greek philosophy began to give way to the reign of faith and love. Therefore, on the transfer of the seat of government from Rome to Byzantium, the converted, whose hearts had been turned toward heaven, sought in their sacred buildings to give some faint expression to the genius of their religion. In Justinian's church of Sta. Sophia, the pyramidal form of the whole and the floating dome within, produced an air of aspiring loftiness, which, except so far as copied by the Mohammedans, has been a peculiar characteristic of Christian architecture.

When the Lombard style was most firmly and generally established, it was all at once abandoned for another in essentials and ornaments considerably different. This change was so thorough that the pointed arch, which was brought from Egypt through Sicily or the Holy Land, became as distinctly the mark of Christian building, as the pillar had been of the Grecian, or the round arch of the Roman. This almost miraculous event was brought about by the free masons in the hands of Christianity. An honored and admirably organized body, possessing all the architectural lore of the times, animated by religious enthusiasm, and devoted to the head of the Church, could not fail of wonderful results,

It is needless to trace Gothic architecture through its various stages of development and corruption. Some of the old German minsters seem more like magical frostwork than structures reared by the diminutive beings at the base. Lofty spires and towers with pointed windows and slender pinnacles, shoot up from the grove of roofs and buttresses. Within the low door, it seems a cavernous cross ; where the rich light, streaming perchance from the head of an apostle which adorns the gorgeous window, reveals pillars, tracery, and decorations everywhere flowing upward, as if to direct the thoughts of the worshiper. Every thing seems a part of the whole. Every ornament is blended with an essential. The great object is lofty elevation and variety of decoration. The effect is to overcome the earthly—to inspire reverence and awe.

All this declined. Many external causes might be enumerated, which have nothing to do with Christianity. It has been seen, how the elegant intellectual cultivation of Greek philosophy was succeeded by the reign of Christian feelings. This also ended with the revival of learning ; and the intellect aspired at least to share the throne of its lawful queen, the sensibilities. The age of the reformers, inventors, and discoverers could not sympathize with that which introduced the pointed arch. The heart of Christendom ceased to beat in that body. The later Gothic is more like a mummy than a living form full of soul and expression. The forms, which in Greece had symbolized that harmony and balance of powers so much insisted on by the philosophers, became again acceptable. But the pure Greek style was applicable only to buildings of a single story, and even in the hands of Paladio became almost monstrous. Still St. Peter's was built then, which displays fewer incongruities than the other great works of the time, and an air of majestic repose essentially Greek. After that, the prevalence of the old French style showed that the former spirit had fled.

Wars and numberless new interests since that age have hindered Christianity from producing its legitimate effects. As far as its influence can be traced upon this great art, the base of all the rest, it has been ennobling. Where there was no Christian enthusiasm there was no exalted architecture. As that flame burned brighter or dimmer, the art flourished or declined. In this way might be traced the relations of Christianity to music, in which it inspired those celebrated composers, whose names are too well known to need enumeration. Painting, in which have been expressed the grandest conceptions and the most elevated religious symbolism, has been to Christianity what sculpture was to Greek mythology. No reason can be given why the ancient sculptors would not have attained equal success, if they had lived in the light of Christianity. In poetry it is enough to point to Milton.

There are periods in the history of our religion on which lovers of the grand and beautiful in art can dwell with unmingled delight.

May there not be future harvests as rich as those gone by? Is Protestantism entirely destitute of the spirit which built the sublime cathedrals of other days, and gave to the works of Raphael their simple purity and more than beauty? We cannot but hope that Christian art will yet bear fruits as precious and abundant as in its early vigor.

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### Spoon Exhibitions.

THE invitation of the Faculty and Ladies to the recent Presentation of the Wooden Spoon was an arrangement which we hope will be followed by every Class which may attempt the renewal of the exhibition; for it is *prima facie* evidence (at any rate when there is a prospect of securing such an audience) that nothing improper will be ventured on.

Such humorous exhibitions have sometimes met with the deserved contempt and censure of the better part of college; and accordingly—knowing these circumstances, and knowing too that this “Presentation” was bound to take place in the Class of 1852,—it was early determined that, if possible, the reputation of the Class should not this year be injured, but that the so-called Wooden Spoon Exhibition should be redeemed from the stigma which had fallen on it.

The actual and the ideal of such performances having been somewhat carefully scrutinized, it was at length decided to have everything conducted in an open manner, to solicit subscriptions from all who did not take part in the Junior Exhibition, to exclude from the pieces personalities as well as all expressions which might be susceptible of improper meaning, and to invite *personally* the President and members of the Faculty to be present on the occasion.

The affair was carried through in strict adherence to these principles, (with more success than could have been expected,) and now that it has passed we feel inclined to notice some of the reasons which seemed to warrant its being undertaken.

1. Such Exhibitions, *if properly conducted*, furnish outlets to that exuberance of spirit which dwells in College students. They answer to the safety valves by which the boiler is preserved; for when proper openings are not given for letting out the mirth which is natural to so many men it will be liable to seek improper openings. Now there are in College too many of these bad outlets for the good of any, and we know no surer way of counteracting the tendency to make use of them, than by allowing opportunities where wit may find a vent, and the be-



nefits of entertainment and recreation may be enjoyed without their ill effects.

Let it be seen that moderate mirth so far from being frowned upon is encouraged as refreshing to the working mind, and that true wit will be appreciated by those whose judgment after all is valued most, and there will then be little inducement to engage in grosser sports. Break-down dances on the State House steps, midnight carousals, and the damaging of public buildings will be considered by all the students (as to our shame these are not so considered now) too low, too vulgar, yes too rowdyish for men who would be known as educated and refined.

2. Exhibitions of this kind, and odd old customs generally, handed down from class to class, attach to their Alma Mater all graduates of College. True we cannot under any circumstances *fail* to love our cherishing mother Yale, and yet we shall be bound to her with stronger ties if taught to regard her not merely as the strict schoolmistress and regular disciplinarian, but as one who took a special interest in all our early interests. That gardener is the better husbandman who instead of rudely cutting off all unsightly twigs, gently trains them into straight and serviceable branches, and that instructor is the better one who strives to give a lofty turn to indications of vivacity and wit.

On what points do early graduates enlarge when the spark of College love is once awakened? On what can you most easily arouse their dormant enthusiasm? What will make them soonest shout, old Yale *was* a glorious place? Is it the strictness of the College laws, the order of the recitations, the discipline of every exercise, or is it some little piece of fun, some trivial joke, some odd custom, unworthy perhaps of full grown men, and yet which bound them when young to their College home with cords which Time itself is unable to sever?

3. Nor, again, do we think that the momentary pleasure should be overlooked, which is afforded by a well timed joke that avoids all personal allusions and does not engross too many hours. No matter what the cynics say, we are believers in the wise man's Proverb, that there is a time to laugh as well as a time to weep, and furthermore that laughter in its proper time is of the utmost service both to body and to mind.

4. At the present time, an exhibition like that which has just occurred had a special fitness, for without carping, we believe that all will bear us witness, that the *tendency* of College wit in its annual papers and in its mock exhibitions has been to what is low and unbecoming, at least during the experience of all who are now in College. Not that it has all been so, for among four hundred undergraduates, there are too many noble fellows to suffer that to be. Yet, on the other hand, such effusions have been here prepared and given to the world as were disgraceful to all College. It is even said that such is the only kind of wit which students will enjoy, and reference is made to English and other Universities for corroboration of the fact?

Under such circumstances we ask whether it is not a duty for every

one to do what he can, be it much or be it little, to counteract so false a notion? And was not an exhibition which had this in view, worthy of the support it succeeded in securing?

6. This presentation of the Spoon affords an opportunity to those who do not speak upon the College stage (though not to them alone) to appear before an audience and show what are their powers. The appointments for Junior Exhibition as it is known are given in accordance with the marks at recitation merely, but at the other these are not taken into account. Almost all that can be said in favor of the former (its important influence on scholarship excepted) may be said in favor of the latter. The same discipline is acquired in preparing and in appearing before an audience, for equal exertions are put forth and equal experience is gained; while the second has the advantage in at least one respect, the securing, without trouble, a large, attentive and interested audience throughout the exercises.

But although we are overrunning the space allotted to this topic, we cannot forbear to note in a few words some objections to which such exhibitions may be liable.

However good the intentions of the Managers may be, there is danger that such performances will interfere with higher duties, that they will cost too much of time and thought and money, and that they will either be flat and tedious, or corrupted by some unworthy person connected with them. Under such circumstances, we should have no sympathy with them.

But this need not be the case. Let not this Presentation seem to rival any other exhibition, but give it a high and a *peculiar* character as a piece of pleasantry, where no one's feelings will be injured but where all will have a hearty laugh at some amusing entertainment,—and then it will not only furnish discipline to the speakers and pleasure to the audience, but it will give a tone to College recreations, will furnish an outlet for the love of fun, and will bind us all with stronger ties to this our College home.

Such was the aim of the exhibition of this year, while the way in which it was received could not but be gratifying to all who were therein concerned.

## Memorabilia Yalensia.

### INTRODUCTORY.

THE present Editors of the YALE LITERARY desire to render the Magazine, while under their charge, not only more Collegiate in the general nature of its articles, but also to give a greater prominence than there has ever been before to a record of the past and passing events at our Alma Mater Yale.

Each class at College needs a record more or less minute of what has happened during its experience of student life, written when the various events are fresh in mind, and yet intended less for present pleasure, than to aid the memory through after life, in recalling the occurrences of early days. For such an account, no place seems so appropriate as this Magazine, established, edited and supported as it is, by the students themselves for their own benefit and pleasure. We accordingly intend to give in every number a record of what has here occurred since the previous one appeared ; fully reporting all the gala days, the Exhibition, Presentation, and Commencement Exercises,—those transactions of the Literary Societies which are not private and which have a general interest,—improvements made from time to time in College studies, customs and internal regulations,—and in fact giving such an epitome of College news as will tend to interest at any rate graduates who have recently left the walls, and to secure to undergraduates a somewhat permanent record of things they have seen and heard.

The want of such a public record in years gone by has caused a multitude of pleasant incidents to pass entirely out of mind, while the memory of many more is merely treasured in some private note book or handed down by word of mouth. We therefore have a second object to accomplish by this new department—the publication and the preservation of statistics and facts, traditions and anecdotes concerning the earlier times of our College history. Many of the older graduates are full of curious particulars relating to the customs of their day, and any who have had the pleasure of listening to their stories cannot fail to have been interested in the accounts, to have wondered at the changes, and to have longed to see the various incidents which they have mentioned, recorded in some definite and accessible form. The College life of other days may now be likened to paintings covered with dust or dimmed by time, which only need a skillful renovator's hand, and they will give us both surprise and pleasure. We therefore hope that all who can will aid this effort at restoring the interest which scenes now bygone, once awakened.

With these two objects then in view, *to retain a record of the Present and bring back a record of the Past*, we enter on the *Memorabilia Yalensia*, regretting only that in the present number we have been

compelled apparently to neglect *the Past*, while *the Passing* has been forced upon our thoughts and cares.

D. C. G.

#### JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

Between the Junior Exhibition of the Class of 1852, on the closing Tuesday of last term, and this commencement of a College Record, so many weeks have passed away, that it is not possible to give so full a notice of those exercises as we should like to see.

Contrary to custom, the appointment of speakers for the day, (in consequence of that ever-memorable First Biennial,) was not made till near the middle of the term at the close of which the Exhibition was to come; and yet we believe that, generally, the pieces as well as their delivery, might be favorably compared with those of former years. At any rate, as members of that famous class, we cannot be expected to admit that they were *less* various, brilliant, or entertaining than is usual; while if class pride might be allowed to give public utterance to its private thoughts, we should perhaps be tempted to enlarge,—but we forbear.

Printed invitations had been distributed quite extensively through the city, to those who were supposed to take an interest in the occasion, and the house was certainly well filled throughout the day, but particularly so, notwithstanding the rain, during the evening exercises. It is gratifying to have so many persons out of College present at these exhibitions, but it seems unfortunate, that the time of their occurrence should be such, that the larger part of the students have previously set out for home.

The attractions of the Music were undoubtedly great this year, for at no slight expense and trouble, both Dodworth's Cornet Band of New York, and the Beethoven Society of College had been engaged. The choir skillfully performed several stirring pieces of music, (selected mainly from the Opera Chorus Book,) to three of the most spirited of which original words had been adapted; while the band, sometimes alone and sometimes in connection with Beethoven singing, played on two different sets of instruments—the wind and stringed—to the great delight of all.

At the opening of the morning exercises, President Woolsey announced that in consequence of the funeral of Judge DAGGETT, for many years Professor in the Law School, the exercises intended for the afternoon would not take place till evening. The first four English pieces, however, on the programme for the afternoon, were delivered immediately following those of the morning.

A contributor, to whom we give our thanks, and from whom we hope to hear again, has sent us a report somewhat minute of each of the different pieces which was spoken. We regret however that we can only append the "Order" of the Exercises as they actually took place.

## SPEAKERS AND THEIR SUBJECTS.

*Morning.*

- "De Pugna Actiaca," Latin Oration, W. A. REYNOLDS.  
 "Disregard of Consequences," MOSES SMITH.  
 "Steam as an Agent in Modern Civilization," HENRY MCCORMICK.  
 "Importance of Education in the Ordinary Pursuits of Life," C. LOUNSBURY.  
 "Mahomet, the Second," ADRIAN TERRY.\*  
 "O'Connell," EDWARD D. O'REILLY.  
 "Cœlebs," Disceptatio Latina, GEORGE B. SAFFORD and DANIEL C. GILMAN.  
 "Purpose," EDWARD BUCK.  
 "Literary Enthusiasm," GEORGE EDWARDS JACKSON.  
 "Mount Vernon," HENRY C. HALLOWELL.  
 "The Progress of Republican Principles during the last half Century," WM. L. ROWLAND.  
 "The Ideal and the Actual," ANGELO W. NORTH.  
 "The New Englander from Home," DAVID OGDEN MOREHOUSE.  
 "Misdirected Power," HENRY SEYMOUR SANFORD.  
 "The Harp of the Winds," a Poem, ALBERT BIGELOW.  
 "The Rival Queens," JOHN G. BAIRD.  
 "Buried Cities," FISK P. BREWER.  
 "The American Congress," WILLIAM H. ODELL.  
 "Truthfulness," FRANCIS MILLER.

*Evening.*

- "Ὁ τῆς Φιλοποντίας καὶ τῆς Φιλοσοφίας ἀγών," Greek Oration, JOEL F. BINGHAM.  
 "'Westward the Star of Empire takes its flight,'" CHARLES C. SALTER.  
 "Morality in its Relation to our Government," JONATHAN L. NOYES.  
 "Progress," WILLIAM BALDWIN ROSS.  
 "Genius," BARRON C. MOULTON.  
 "The National Washington Monument," GEORGE BLAGDEN SAFFORD.  
 "The Fallacy of the Czar," GEORGE A. WILCOX.  
 "The Poetical in Our College Life," DANIEL COIT GILMAN.  
 "Utilitarianism," Philosophical Oration, HOMER B. SPRAGUE.  
 "Dorylla, or The Fatal Arrow," a Poem, WILLIAM WALLACE CRAPO.

## THE PRESENTATION OF THE WOODEN SPOON.

This long established custom received another impulse toward perpetuation on Friday evening, the 23d of May. The principles on which the whole proceedings were conducted differed so entirely from those of previous exhibitions of the kind, while the affair went off with such *eclat*, was attended by so large and brilliant an audience, and was afterward honored with so many compliments, that a passing notice of the evening's entertainment seems called for in our record of what is going on within the College world. •

BREWSTER's new and spacious HALL was secured for the occasion, and long before the hour appointed, was filled with an eager crowd of those who had been so fortunate as to share in the limited number of

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\* Excused from speaking.

tickets which were issued. Among them, by special invitation, were members of the College Faculty, many from their families, and some three hundred ladies from in and out of town; while the Academic students generally, their friends in the Theological and Law Schools, and a few prominent citizens, filled up the audience. Upon entering the hall, the audience were escorted to seats by a committee of the managers, designated by the emblematic badge of a miniature spoon some two inches long, which was worn upon the breast. The amusing "Insigne," which was printed on the programmes, gave by its mysterious symbols no little entertainment, while the half hour's interval between the filling of the house, and the time fixed for the opening of the exercises, was passing.

At just the hour appointed there was placed upon a stand before the chairman's seat in face of the assembly, the wonder of the night, *the center of attractions, the famous WOODEN SPOON*. It was a noble spoon, of the best black walnut, near three feet long and finely carved with a grape-vine twig entwined around the handle and a tempting bunch of grapes just ready to discharge their juice into the bowl whereon they rested. Upon the reverse was the celebrated motto (which by the way President Edwards once adopted) "*Dum Vivimus, Vivamus,*" and on a silver plate was cut the name of him who was to bear the trophy, HENRY C. BLAKESLEE, of the Class of 1852.\*

The President of the evening, WM. W. CRAPO, of New Bedford, Mass., introduced the exercises by begging the indulgence of the audience in criticising what they should hear, reminding them of the oft repeated saying that 'the funny things in College were all said long ago,' but assuring them, notwithstanding, that the present speakers had no *excuses* now to render, for these they gave in a different quarter. He then announced the opening piece of music, a March by the Tibicines.

No band had yet appeared, however, and where the music was to come from, no one seemed to know. But presently the sound of a drum in another room was heard and then the tread of men;—and in a moment afterward the Tibicines came up the aisle to their place upon the stage, dressed most fantastically, and bearing their instruments *over the left*, but with no other music than the measured drum-tap and the sounding step. As different parts of the audience took the idea of a march thus acted out, shout rose on shout and it really seemed as if a march had thus been stolen on their good nature, for the laugh thus excited continued throughout most of the evening.

Next came the SALUTATORY, which with its "*Salvete*" to the vari-

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\* The spoon is not presented, as some away from College think, to the poorest scholar in his class, but to the lowest on the list of fifty (in a class of over ninety) appointed by the Faculty to speak at Junior Exhibition proper. If he declines the honor of receiving the spoon, the colloquy appointees choose for the purpose (as they did in the present case) some one else from their own number, while men of other and higher grades in College scholarship are invited to take part in the exercises of the evening.

ous classes and sub-classes, a most comical medley blending Latin and English phrases, was a decided hit. It was succeeded by four other orations, interspersed with three colloquies, a "Satire," an "Epic," a "Lyric," and a "Poem," with songs and instrumental music.

The first colloquy, called "the Gobblers Gobled," in which three persons took part, was arranged throughout to music, a Brother and Linonian being engaged in electioneering a poor Sub-Freshman, who after all did not succeed in getting into College.

The second was "the BIENNIAL, or a way to take Oration," and gave a singular exposition of the various means which are employed to help a student through this great examination, information for which the audience (if we may judge from the applause) seemed to be greatly indebted.

The third colloquy was the Meeting of a LEARNED SOCIETY named the "*Φ. αἱ. αἱ.*," who quibbled on very little points almost as badly as the association (spoken of by Swift) who were "striving to make pin cushions of marble, and to extract sun beams from cucumbers." The piece from its very nature was rather long, but it could hardly be called monotonous, for the various interruptions of the 'Punster' and 'Pun Elucidator,' the Syll-ogistic propensities of another member, and 'the mutual admiration' tendencies of all, to say nothing of the report of the previous meeting and the list of additions to the Cabinet and Library, gave to its exercises a very miscellaneous character.

It is impossible briefly to report the many points and hits of the various single pieces, and although they were the crowning glories of the evening, we shall be only able to allude to them.

The "BEAUTIES OF CROSBY" was a satire on the high flown periods and infinitesimal divisions of a certain grammarian who flourished in the nineteenth century, and of whose discourses upon "the-being-in-a-state-consequent-upon-or-resulting-from-the-being-in-the-state-of-having-been-grieved," the college reader may have heard.

The "*Philosophical*" was so curiously contrived as to leave the audience in doubt whether they should properly be moved by sentiment or amused with burlesque. It was followed by a Satire in Verse, upon the general subject of "College Honors," both those received from the Faculty and students, and gave some searching yet amusing comment on the means employed for gaining both.

The next Oration, called the "GREATEST COUNTRY," seemed to take with everybody, and we doubt whether any one present was not curious to know or was able to guess how "the sun was to be removed, in order that the speaker might enter on the field of his discourse." Then came the Epic "Chaos," one of the most laughable of the pieces, vividly illustrating the often quoted saying that there is but "a step from the sublime to the ridiculous," and a little afterward, came a Lyric, sung to the tune of "Simon Bore," and giving a glowing account of the pleasures of a colloquist life. The Oration on "Great Men," a more serious piece than most of those which had been spoken,

reviewed "the greatness" of the past, leaving that of the present to be inferred from the meeting of the "*Φ. αἷ. αἷ.*" It was to have been followed by a poem upon College Life, but owing to the lateness of the hour the writer declined delivering his piece and gave way to the exercises which immediately followed, to wit, the *Presentation and Reception of the Spoon*.

This took place with all due form in connection with two speeches from the chairman of the evening and the recipient himself,—the one extending and the other receiving the honor which both ranked among the highest College life affords. *The Spoon* of course was glorified to the very highest point, and the pleasures of a Colloquist's Life were by no means overlooked. A Latin VALEDICTORY, the brevity of which was the soul of its wit,—consisting of a simple "*Valete Omnes*," and followed by a sudden disappearance of the speaker,—concluded the exercises of the evening.

After having been together for nearly four hours, (altogether too long a time for any audience to be detained,) the assembly broke up at a little after eleven o'clock, and one great object of the Exhibition seemed to have been accomplished, namely, to show that College wit need not descend to what is low and scurrilous in itself, or slanderous toward the Faculty, in order to gratify an audience; but that respectable people will attend, and all will be amused at a mere playful exhibition that avoids the objectional points which have usually been so properly condemned.

#### THE DEATH OF ALBERT HEBARD.

A death at College is always more impressive than a death can be in any other circle of a similar extent; but the loss of Hebard has made a far deeper impression than is usual here. To us who knew him as a personal friend, his decease is like that of a brother, while those who only enjoyed the general acquaintance which his prominent position extended to so many, have testified in innumerable ways their feelings of esteem. Not only did his class unite in the Resolutions of respect, but in a body they attended his funeral at his early home in Lebanon. The Literary Society over which he had presided entered on their minutes resolutions declaring likewise their regard for his memory; the Hall and Library which had been the scene of so many of his efforts were shrouded with crape, and a commemorative Oration was pronounced before the Students generally, by one of his earliest friends. At the request of the class, President Woolsey preached in the College Chapel on Sunday afternoon, the 1st of June, a Funeral Sermon, which has since been printed and distributed among the Students. A likeness of Hebard is also to be published before the graduation of his class. So many marks of affection and respect are only expressions of the true grief which fell on all of us when the tidings came that one who had been so eminent here, and whose hopes in life were all so brilliant, had departed from these scenes forever.



From one of his own Classmates we have received the following more extended

#### OBITUARY.

ALBERT HEBARD, the subject of this brief sketch, was born in Lebanon, Ct., on the 5th of January, 1826. From early youth, he manifested qualities of mind and heart which made him much esteemed and beloved by a large circle of acquaintances.

After spending about sixteen months at Andover, Mass., in pursuing his preparatory studies, he entered Yale College in the fall of 1847, a member of the class of 1851. Here his superior worth did not long escape notice. In the social circle, in the Society Hall, in the recitation room, and in the meeting of prayer, he ever conducted himself so as to ensure the love and respect of all; and none enjoyed a larger circle of more devoted and admiring friends.

His maturity of mind and extended observation, his moral rectitude, and his generous regard for the feelings of others, gave him from the first a commanding influence in his Class, and his literary excellence was frequently acknowledged both by his Classmates and by the officers of the Institution. In July, 1850, he was chosen First President of the Society of "Brothers in Unity," and filled his office with equal honor to the Society, and generosity to his opponents; and in all the conflicts of our College Societies, he was distinguished for his entire freedom from that bitterness of feeling which such contests often engender.

In December, 1850, he was appointed by the Society in which he ranked so high, to prepare a Catalogue of its Library. His extensive acquaintance with books, his experience in the Society, and his own zealous interest in the work, designated him as the one best calculated to bring the enterprise to a speedy completion. Of an ardent disposition, and unwilling to relax his efforts while any work remained unfinished, he applied himself with the utmost diligence and energy, until about the first of May, when he returned from College to his home, to recover his already impaired health, and prepare for renewed labors.

On account of increasing debility, he was unable to return on the day appointed for the opening of the term, but reached New Haven on the Monday following, fully expecting to remain with his Class until Commencement. But, alas! insidious disease had fastened upon him, and on Thursday, unable to struggle longer with an arm stronger than his own, he was induced to leave his College friends and duties, and return, for the last time, to the home and friends of his youth. On Sunday, May 18th, 1851, he breathed his last; and though, when passing through the dark valley, unconsciousness overshadowed his mind, preventing him from leaving with us any word which we might cherish and dwell upon in fond remembrance as his *last*, yet the purity and devotedness of his Christian character in life have left with us the blessed assurance of his present joys.

His death is an event peculiarly sorrowful, and in the present instance, one of the most striking instances of the mysterious dealings of Providence. For nearly four years, we had struggled side by side up the rugged steep. He had reached a higher eminence than most of us, but still, whether in joy or sorrow, prosperity or adversity, he was ever cheerful, ever ready with a word of advice or encouragement. He undoubtedly possessed more of the elements of success in life than any other in his Class. We looked forward to his future distinction, and hoped that the reflection of his virtues in life might add fresh lustre to his already fair reputation. But he is removed to a higher sphere of action ; and though there is much of hope in his death, it is to us indeed a cup of bitterness.

His funeral at Lebanon was attended by a large number of his Classmates and College friends, and it was a scene which will not soon be forgotten. The numerous concourse of friends and relatives who were assembled about his grave manifested deepest emotion, and there were tears shed by "eyes unused to weep," as we his Classmates gazed for the last time upon his grave.

And when we saw the calm resignation of those who had lost a son and a brother, we could ask with the poet,

"Is it so good to die? and shall we mourn  
That he is taken early to his rest?  
Tell me! oh mourner for the man of God!  
Shall we bewail our brother—that he died?"

The following hymn, composed for the occasion by a Classmate, was sung at the grave:—

With rev'rent voice, almighty God,  
We raise our mournful dirge,  
While bent beneath thy chastening rod,  
And Death's relentless scourge.

A comrade loved has left us now,  
Close, Brothers, round his bier!  
Grief's sable wing doth shade our brow,  
Affection draws the tear.

The choicest wreaths fond Hope could twine,  
Lie mingled with the clay;  
But still a holier hope doth shine,  
And Heavenward points the way.

Then sleep, thou silent slumberer! sleep!  
Till the last trump shall sound,  
Thy spirit God in heaven shall keep,  
Where endless joys are found.

At a special meeting of the "BROTHERS IN UNITY," held May 19, 1851, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted :

*Whereas*, It has pleased the All-wise Disposer of events, in His good providence, to remove from the midst of this Society our esteemed and valued friend and Brother, ALBERT HEBARD, therefore—

*Resolved*, That while we would bow in humble submission to the will of Him who rules all things, and chastens His children for their good, yet we cannot restrain ourselves from the expression of the unmingled sorrow which this afflictive providence has caused us.

*Resolved*, That in his connection with this Society, both as a private member and former President, we have ever recognized in him, talents of the highest order, faithfulness, activity and zeal for the interests of our Fraternity, and an unwavering fidelity in the discharge of the responsible duties with which he was entrusted.

*Resolved*, That we deeply sympathize with the family and friends of the deceased, in this their sudden and heavy bereavement.

*Resolved*, That as a token of our respect and sorrow for our departed Brother, the Hall and Library of this Society be appropriately hung in mourning for thirty days.

*Resolved*, That as many of this Society as can conveniently so do, be requested to attend the funeral solemnities.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, and to the papers of New Haven, Hartford, Norwich, and the New York Tribune, for publication.

W. W. WINTHROP, President.

J. E. GOODHUE, Secretary.

At a meeting of the Senior Class of Yale College, held on Monday, the 19th, the following resolutions, presented by ASA FRENCH, in behalf of the committee, were adopted :

*Whereas*, In the inscrutable Providence of an All-wise God, one of our number, ALBERT HEBARD, has been removed from our midst under circumstances peculiarly melancholy in their nature, therefore,

*Resolved*, That while in this sudden and distressing dispensation we recognize the hand of Him "who doeth all things well," and bow in submission to His mandate, we cannot adequately express our grief at the loss of one, whose amiable and manly qualities had bound him to us by the strongest ties of friendship and love, upon whom we had looked as one of the brightest ornaments of our Class, and whose commanding talents gave promise of more than wonted honor and usefulness in that life upon which he was about to enter.

*Resolved*, That in sorrow we mingle our tears with those of his distressed family and friends in this bereavement; yet not without the hope and assurance that what has been our loss is his gain.

*Resolved*, That in testimony of affection for our departed friend and classmate, and our respect to his memory, we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of the deceased, and transmitted to the press for publication.

D. F. HOLLISTER, Chairman.

J. L. JENKINS, Secretary.

## SENIOR APPOINTMENTS.

*Class of 1851.*

## ORATIONS.

|                 |                       |                |
|-----------------|-----------------------|----------------|
| T. S. POTWINE,  | <i>Valedictory,</i>   | East Windsor.  |
| A. R. LITTLE,   | <i>Salutatory,</i>    | Newport, R. I. |
| R. C. CRAMPTON, | <i>Philosophical,</i> | Farmington.    |
| J. G. VOSE,     | "                     | Milton, Mass.  |
| W. W. WINTHROP, | "                     | New Haven.     |

|                  |                      |                  |                   |
|------------------|----------------------|------------------|-------------------|
| W. A. ALEXANDER, | Washington, Ga.      | W. D. F. MANICE, | New York City-    |
| C. H. CARTER,    | Waterbury.           | S. M'CALL,       | Lebanon.          |
| J. S. HOYT,      | New Canaan.          | E. C. WHITNEY,   | Winchendon, Mass. |
| W. S. ATLEE,     | Lancaster, Pa.       | D. L. JUDSON,    | Birmingham.       |
| J. BUDLONG,      | Pawtucket, Mass.     | H. LOOMIS,       | New Haven.        |
| T. C. DOWNIE,    | S. Grove, Wisconsin. | J. M. SLADE,     | Brooklyn, N. Y.   |
| J. W. FEARN,     | Mobile, Ala.         | R. C. STILES,    | West Chester, Pa. |
| R. J. HALDIMAN,  | Harrisburg, Pa.      | J. R. THURSTON,  | Bangor, Me.       |

## DISSERTATIONS.

|               |                  |
|---------------|------------------|
| A. FRENCH,    | Braintree, Mass. |
| G. W. GORDON, | Key West, Flor.  |
| E. J. HAWES,  | Hartford.        |

## DISPUTES.

|                  |                  |                |                    |
|------------------|------------------|----------------|--------------------|
| C. A. BAER,      | Lancaster, Pa.   | H. H. JESSUP,  | Montrose, Pa.      |
| E. W. BEDINGER,  | Boone Co., Ky.   | G. W. LYON,    | Bedford, N. Y.     |
| A. H. CARRIER,   | Bridgeport,      | J. W. NOBLE,   | Columbus, Ohio.    |
| E. W. EVANS,     | Leraysville, Pa. | D. P. SMITH,   | Springfield, Mass. |
| E. HUNGERFORD,   | Wolcottville.    | E. N. TAFT,    | Mendon, Mass.      |
| H. W. BRINSMADE, | Troy, N. Y.      | J. R. HILLS,   | Auburn, N. Y.      |
| J. E. ESTABROOK, | Worcester, Mass. | J. Y. LEONARD, | Berkshire, N. Y.   |
| W. FREAR,        | Ulysses, N. Y.   | D. P. TEMPLE,  | Framingham, Mass.  |

## COLLOQUIES.

|                 |                 |                |                  |
|-----------------|-----------------|----------------|------------------|
| H. D. W. BEMAN, | Mount Zion, Ga. | R. B. PEET,    | Brooklyn, N. Y.  |
| J. A. GALLUP,   | Ledyard.        | J. SHELDON,    | Watertown, N. Y. |
| G. HOPKINS,     | Naugatuck.      | F. M. STEVENS, | Portland.        |
| T. G. KENT,     | Wayland, Mass.  | R. WELLES,     | Newington.       |
|                 | H. D. WHITE,    | New Haven.     |                  |

## OFFICERS OF THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

| LINONIA.       | BROTHERS IN UNITY.       | CALLIOPE.               |
|----------------|--------------------------|-------------------------|
|                | <i>Presidents.</i>       |                         |
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|                | <i>Vice Presidents.</i>  |                         |
| IAM B. ROSS.   | HENRY C. HALLOWELL.      | ALEXANDER C. MCKISSACK. |
|                | <i>Librarians.</i>       |                         |
| GE S. MYGATT.  | CYRUS L. HALL.           | LUCIUS C. DUNCAN.       |
|                | <i>Treasurers.</i>       |                         |
| 3 SMITH.       | JONATHAN L. NOYES.       | LUCIUS C. DUNCAN.       |
|                | <i>Secretaries.</i>      |                         |
| ET E. KENT.    | ALFRED GROUT.            | RANDAL L. GIBSON.       |
|                | <i>Vice Secretaries.</i> |                         |
| DLEY SEILER.   | SAMUEL C. GALE.          | WILLIAM S. MAPLES.      |

## PREMIUMS AWARDED, JUNE 20, 1851.

## WOOLSEY SCHOLARSHIP.

*Class of 1854.*

WILLIAM H. FENN.

## PRIZES FOR SOLUTIONS OF MATHEMATICAL PROBLEMS.

*Class of 1853.*

|      |              |               |
|------|--------------|---------------|
| ize, | C. T. LEWIS. |               |
| '    | H. I. BLISS, | J. MCCORMICK. |
| '    | T. D. HALL.  |               |

*Class of 1854.*

|      |                 |               |                |
|------|-----------------|---------------|----------------|
| ize, | W. R. EASTMAN,  | E. H. MAGILL, | S. WALKER.     |
| '    | E. L. DEFOREST, | E. C. DUBOIS, | L. S. POTWINE. |
| '    | S. T. HYDE.     | W. H. NORRIS. |                |

## PRIZES FOR ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

*Class of 1853.*

|      |                      |                     |                     |
|------|----------------------|---------------------|---------------------|
|      | <i>1st Division.</i> | <i>2d Division.</i> | <i>3d Division.</i> |
| ize, | G. A. JOHNSON.       | H. C. ROBINSON.     | C. T. LEWIS.        |
| '    | A. GROUT.            | T. BACON.           | E. L. CLARK.        |
| '    | { G. W. BALDWIN.     | { B. K. PHELPS.     | J. M. WHITON.       |
| '    | { S. M. CAPRON.      | { A. D. WHITE.      |                     |

## PRIZES FOR TRANSLATION FROM GREEK INTO ENGLISH.

*Class of 1854.*

|      |                      |                     |                     |
|------|----------------------|---------------------|---------------------|
|      | <i>1st Division.</i> | <i>2d Division.</i> | <i>3d Division.</i> |
| ize, | W. H. FENN.          | W. B. DWIGHT.       | C. CUTLER.          |
| '    | W. S. SHURTLIFF.     | T. P. PROCTOR.      | { J. W. HOOKEE.     |
| '    | { C. PARDEE.         | L. S. POTWINE.      | { O. C. SPARROW.    |
| '    | { M. N. WHITMORE.    |                     | T. G. RITCH.        |

### Editor's Table.

WE deem it a happy circumstance that the Yale Lit. has no stated periods when its appearance is expected. Its Editors are the most independent of that servile profession, since their Readers never question the propriety of a delay, never scold—and we suspect never care—at the non-appearance of the Magazine. But for the sake of an explanation we will say, that the delay in the present case is more apparent than real. The change in the terms has compelled us to change the names of the months without giving the time for a corresponding early appearance of the numbers. Hence the so-called May number must usually appear in June.

The Editor's Table has been well termed the play ground at the back side of his field of labor, where, free from restraint and beyond the reach of criticism, he may sport as best pleases him. Any literary gambols which may have been intended for this number are most mercilessly smothered by the decree of the printer—no room. The summer term is always one of interest and excitement,—the most so of any in the year. There is a continual succession of engrossing topics, which gain the attention of students, demand their time, and call forth new powers and display amusing traits of character. The various Elections, the initiations into the Secret Societies, the Biennial, the Boating mania, moon light walks and excursions to East Rock, Lake Saltonstall and Roaring Brook, to say nothing of the new Turkish Costume, absorb the thoughts of College students, and would demand from us a notice, if we were not writing by the square inch, and had we not already exceeded by several pages the usual limits of the Magazine.

Reader, what think you of our new arrangement—the Memorabilia? Do not condemn the idea on account of the want of variety which the present number displays, for be assured that there are some racy and interesting historical sketches yet in store for you. Be assured also that to sustain such a department in our *Maga.* requires no inconsiderable effort, and since we have striven and shall strive to please you, we would ask your approval and encouragement;—we would ask also of our fellow students and of graduates—both the recent and older ones—to aid us by their contributions and subscriptions. We stand in need of both—the pen and the purse.

CONTRIBUTORS.—“Hesperion” and “K. S. R.” cannot be accommodated in this number—their articles may appear in the next. An article on “Presentation Day” is also omitted. Our thanks are due to J. A. A., of Brooklyn, N. Y., for his kind favor.

EXCHANGES.—The Georgia University and the Jefferson Monument Magazines have been received. We regret to learn from the number of the Amherst Indicator before us, that it is the *last* of its line. We have considered it as one of our very best Exchanges. Its articles certainly were creditable to any College Magazine. The Editors have not given a very lucid explanation of the causes of the death.

We have also received the report of the officers of the “Retreat for the Inmate.” It was received at a time and under circumstances which rendered the pamphlet quite significant.

XVI.

No. VIII.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED  
BY THE  
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"*Dei cunctis gratia manet, nonnulli laudisque VALENSSES  
Crescunt Scholae, ubi solique PATRES.*"

JUNE, 1851.

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# CONTENTS.

|                              |     |
|------------------------------|-----|
| Individuality, . . . . .     | 293 |
| The Midnight Bell, . . . . . | 296 |

## TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAYS :

|                                                                                  |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Value of the Imagination to the Philosopher in the Discovery of Truth, . . . . . | 299 |
| The Relations of Christianity to Art, . . . . .                                  | 305 |
| A Reverie, . . . . .                                                             | 310 |
| The Adventures of Wimple Wimpleton, Esq. . . . .                                 | 313 |
| My Thoughts will dwell with Thee, . . . . .                                      | 317 |
| John Ledyard, . . . . .                                                          | 318 |
| The Human Heart, . . . . .                                                       | 321 |
| Undeveloped Energies, . . . . .                                                  | 322 |
| Academical Degrees, . . . . .                                                    | 324 |

## MEMORABILIA YALENSIA :

|                                                           |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| College Fun in 1777, . . . . .                            | 325 |
| Presentation of the Class of 1831, . . . . .              | 326 |
| Pendulum Demonstration of the Earth's Rotation, . . . . . | 327 |
| Professor Stanley's Return, . . . . .                     | 327 |
| The Literary Societies, . . . . .                         | 328 |
| Scholarships Recently Awarded, . . . . .                  | 328 |
| Editor's Table, . . . . .                                 | 329 |
| Notice to Contributors, . . . . .                         | 332 |



THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XVI.

JUNE, 1851.

No. VIII.

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*Individuality.*

As we glance over the map of history we behold many colossal intellects that stand like mountains, to break the monotony of the scene. The enchantments of antiquity may have clothed them with ideal excellence and magnified them into more gigantic proportions, while the fact that their cotemporaries sunk into oblivion, and left them the sole representatives of their age, has widened still more the bounds which isolate them, and has thus placed them in a more vivid light. But although we make due allowances for the exaggerations of fancy, and the apparent superiority which contrast with their forgotten cotemporaries has given them, yet the very fact that their names stand out in bold relief on the records of the past, proves that they were distinct individual existences. So too if we examine the prominent men of our own age, we shall find that by superior natural or acquired abilities, they have drawn around themselves an insulating circle that renders their characters marked and luminous. This distinct, isolated, well defined state we call Individuality.

Individuality is the result of personal independence and energy. That independence which leads a man to form and trust his own opinions, and that energy which leads him to maintain them, although in opposition to time-honored views, or to popular superstition, malice, and violence, constitute his individuality.

No deep insight nor wide observation is necessary to a conviction that this condition or trait of character is far more rare than it ought to be. The mass of mankind have ever followed the same track and chased the same illusive shadows. The bright hopes, the high aspirations, the strong resolutions which gladden and sway the intellect in youth, are one by one extinguished, as the stiff and cold reality succeeds to the life-like and glowing picture of fancy, and the blinding glare of meridian manhood follows the auroral tints of youth, and in turn fades into the twilight of age. The heart which once beat high and warm with bright hopes and generous enthusiasm sinks into apathy, and the limbs that were once vigorous in youthful sport or in manly

toil, no longer battle *with* the world and *for* the world. The glory that tints the flower or burns in the firmament, the unutterable mystery that surrounds us, the undying spirit within us, the still voice that whispers to us from the abyss of death—what are these but faithful, though unheeded monitors that call upon us to not simply *exist*, but to *live* and to *act*? In the cruel mockeries which men call pleasures, how many in all ages merge every earnest thought, every honest feeling, every high aspiration? Earth holds their souls as it holds their bodies, with an unyielding grasp.

It is sad to think of this intellectual and moral suicide—so unnatural yet not infrequent, nor always unfashionable; to think how souls elastic, buoyant, pure and strong, stifle all enthusiasm and suppress all manliness, until the spiritual image of God becomes an inert or hideous deformity, crippled by neglect and abuse, or blackened and calloused by crime. And yet this lethargy, unbroken except by the excitement of gross passions, is often called contentment, and the simple mistake it for happiness; as if life were stupidity and stagnation, rather than animation, earnestness and action. So long as such is the theory of many and the practice of most, individuality will be an indication of good.

But it is not without determined effort that one can break the bonds that unite him to the mass, and can rise above the general level. Thought must be free, vital, and patient. Action must be equally independent, energetic, and lasting. To possess a mind living and imparting life, disciplined, expanded, and polished to its utmost capacity, daring to tear aside the curtains of superstition, realizing the lessons of the past, and piercing the mysteries of the future, conscious of the capacities, wants, and duties of itself and of others—this is the fruit, not of inaction, but of the highest and hardest mental toil. And to clothe the inward life of such a soul in palpable deeds, so that the outward visible forms shall accurately express the glorious outline of the invisible spirit, this too requires an energy which few possess and fewer exercise. Force of thought and action is therefore the chief element and characteristic of individuality. Let us notice more minutely the immediate obstacles to the attainment of that “separate and independent station” which each should occupy.

Leaving out of view those powers which are the gift of Nature, the causes of feebleness of mind and will, are indolence, a blind sympathy, and a love of popularity. Indolence may arise either from too much or too little self-esteem. We not unfrequently meet with those who fancy their knowledge approximates to omniscience. These of course will not stoop to the drudgery of self-discipline or to the humiliation of learning from others. They confound “freedom of thought” with “freedom from thought”—independent *thought* with independent *thoughtlessness*. But indolence is oftener the result of too little self-esteem. In this case the person destroys his own will, places implicit confidence in authority, and yields himself a slave to others’ passions. And this servility receives the fashionable, euphonic name of humility. Now whenever a man believes that he is in-

capable of forming correct opinions and of performing honorable actions, whenever his humility degenerates into a settled contempt for himself, there is little ground for the hope that he will rise in the scale of being. It is no part of true religion to annihilate all sense of individual importance, as some very honest persons, whose zeal would seem to surpass their knowledge, contend; but it should rather lead one to value more that heaven-born principle which shall survive the "wreck of matter and the crash of worlds." Whatever may be the direct cause of this intellectual sloth or the form it assumes, it is a plain law of our being that he who will not think for himself shall draw his opinions from others, for all but fools must have opinions. Thus men range themselves under some superior, guiding, independent intellect, whose words are law and whose opinions are oracles. And strong intellects, like strong chieftains, are rarely unwilling to take charge of their weaker brethren, to tyrannize over and trample upon them. The superior mind crushes the inferior, obliterates its distinctive features, fuses its substance, and moulds the plastic mass of thought and sentiment into a mere objective existence. Familiar examples occur in history where distinguished authors or generals have thus acquired a sympathetic control over large masses, whose every thought was but a parody on the idea that flashed from their master's brain—a ludicrous parody too, being only the distorted shadow of what may have been in him symmetrical and substantial. Swarms of would-be Chesterfields, Byrons, Carlyles, and Bonapartes, adorers of prominent great men, and of prominent small men, infest every community, thinking, forsooth, that because they absorb all the brightness which radiates from their idols, their own souls will be full of light. Respect is indisputably due to superiority; but when the weak man rivets the chain which the strong man throws around him, and willingly becomes a mere Sancho Panza appendage to some more or less Quixotic genius, he makes himself an inviting target for the shafts of ridicule.

This self-humiliation is contagious. "Misery loves company," says the proverb. So does insignificance; and it *has* company. In the crowded city and the solitary village, where wealth pampers its luxurious lords, or poverty wrings sweat and blood and life from its victims, where sanctimoniousness flaunts its Pharisaical robes, or conscious infamy hides its face in darkness, a voice ever rises from the unnumbered animalculæ, who cement their intellectual corpses to build a coral-like monument to others' greatness, uttering their unanimous belief, that it is better to be dragged along together than to press onward alone. Sympathy smooths over the protuberances which would individualize even these infinitesimals, and blends them in an undistinguished mass.

But sympathy does not stop here. It generates popular opinion. From this fellowship of stupidity and degradation, fostered by a mutual self-conceit, or by a servile self-distrust, springs a popular sentiment which condemns and often crushes all individuality of thought.

and action. No sane man will deny that much regard should be cherished for the opinions and sentiments of others. Few are so heedless or so demented as to neglect those numberless graces which smooth the roughness and soften the jolts and jostlings of the contact of man with man, or to wantonly overleap the barriers that forbid assaults upon the sensibilities of their fellow men. The danger is not that one will scorn, but that he will worship the popular sentiment. The tyranny of fashion extends to the most momentous as well as the most trivial matters. Notwithstanding that the fierce controversies of ever belligerent sects denouncing each other as heretics or infidels, and of parties stigmatizing each other as fanatics or traitors, call for honest, independent, personal judgment, yet from the sovereign Pontiff to the lowest Pagan, from the strong minded politician who sells his principles for office, to the brainless sot who sells his vote for whiskey, there is a fashion which determines their opinions as it determines their apparel, and shapes their conduct as it shapes their coats. Every sect, party, or society, has certain established views and customs from which it is difficult, if not dangerous, for those within its pale to dissent. To the mind which has not yet learned how indiscriminating, how fickle, how unworthy of confidence the world is, there is something appalling in its frown,—something in its scorn and hatred from which modesty shrinks with horror. In the bright picture of future happiness, which the angel of hope unrolls to the vision of youth, no feature is more gladdening than the golden sunlight of the world's approval, and though years of hard reality may afterwards teach him that the smile of man is no proof of true merit, policy at least will still urge him to court those who can withhold favors or inflict pain. Although the dungeon and the rack no longer seek to chastise heresy, yet when scorn points its "unmoving finger," or calumny strikes its poisoned fangs, or malignity darts its Gorgon glances, it is not strange that he, whose reputation is dearer than life, should fear to face the odds, and should stifle the struggling spirit within him. Thus the pulpit has been silent when its fiercest anathemas should have been hurled at iniquity in high places; the judicial ermine has been blotted by sanctioning injustice, cloaking guilt, and trampling on innocence; the powerful and the gifted have lent their aid to crush freedom, to drown the voice of conscience, and to silence its few faithful ministers. Thus has a love of idleness, of sympathy, and of popularity, destroyed that individuality which in an age of corruption is the only hope of good—without which society would be not an ever onward, healthful stream, but a stagnant, pestilential pool.

It is a humiliating commentary upon human character, that some of the best intellects the world has ever known, have sought a compromise between conscience and sin, and though they have lauded virtue, honesty, and truth in the abstract, have belied their professions by their daily conduct. As *authors*, their individuality has been most conspicuous; as *men*, they have completely lost it in their servility to the passions of themselves or of others; or if they have differed from

others, it has been by surpassing them in iniquity as they surpassed them in power. Take Bacon, as an instance. Few have left a deeper or more lasting impression upon the character and destiny of men, than he. In penetration and grasp of mind—solving the most complex mysteries and revolutionizing the whole system of philosophy, his most careless words seeming eternal monuments of his genius—his individuality causes him to stand like Mount Blanc among the mountains. Had he exhibited a sublimity of moral character corresponding to his stupendous intellect, had he rebuked venality and licentiousness and his contemptible ambition to shine in contemptible things, we might well believe that "every god had set his seal to give the world assurance of a man." But if his intellect makes us proud of our species, his vices are a perpetual memorial of human frailty. Contrast Bacon with Milton. They were perhaps equally intellectual, but the individuality of Bacon existed chiefly in his writings; that of Milton both in his writings and in his life. While moral courage, unspotted purity, and greatness of soul shall receive the respect and imitation of men, the adamant strength of character, the sublime confidence in truth and its author, which Milton displayed when he fought single handed against injustice, vice, and contumely, as if the strength of myriads were concentrated in his arm, and the inspiration of a thousand bards had rolled his words in fire, shall forever picture him to the imagination, meek, valiant, pure, and glorious, as one of his own angelic warriors.

The merit of individuality is not positive, but relative. It is not a thing to be aimed at for its own sake, but is rather a consequence of high aims. Of all the ridiculous phases of folly, hardly any is so calculated to produce a wondrous levity as the "aping of eccentricities" by those who would be distinguished. Forgetting that individuality is an effect and not a cause, an incidental circumstance and not an essential element of goodness or of greatness, they seize on what is at best a shadow and may be a blemish, and fancy their uncouth conduct and homely garb proofs of unappreciated worth. Thus the hermit seeks complete isolation; the ascetic lengthens his face in the midst of mirth; the Pharisee makes interminable prayers amid the din of the streets; the heaven born genius wears a peculiar dress; as if mental capacity or moral excellence were to be measured by external peculiarities; as if genius were not the result of a happy mental organization, but of a strange combination of fantastic garments. The futility of such conduct is most palpable. We need not be misanthropes, and we cannot tear asunder those hidden links which bind us to all our race. "I love a fool," says Charles Lamb, "as naturally as if I were of kith and kin to him."

Let those therefore who aspire to prominence not disguise their outward, but cultivate and develop their inward being. "Corruption wins not more than honesty," and fraud is sure to be in the end unmasked. Mingling with others, not to share their apathy or their sin, much less to rise by degrading them, but to relieve suffering, to reform

vice, to overthrow all that opposes individual and social progress, to lead the van of improvement, in the midst of corruption incorruptible, in the midst of pride humble, in the midst of servility independent,—it is thus that men should stand, slighting contempt and unshaken by opposition, like a lofty cliff lashed by the sea and the tempest, yet immovable forever.

S.

### The Midnight Bell.

THE waning lights shone dimly forth within the banquet hall,  
The sound of revelry was hushed, the guests departed all;  
No more the sparkling nectar filled the chalice to the brim,  
Or rung the laugh around the bowl, where flashing bubbles swim.  
The music's swell had died away, no sound disturbed the spell,  
Save when along the marble floor a measured footstep fell.  
One mantled form in silence paced the spacious room alone,  
Unconscious how on rapid wing the festal hours had flown.  
At length he paused;—in startling tones upon the air of night  
The ivied tower proclaimed abroad Time's unrelenting flight;  
There was no whirlwind's rushing sound, no loud or uttered word,  
But in those clear and ringing tones a spirit's voice he heard;  
He stood as if some viewless hand had chained him to the spot,  
And all his manhood's hopes and pride were now alike forgot.  
That midnight bell, those solemn tones, they touched a chord within,  
The knell of precious moments slain in revelry and sin,—  
The past, with all its guilty dreams, its wasted misspent years,  
Approached and with its sorrowing gaze unsealed the fount of tears.  
"O Time! thou boon of priceless worth, not all the boundless sea  
Of gold and untold gems conceals, can buy delay of thee;  
Once gone, thou art forever gone, no prayers can then avail,  
Or wealth of worlds the suppliant place once more in Mercy's pala.  
Yet while thou still art in our reach, we bid thee, blind, depart,  
And in our frantic madness strive to stab thee to the heart."

O murdered Time! thy ghastly shade hath come to haunt me now,  
Its eyes in sadness fixed on me, beneath that pallid brow;  
Stern, still and statue-like it stands upon the marble floor,  
And with its icy hand outstretched, points, points for evermore.  
"Can deep repentance aught avail, shall mercy be displayed,  
To pardon wrong and heal the wound this guilty hand hath made!"  
A cheering voice fell on his ear, "Forgiveness waits thy crime,  
But few and evil are the days, henceforth redeem the time."

That midnight bell! how strange and clear the language of its sound,  
As Time's long pointing finger stalks its solemn circuit round;

We hear it not amid the din and bustle of the day,  
 Its warning voice amid the strife unheeded dies away ;  
 But when the world's great pulse is calm, the struggling passions still,  
 Its sound with strains of music wild, the listening ear can fill.  
 What varied tales the rising tear, the sigh of anguish tell,  
 As in the steeple slow descends the hammer on the bell.  
 Unwelcome thought, too oft repulsed, the summons then attends,  
 And conscience to its bloody lash a threefold vigor lends.  
 Eternal Justice seems to speak and smite the culprit dead,  
 "Thou fool, thy soul is now required, and time for thee is fled."  
 But to the wise another sound, interpreted aright,  
 Is wafted from the clanging tower, upon the breeze of night.  
 "The work is great, thy time is short," the kindly accents say,  
 "And small the strength thou hast to toil ; rise, Christian, watch and pray."

J. K. L.

### TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAYS.

#### Value of the Imagination to the Philosopher in the Discovery of Truth.

BY E. W. EVANS, LERAYSVILLE, PA.

IMAGINATION may be defined, the power of vividly and copiously reproducing, whether in real or in arbitrary combinations, our various conceptions of objects of sense. As an intellectual process, it differs from a vivid fancy only in being more active and fruitful. As a power, however, its distinctive element consists in lively sensibilities, which stimulate and direct the fancy, and cause the mind to delight in its own creations.

The offices which this faculty fulfils, and the purposes which it is designed to serve in our constitution, are both important and various. I propose now to speak of its value to the philosopher as an aid in the discovery of truth.

I am aware that this notion is somewhat paradoxical. There is a vulgar impression, that in the investigations of science, the less imagination we possess, the better—that though an instrument of power to the rhetorician, it is fruitful of disadvantages to the philosopher—that it has an infallible tendency to divert and blind and mislead—that the more effectually it is banished from the mind, the greater is the triumph of reason. This prejudice arises from an imperfect understanding of the processes by which the mind arrives at general truths. It is easy to see how the imagination may lead into error, how pleasing fictions and plausible fictions may often appear, to weak or preju-

diced or unenlightened or enthusiastic minds, invested with all the evidence of truth, and how rude nations are ever ready to believe the songs that please them. It is easy to trace a thousand absurd beliefs of past ages to this source. But to conceive how the imagination may have aided in the discovery of truth, is comparatively difficult. We see the result; it is the result of reasoning. It is conclusion derived from premises. But through what dark mazes of perplexity and doubt the mind of the reasoner may have groped before emerging into the clear light of knowledge, and by what aids it may have extricated itself, can be adequately conceived only by those who have pursued intricate investigations for themselves, and reflected on the course of their own thoughts. It is a trite remark, that as men advance in reason the imagination languishes through inactivity. In a certain sense, this is undoubtedly true. I apprehend, however, that, as a mental power, it is not so much disused, as directed into new fields of action. Before, it was occupied more exclusively with fiction and fable: now, it is more busy in mirroring forth things real. Before, it may have sometimes deluded and misled, it may have sometimes encroached on the prerogative of reason; but now, reason resumes the throne and presses the imagination into her own service.

In attempting to show the uses of the imagination in processes of inductive reasoning, I shall not attempt to follow any accurate analysis of the steps by which the mind advances, but shall simply point out, as they occur to me, a few modes in which this power is advantageously brought into exercise.

It is the peculiar province of the philosopher to reason out general truths. To this end, he first collects a multitude of facts, and then traces their various relations, with a view to discovering laws that govern or principles that pervade them.

Suppose, then, that in commencing the investigation of a particular subject, he holds in the storehouses of his memory all the requisite knowledge of facts. These must be brought to mind. They must be singled out among a wilderness of irrelevant materials, and held up in relief before the mind. This implies an exercise of memory and an exercise of reason. But as the recollection must precede the act of judgment, it follows that the memory has a busy work to do. It must present the whole chaotic mass out of which here and there a part is to be selected. It must roam abroad without a guide, and bring back relevant facts and irrelevant facts without discrimination, until it has exhausted the whole field within which the required data are to be found, or until reason has pronounced the supply sufficient for the purpose in hand. In the study of a wide subject this is a difficult process. We are ever in danger of overlooking important facts, and of resting satisfied with insufficient data, although possessed of knowledge, which, if it occurred, would correct our judgment. The youthful tendency to hasty generalization is not the most easily overcome by age. Many a philosopher has spent half a life in perfecting some magnificent theory, which the mention of a few well known facts, that



had not occurred in the same connection before, has been sufficient to scatter to the four winds. To guard against this danger, to give the mind a ready command over its own knowledge, nothing is more important than a lively imagination. It assists the memory to give up its own stores. In other words, it prompts recollection. To call up a series of images, and to marshal them in review before the mind, implies, so far as it goes, a lively exercise of the power of association; and it serves to advance it still farther. We direct our attention to a particular field of inquiry. We make an effort to scan it. Straightway we begin to see it, with the eye of imagination, painted in vivid colors and peopled with vivid forms. Now, since the picture represents real phenomena in their real relations, it presupposes the agency of the memory. Hence, the same inspiring feelings which excite the fancy, excite also the power of recollection. The imagination, in its avidity for images, calls the memory into vigorous exercise, to supply it with the originals from which to copy. Nor is this all. When the picture is formed we can detain it before us. We can dwell on its separate parts successively, consider each in its various relations and return from one to another at pleasure. Our thoughts are thus accelerated in every direction, and our recollections multiplied, by the great number and variety of starting-points presented by the imagination. Or if, on the other hand, we are deficient in this power, if our conceptions of sensible objects are few and indistinct and flickering, the memory labors, and facts will not occur in the connections in which they are wanted. All reflecting minds, however, have in some measure experienced the advantages thus derived from the imagination. There are moments in which some awakened feelings stimulate the fancy to an unusual degree of activity, in which our conceptions of sensible objects become strangely vivid, and every image that appears brings with it a throng of associations. These are the moments in which, above all others, we have been enabled to reason on wide subjects with the advantage accruing from copiousness of materials.

Another use of the imagination, somewhat analogous to the preceding, is to aid us in anticipating possible results of the operation of known causes. There are many subjects on which we cannot reason correctly without taking probable cases into the account, without assuming these as part of our data. We cannot, for instance, prescribe a universal rule of duty, or lay down a universal principle in political economy, until we have seen that it holds good, not only in every known case, but also under all supposable circumstances. On such subjects, therefore, imaginary instances are no less important to the philosopher than to the rhetorician. Provided they are probable, they must be treated as facts. They are sometimes indispensable to a correct conclusion, as not having a precedent in history. They are at other times convenient, as occurring readily, and thus obviating the necessity of laborious research after real cases. We first frame a hypothesis which accords with observed facts, and then conjure up a multitude of imaginary cases to test its validity. It is evi-

dent, however, that this use of the imagination is confined to that which is in its nature contingent, since that which we can foresee as necessary is arrived at by another process. But there is so much contingency in the affairs of men, as both to give a wide scope to busy fancy, and to render its agency of the highest importance. He who is incapable of surveying the regions of the possible is liable to fall into error by reasoning exclusively from the actual.

The imagination, again, serves as a valuable guide in the research after new facts. The same mental endowment, which, like a well formed eye in scanning the landscape, enables us to sweep rapidly over the fields of our own knowledge, aids us, in like manner, to trace the boundaries of the unknown. To conceive of all the blanks in our stock of information relative to a wide subject, to conceive of all the various directions in which we may set out in quest of new facts, often requires an effort of which a barren imagination is incapable. There are a thousand lurking places of truth, which, though easy of access, forever escape our notice. But where the mass of mankind have scarcely observed a void, imaginative minds will often discover fruitful fields of investigation. Their roving fancies lead their attention to unexplored regions. An awakened curiosity leads them to investigation. Nor is this all. The ground which science has not preoccupied with facts, imagination fills with fictions. Some of these recommend themselves to the judgment as probable. Thus a new impulse is given to inquiry, and it is now guided by a more definite aim. In the physical sciences, these suggestions of the fancy have been the keys that have unlocked the richest treasures of knowledge. The phenomena of nature are so familiar, and yet apparently so inscrutable beyond that which is seen, that it has required visionary and enthusiastic minds to make them objects of attention and study. Pioneers in science have generally been bold conjecturers. It was for a conjecturer rather than for an observer, that the world had waited six thousand years, when Kepler discovered the laws of the planetary motions. Nor have these investigations been fruitless, when the conjectures that induced and directed them have proved false. He who went in search of islands found a continent. The illusory pursuits of the alchymist have given birth to chemistry; and the history of science is full of similar examples. There is such an infinitude of truth surrounding us, that when we earnestly pursue phantoms we can seldom fail of stumbling upon realities. Yet such, in general, is the narrowness and paucity of our conceptions, that to make flights beyond the little contracted range of our own knowledge, and to wander over those illimitable expanses in nature which relatively to our minds are blanks, has been reserved for the most adventurous fancies.

We have so far spoken only of the value of the imagination as an aid to the suggestion or discovery of the data from which we are to reason. But the ultimate aim of philosophy is induction or generalization.

To this end, nothing is more important than the power of taking a wide and distinct view of a complicated mass of materials. And

there are few subjects, which we can suppose to engage the attention of the philosopher, in which this does not imply a vigorous imagination. It may well be questioned, whether one who is destitute of this power, however active his reasoning faculty may be, is capable of going through an intricate process of induction. If we cannot distinctly image in mind but a few sensible objects at once, if our scope of clear vision is narrow, if when we attempt to combine many parts in our conceptions and to contemplate them as a whole we see nothing but a blur, we are not likely to discern those features and relations which are common to all, or to extensive classes. It is like surveying the coast with a spy glass from a rocking vessel at sea. We see a succession of objects, but cannot discern their relative positions, or trace the outlines of the landscape.

The imaginative philosopher can survey, as it were with one glance, the mass of materials which he is to analyze and arrange. He can picture a wide field of investigation before him vividly and correctly. He is not liable to lose sight of one part while contemplating another. His conceptions are not liable to become faint and confused as he extends them to more complex objects, but he is capable of viewing, as it were the whole and the parts at once. Having thus combined in his conceptions a multitude of facts in their known and obvious relations, he is now presented with a chart on which he can dwell at length, to trace out new and more hidden relations, and thus by degrees to arrive at more general facts. He traces those uniformities in the sequence of events to which we attach the idea of causation. He compares facts together, observes their resemblances and contrasts and combines or separates them accordingly. He compares relations together and pursues wide analogies. By these and similar processes he gradually advances, till he is enabled finally to discover principles of accordance which pervade the whole mass. The judgment is thus brought into exercise under the greatest possible advantages. It has a wide area to move in, and something definite and tangible with which to deal. Hence, the imaginative mind, by the correctness, the multiplicity, and the comprehensive grasp of its conceptions of objects, is fruitful in comparisons, quick to discover new relations and new analogies, and to detect order in the midst of confusion.

One of the wisest of metaphysicians refers our errors in judgment chiefly to the want of clear conceptions of the things about which we judge. How important an aid, then, must a vivid imagination be in the fields of inductive reasoning, where the sensible objects to be conceived of are so numerous and complex, and the relations to be traced are so infinitely multiplied and various! When, for example, we turn our eyes on the history of the world, what an endless and complicated succession of events do we behold! What a multitude of actors! How endlessly diversified, and how different from our own, have been the circumstances of mankind in different places and times! How often, when we attempt to picture to ourselves the great complex scenes that have passed away, do we see nothing but a shadowy confusion in

which men appear as trees walking ! And thus, when we undertake to build systems of philosophy on historical facts, we are ever prone to fall into error, through the vagueness and the limited grasp of our conceptions, and a consequent misapprehension of the relations in which men stood and the influences by which they were surrounded. And again, we may find a convenient example in the science of astronomy. The machinery of the universe is so vast and so complicated in its operations, the real and apparent paths of the planets are so "thwarted and convolved," that minds of limited powers of conception often find themselves lost in a maze, when they attempt to extend their ideas so as to embrace the whole system as it would appear if all brought under the inspection of the eye. Much less would such minds have been competent to make this intricate structure an object of close scrutiny, and to trace out the hidden laws by which its movements are regulated.

But a vivid imagination makes the complicated simple. It makes the past present and brings the distant near. It reveals to sight those things which the eyes have not seen. By its aid, we are enabled to live in the scenes of history and to see the past world moving like a great diorama before us. By its aid, we are enabled to scale the heavens and to look down upon a system of worlds as upon an orrery. And the advantage which it thus secures to the philosopher is, that it brings within the grasp of reason the materials on which it is to work.

There is still another office of the imagination, which adds to its value in a process of induction. I refer to its power of framing arbitrary combinations.

This is brought to bear in devising instruments and expedients for testing the validity of theories ; which serve either to fortify the mind in its conclusions or to correct its errors. It is brought to bear again, when the imagination invents means for its own assistance, as when it lines the heavens with circles and fixes arbitrary points of reference in time and space. Similar artificial aids to our conceptions are common in nearly every branch of science, and are no less useful to the philosopher who invents, than to the student who learns them.

But this exercise of the imagination is chiefly useful in the framing of hypotheses. The human mind, at the utmost grasp of its conceptions, is seldom able to arrive, as it were by direct approach, at the final results of generalization. It advances by a series of experiments. Some observed analogies more or less general, some uniform relations traced through a greater or less number of phenomena, suggest a principle, on which we proceed to build an imaginary system. We have already seen how such conjectures lead to the discovery of new facts. They are no less useful as means of discovering general truths, supposing the facts to be known. Having framed a hypothesis which accords with a part of the phenomena, we proceed to test it, by seeing whether it accords with all. We detain it before us, and view it in its relations both to all the remaining phenomena and to the consequences, immediate or remote, which are deducible from it. We thus

perceive wherein it is valid, wherein deficient and wherein redundant, and are enabled to modify it accordingly. We are now either presented with a new hypothesis, which covers more ground, and are enabled, by repeated modifications of the same plan, finally to arrive at a satisfactory result; or, if we find it necessary to abandon our original idea altogether, we still have the advantage of having disposed of one among a number of probable hypotheses, and of thus having exhausted a part of the uncertain ground. In this manner we advance, step by step, over scaffoldings erected by the imagination, until we gain, at last, the firm rock of truth.

It is thus that the human mind has ever progressed in philosophy. The history of theories is mainly a history of experiments and failures. If these have been consequences of the imperfection of our intellects, they have also served as the means of enlightening it. They have seldom been made in vain; and they have often proved fruitful of the most sublime and important results, not only by directing investigation into the right path, but also by inspiring the mind with hope and enthusiasm. Instances, indeed, are not wanting, in which these air-castles in science have been approached and found to be tangible realities. It is more generally true, however, that theories have been developed by successive modifications of hypotheses, the process being carried on from step to step by different minds, and often prolonged from age to age.

Thus we have seen that, even in the pursuits of philosophy, the imagination is not without important uses, either as a creative power or as a faithful copyist of nature. The difference between the fancy of the poet and that of the philosopher is, that the one is supreme, but the other subordinate. In poetry, the pictures of the imagination are valuable for their own sake and are embodied in expression. But in science, they are valuable only as a means to a higher end. They assist to lead the mind out of darkness into the light, and are then forgotten.

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## The Relations of Christianity to Art.

BY JOSEPH SHELDON, WATERTOWN, N. Y.

THE vital forces which move the world are never isolated in their action. They must come forth to do their work modified by each other, by time and by circumstances. The thought which stirs the hearts of men, like the power which moves their bodies, encounters resistance, and the actual force of a nation's character becomes a resultant. Thus the peculiarities of its government and laws, its advancement in science and the arts, depend upon all the separate impulses which are given to its mind.

To whatever extent individuals may differ in regard to minor points of Christianity, all must agree that it is a great historical cause and that it has left its impress wherever it has prevailed, partly by changing the direction of the human energies, and partly by stimulating them to greater and more persistent activity. And in turn it has been marred and bruised by perpetual conflict with passion and ignorance, so that it has sometimes been corrupted, but never totally deprived of power. It therefore sustains peculiar and important relations to every field of effort, influencing the development of truth by changing the character of men.

Although there have been disputes in regard to the philosophy and legitimate objects of the fine arts, none can deny that in all ages they have actually made the world better or worse; none can say that in the future they have not their work to perform, their mission to fulfill. No great mind earnestly struggling to project its inner life upon the outer world has ever found and left mankind in the same condition, and least of all when it has addressed itself to the imagination and the heart. We are at present to consider the relations of Christianity to the fine Arts.

It is a common impression that the cultivation of the fine arts is merely an amusement of the idle and luxurious, having little or nothing to do with character or the sober duties of life. It is viewed as a recreation, harmless it may be, but unworthy of the highest efforts of the greatest genius. Even as thus furnishing a proper and delightful amusement, soothing the mind and restoring its energies, the fine arts may render a service not unimportant in forming an elevated Christian character. It is admitted that the contact of the mind with things orderly and beautiful tends to preserve it from contamination, and may sometimes awaken the better feelings. This constitutes their principal value in the estimation of many conscientious people. This is much; but there is something deeper and broader in the objects and aims of the fine arts—something which takes hold of the strongest feelings of our nature. The *Divine Comedy* or *Paradise Lost* was not created simply to furnish an amusement. Raphael did not paint the transfiguration of the Saviour to amuse the fancy or to please the eye. There is something more than a magnificent entertainment in the *Psalms*. There is a longing of the heart for something better and more beautiful than the every-day world presents—an “aching void” which is filled in part by the creations of the fine arts. The true artist must profess a personal force, that, striking deep through the surface of things, seizes upon their inmost spirit. His life is one of earnest, enthusiastic labor, and the Divinity which stirs within him is no mockery. It produces effects of some kind for good or for evil. The cultivation of the fine arts is therefore not merely an amusement that leaves no lasting impression on the character.

Again, it has sometimes been supposed to exert an unfavorable influence upon Christianity, and that it is nearly allied to sensuality. We know that whatever is noble in principle has been perverted to

the propagation of vice, and that the fine arts are not an exception ; but we feel that there is something true and ennobling in their creations ; and it is well to remember that there is ever a tendency to overrate the importance of truths which have long occupied our attention. Among men contemplating different departments of the Creator's works, it is not strange that conflicts arise, not only from the errors into which they are liable to fall, but from not observing the relations which bind such departments together. We see the tops of mountains rising above the fogs which envelop their bases, but none would infer that the granite foundation which held them together had melted away, leaving them isolated and without support. One may be more majestic, but not more real, than another. They all reach down to a substratum that sustains and connects them. Such is sometimes the appearance of positive and eternal truths. Christianity is a development of the most important, but it harmonizes with the most insignificant. Still it may not be unimportant to consider the apparent conflict of the fine arts with Christianity.

In its struggle to gain supremacy over the moral world, Christianity has had peculiar obstacles to meet and to overcome—obstacles which the times and the circumstances interposed. The aversion to its doctrines natural to a soul clinging to low desires and to sensual pleasures, and the antagonism of unbridled passions, compelled it to wage an unceasing war, not only against grossness, when grossness had its greatest strength, but against whatever in any way retarded the spread of its life-giving doctrines. It required a vigor nourished from within to enable the early Christians to stand aloof from the mass of mankind, and to live for an object infinitely higher. Heroic men sprang up to die as martyrs, and necessity left but little time or inclination for other than religious pursuits. They had a message of strange import to declare, which they knew was by others despised or unknown. Asceticism with many became the fashion, and by them the fine arts were regarded with distrust or aversion. They were then as now frequently employed to embellish vice. They had aided in erecting and adorning temples to heathen Divinities. They were the concomitants of repose. The worship of idols was practised over a great part of the world. Christianity came to uproot, overturn, and destroy such habits and superstitions ; to substitute the worship of the Invisible for the disgusting rites of the heathen, and to turn the lives of men into purer channels. It was thus brought into direct collision with institutions deeply fixed in the hearts of the people, and around which the arts were entwined. It is not strange that both the institutions and the arts were united in a common condemnation. But there have been a few who have left proofs that Christianity is not inimical to the fine arts ; who have caught from it a true inspiration, and have risen to the loftiest conceptions and the noblest achievements. The artist who feels that Christianity is a reality transcending all others, that it is truly an emanation from the Divinity, can never want a subject adequate to call forth all his powers.

The great obstacle to the universal spread of Christianity is not that there is no inherent force in its doctrines, but that low cares and degrading passions rule the world with a tyrant's sway. Whatever tends to break these "green withes" and free the soul renders a valuable service to Christianity. There is in beauty a divine adaptation to elevation and perfection of character. Wherever it is found, whether in nature or in art, it ministers to whatever is highest and best within us. The sublimity of the ocean, the grandeur of mountain scenery, as well as the delicate forms and tints of flowers, fulfill an important purpose in the economy of the world. The Greeks considered imposing architecture a valuable aid in the formation of character. Their columns and their temples contributed to the development of the national taste, and will continue to mould the taste of succeeding generations, as they have that of the past. Where such models are continually before the eye, when our lives are passed among them and our hearts are drawn out in admiration of them, the passions are chastened and better purposes are cherished. Thus architecture becomes a sign and a cause of popular advancement, and an auxiliary of morality and Christian character.

The painter and the sculptor embody in permanent forms the visions which flit before the soul of Genius. They infuse vitality into lifeless matter that makes it speak to us when words would be vain; when our own duller perception could not catch the spirit of the time and the place. They give us knowledge of the past which history cannot impart. We are transported by them back to scenes of awful interest, and seem to be spectators of events upon which have hinged the destinies of the world. The souls of saints and heroes beaming upon us from the canvas seem to fill us up to the measure of their own gigantic proportions. We make them our companions, and they become a solace in bereavement, a shield in temptation, and "a joy forever."

Such is the kind of influence which the fine arts exert. True they may not of themselves establish correct moral and religious principles; but while they call out the highest energies of the mind, they soften and refine the feelings, make us more sensible of the high destiny which awaits us, and urge to more persistent effort. Their influence on society is no less than on the individual. A people contented with the mere necessities of life must ever be ignorant and degraded—must ultimately give way to those whom higher aims and aspirations have prompted to deeds that bring them nearer to a realization of their hopes. Whole nations are thus compelled to rise in intellectual advancement, and to live more nearly in accordance with the moral laws of the Universe.

But the fine arts have another and a more intimate relation to the religious feelings and to Christianity. It is difficult for the great mass of mankind to form any adequate conception of spiritual truths, and still more difficult to rely upon them with perfect confidence. They require something palpable—something to meet the eye—something



around which the religious feelings may cluster. From this want have sprung many false creeds and abominable superstitions. The worship of idols was the inevitable result of a conviction that there is a power above us, and of an incapacity to form without a revelation any just conception of spiritual existence. But from this want have also sprung some of the noblest creations of art—creations that have continued to bind the soul to the traditionary faith. They become sacred, and their destruction ever excites the most sanguinary wars. True, as men rise in intellectual culture and religious knowledge, less importance will be attached to mere outward symbols; but still, so long as Genius can see and embody more clearly than the common mind—so long as there endures a reverence for religion or the places where our holiest feelings have been roused, so long will the fine arts exercise an influence on the religious sentiments.

The great leading truths of our being and destiny have been furnished by Revelation, yet it is difficult to comprehend them in their magnitude and real character. So there are other truths which the mind cannot firmly grasp, *nebulae* which the reason cannot resolve. They must come to us through faith sustained by reason and quickened by the imagination, to awaken hope and to satisfy the heart. Many of them to be understood must be embodied in the creations of art. When the artist seizes upon these elusive and shadowy appearances, and gives them a "local habitation and a name," he performs a great service to Christianity.

Such appears to be the influence of the fine arts upon Christianity. Let us now consider the influence of Christianity upon the fine arts.

In any nation they must spring from the peculiarities of its life and character. They are an embodiment of the national taste modified by the national necessities, and must vary with it. True, there have been those who have stood far above and apart from their age and nation, and have accomplished much without the genial aid of enthusiastic cotemporaries; but these are few. Some have contrived to transplant themselves to a favorite place and time in the past, and to live not their own proper life, but a galvanized imitation of that of their idols. The great body of those who have improved their countrymen by embalming the national feelings in the productions of the elegant arts, have understood the circumstances by which they were surrounded; have felt the emotions they have portrayed. Whenever a correct and discriminating taste prevails among the people, the arts must rapidly advance towards perfection; but their perpetuity demands also a living principle within the nation—a principle that will not only preserve it from decay, but cause it to grow strong and vigorous. A love of the beautiful is not such a principle. No, nor cultivated intellect, nor patriotism. Important as these may be to a just development of humanity, they are not the *most* important. If raised to such a position, the fine arts may flourish for a time, but the national life must decline; and they themselves must share its fate. There must be a living faith

that takes hold of divine realities and inspires an humble distrust of human powers, while it does not quench but quicken the desire of ideal excellence. When such a principle becomes the ruling element in a nation's character, its progress is certain, and the fine arts will become an expression and a natural consequence of the highest civilization. Such a principle we believe is Christianity, and such the part it is destined to act.

The fine arts bloomed upon the stalk of Grecian civilization ; but it struck no roots down to the fountains of living waters. There was nothing to make them perennial. Faith even in their own gods, the Greeks merged in a faith that took no hold of invisible realities. An exquisite sense of the beautiful—a poetic inspiration became their highest motive to action ; their own creations the only divinities at whose shrines they honestly bowed. These sprang up in unparalleled perfection, but they had no power to save from destruction the decaying form of Grecian civilization. Accordingly it perished ; but amid the chaos of its ruins splendid trophies of art still remain, like

“ A rose of the wilderness left on its stalk  
To tell where the garden had been.”

These relics have kept alive the spirit of ancient art. This spirit harmonizing with that of Christianity, suited to exalt the character, calculated to aid the religious feelings, forms an element of modern civilization—a civilization rendered permanent and progressive by the truths of Revelation. And although the present mission of Christianity must be to relieve the wants and to heal the maladies of mankind, yet to the future may we confidently look for a perfect realization of its doctrines and the noblest triumphs of Art.

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### A Reverie.

At close of Summer day, I wandered forth,  
Far from the noisy haunts of busy men.  
I was alone, for gloomy were my thoughts,  
Still, and subdued, and melancholy sad.  
I wandered by the seashore, heedless where  
I went, until before my path there rose  
A rude and jagged rock. Up by its side  
That faced the rocky shore, I silent crept ;  
And there, upon its bold and rugged top,  
Which stood like some grim sentry, placed to guard  
The troubled sea, I sat, and gazed afar.

The waves, in all their wild commotion, rolled—  
In furious madness the billows heaved !  
The sky was black, as in the darkest night,  
While now and then the lightning's vivid flash  
Would rend apart the fearful clouds above !  
And then the thunder's angry voice would sound,  
And shake the vaulted heaven, with power  
Enough, well nigh, to crush a universe,  
Sending its loud, terrific sounds around  
On land and sea, that the far snow-capped hills,  
The distant caves and glens of man's domain,  
And e'en the caverns of the mighty deep  
Might echo back the sound with majesty.  
And ever and anon, the sea would rise  
And dash itself against this iron rock  
With maddened fury, till its waters seemed  
A maniac, in struggles to be free !  
While, off upon the black and turgid main,  
The fierce, tumultuous, and raging waves  
Would swell, and seek, with mad, unbridled rage,  
Their mutual destruction, leaving naught  
To mark their being, save the high-thrown spray.

And this, I thought, how like to human life.  
The countless waves which rise amid the storm,  
Are emblems of the ceaseless strife of man.  
The world is as this stormy, raging sea ;  
The waves which ever rise to dash themselves,  
In fury blind, against each brother wave,  
Are like the war of vain, ambitious men.  
The struggling billows' never ceasing rage  
Is as man's constant strife for victory.  
Great is the tumult of the mighty deep,  
But greater yet, and far more deep, is that  
Which from man's constant agitation comes,  
To vex, to injure, and to wrong mankind.  
Fearful and dark is this destructive storm ;  
The heavens are black, as though no light were there ;  
But far more fearful and seven-fold more black,  
Is the corrupt and wicked heart of man.

But soon the sky was changed, the billows ceased,  
The wind grew calm as on a summer's day ;  
And in the place of dark, portentous clouds,  
The stars, with brilliant lustre, sparkling, shone ;

While, from the myriad host, the moon now sheds  
A light serene and spotless as herself.  
All hushed was nature; e'en the rolling waves,  
Now gentle grown, seemed muffled in their roll,  
As on the pure white sand they softly sent  
The calm, blue waters of the peaceful sea.  
Naught was there here of rough asperity;  
The violent and boisterous sea was hushed,  
And placid, as some mild and inland lake.  
'Twas such a scene, so lovely, pure, and fair,  
As made one feel Nature's omnipotence!  
And all confess that man was not so vile,  
So wicked, and so far lost to virtue,  
As he who looks but on his toil and strife,  
May, in the righteousness of self, conclude.  
No! clouds of night may gather, storms may break,  
And tumult seem triumphantly to reign;  
But yet a power as great and strong pervades  
The radiance of the mild and gentle moon,  
And the clear brightness of a noon-day sun.  
Man's acts may oft be vile, and show of guilt,  
His thoughts may seem to savor strong of death,  
Yet all his heart is not of iron made,  
Nor all his soul a wild and barren waste.  
There are some sunny, peaceful plains in man;  
Some hills of truth and light, which serve to show  
With watchful care the deep hid caves of guilt.  
There are in man rich mines of holy love,  
Stored deep with gems of sweet, confiding trust,  
That kindle in each cold and stony heart  
A flame of warm and melting sympathy.  
The rights of justice, law, and truth are there,  
To feed undying friendship's sacred flame.  
No! man is not all sin, and he who looks  
And says he's vile, corrupt, and dyed in guilt,  
Unmindful of those great and beacon lights  
Of goodness, truth, and right, so bright and clear.  
Shows that this little, but yet noble good,  
Allures him not. He shows a mind disposed  
To leave the pure to gaze on sin alone.

## The Adventures of Wimble Wimbleton, Esq.\*

### CHAPTER II.

IMMEDIATELY on his arrival at the inn, Mike—for that was the name which Mr. Wimbleton's Irish servant answered to, as near as we can make out from the wretched chirography of the manuscript before us,—formed, as was natural, the acquaintance of the hostler, a countryman of his. A happy evening was spent around the hearth-stone of the old tavern kitchen. The bottle passed freely among the company, and although the contents were praised as being "dacent," "excellint," "illigant," yet nothing could equal the "rale ould Irish whiskey, sich as they used to get in 'swate Ireland.'" It was beginning to grow late, when Mike bethought himself that it was best for him to retire while he was able. But according to his master's order, a visit to the stable was first necessary to see that the horse was well provided for. Now ordinarily, the obliging disposition of an Irishman would have prompted the hostler to accompany Mike on this errand, and so it did on this occasion—but owing to the effects of the potions which he had imbibed in the course of the evening, he was utterly unable to act the promptings of his better nature. "The spirit indeed was willing, but the flesh was weak." He could only request Biddy, the chambermaid, to "be so kind as to be after lighthing the lanthorn for her friend Mike, for, sure, an a tirrible pain of the rheumatism previnted him intirely from doing it." Biddy was not at all loth to comply with this request, though she well understood the hostler's reasons for not getting the lantern himself. She had seen something of his rheumatism previous to this. She procured the lantern, and Mike, joined by Patrick, a waiter in the establishment, proceeded to the barn. Every thing was found to be in order and they had gone a few steps back, towards the house, when the thought struck Mike, that he would take lodgings in the barn. Patrick endeavored to dissuade him, assuring him that it would be unpleasant and that he might take cold. "Wud I be sich a fool as to be after takin cowl, whin I've got sich a good linin inside," replied Mike as he whirled about and darted into the barn. Patrick, after trying in vain to induce him to go into the house, left him on a heap of straw for the night.

The evening was somewhat cool, for the wind which had blown gently from the northwest throughout the day, had not as yet subsided. The moon, now nearly full, was looking so coldly upon the earth, that one shuddered to think of the evenings of those planets where moons are plenty. The stars also served to remind one that there could be light without heat. Mike had not lain long enough on his bed of straw to get into a sleep deeper than a drowse, when he was aroused by a harsh, grating sound, which seemed to him to bear a striking resemblance to his own name. He started up as the sound M-i-k-e—M-i-k-e,

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\* Continued from page 273.

fell upon his ear. "A goblin—a goblin!" loudly whispered he—"Wud ye be a takin a poor sowl off without the benefit of a praste or a mass. Indade, it will take all the little cottage of Widow O'Shane, in ould Ireland, to get the sowl of her darlin Mike, out of pergathory, it will—it will." M-i-k-e—Mike, shrieked the voice. "By the sowl of Saint Pathrick, and if I had my old shillelah here, I'd give yer one bating afore yer got fast a'holt ov me," shouted Mike, as he jumped about in search of some weapon to supply the place of a shillelah. He found, by the light of the moon shining through the cracks, a pitchfork with which he sallied forth in the direction of the sound. This led him towards the street a few rods distant, where he stood awaiting another call. Presently a gust of wind striking the tavern sign over his head revealed to him his fancied goblin. Provoked by the deception, he seized a stone and proceeded to inflict upon the sign the punishment due to a disturber of the slumbers of a peaceable individual like Mike. Having obtained satisfaction he took it into his head to take a walk about the town. As he was passing a fine looking house—the finest in the village—he suddenly stopped and gazed at it intently. An sure—said he—this is indade Squire O'Flannaghan's in ould Ireland—my dear Kathrine is here. So down in the shade of a portico he sunk and poured forth the words he had often sung to his "dear Kathrine."

"What will you do, love, when I am going  
With white sails flowing  
The seas beyond."

Down came the boquets in showers, for a company, one of whom was a good imitator of an Irishman, were expected at about this time, and the flowers were prepared. Seizing the boquets and placing them carefully in his bosom, after many bows and gesticulations he made his way towards the tavern, which he would have passed, had not the call of his old acquaintance, the sign, arrested his attention. "An its you, is it, yer midnight goblin," said he, seizing a stone and giving the sign a parting salute. "What in the world are yer after disturbin dacent people at this time o'night." Saying this, he wheeled about and with soldierly precision marched down the gangway which lead to the barns. The first barn which Mike came to was not the one he had entered at first—yet he was not in a state to notice this fact, and he stopped for the night in the one nearest the road. He threw himself on a heap of straw and was soon in a sound sleep.

The noise and tumult common to a crowded hotel at early dawn did not disturb the slumbers of Mike, so that he lay until sometime after sunrise. When he did awake, however, he instantly recalled to his mind the orders of his master the night before, to be at his room at sunrise. Jumping up and going out doors he was surprised to find that the sun was low in the west. Supposing that he had overslept himself, he ran hastily to Mr. Wimbleton's rooms, and arrived at the top of the stairs just as that gentleman had succeeded in shutting off

the water from his new fangled shower-bath. Wondering what his master could be doing in that dress at so early an hour of the evening (as he thought) he instituted an inquiry into the state of the gentleman's mind—"an plase yer honor, bes yer crazy to be after bein"—"It's you at last, is it, you lazy scoundrel?" interrupted Mr. W. on turning around and beholding Mike's astonished phiz. "Why wasn't you up here half an hour ago, as I bid you? Go down and get a key for 98—be lively, you verdant son of Erin." Mike was not long in obeying this order, and soon returned with a key. Having gained admission for his person, Mr. W. found that the next thing to be done was to gain admission for the light. This could not be done without the aid of a third person. Mike was accordingly ordered below a second time, to bring up a servant with a light. The servant came, not with a light, but just went into one corner of the room and pulled a cord which had the effect of moving from the window in the roof, a close shutter, the sole cause of Mr. W.'s troubles and curses.

The servant was next ordered to build a fire, while Mr. Wimbleton himself, after procuring from his valise a dry night shirt, proceeded to find out whether there was any warmth in the feathers which he had left a few minutes previous. But Mike was the very picture of astonishment. He did not know whether it was morning or night. He certainly had seen the sun in the west a short time before. But the appearance of his master's room gave indications of morning. Perplexed and confounded, and fearing also the displeasure of Mr. W. he lost no time in withdrawing from his presence. Making his way to the stable he found his acquaintance of the evening before, the hostler. "The top of the morning to you," says Mike—"the next day to you," was the reply. "An fath, an it is the next day to me sure," says Mike, "for by the sowl of Saint Pathrick, the sun is a risin in the west, and the moon, ayont the barn, is a settin in the east. Indade it is a strange country."

A witness of this confab was a sort of fellow, such as is often seen lounging about a country tavern, one Pete Walters, a tall, lean, lantern-jawed specimen of humanity, dressed in an old blue coat with brass buttons. Its waist and collar were evidently very good friends, if we were to judge from the near neighborhood of each other in which they dwelt. His pants were of the same material as the coat. Their buttons, it might be observed, were by no means in danger of being worn out by the heels of his boots. His hat, which was of the sugar-loaf pattern, with about as much brim as a flower pot, was stuck on the back side of his head, inclined at such an angle that if the top had been of bell-shape and filled with sundry papers, handkerchiefs, cigars, &c., the attraction of gravitation would not have permitted it to have remained there. Pete had, as he always had after breakfast, a cigar in his mouth, a long nine, though being in such close proximity to such a length of body as Pete extended, no one would have supposed it such. Stick his hands in his pockets and the picture of Pete is complete, as he stood listening to Mike's account of the sudden change in the appearance of nature.

Now, if ever mortal hated mortal—if ever Gentile hated Jew—if ever European hated African, Pete Walters hated an Irishman. This hatred however showed itself in a harmless way—or at least in a way a little humorous. There was nothing which so delighted him as to find an Irishman upon whom he could play some good trick or some practical joke. To cheat a son of Erin pleased him much, as the hostler could testify. Consequently he looked upon Mike's advent into the stable as quite a windfall. Upon hearing the conversation, and seeing that he was turned about as persons often are when traveling, he surmised that he might have a little sport. "Taint nothing strange here in these diggings," said Pete, addressing Mike, as soon as there was a chance to put in a word. "You can't have been in this country long, sort o' green, I should reckon—when did you come over?" "To morrow is just three weeks, sure," said Mike. "Does the sun ollers rise in the east in your country?" asked Pete, his countenance making it so manifest that he was an honest inquirer after truth, that Mike did not hesitate to reply—"An sure sir an it does; I've lived in gude ould Ireland twenty years next Christmas, and niver at all did I see the sun a risin in the west. When I was a wee bit of a boy, it used to come up behind Squire O'Flannaghan's woods and shine dirictly into my mother's own nate little cottage where Phelim and Dominick and all of us was catchin the pigs and ridin em round the smooth floor, just for the gestion, as mother said, you knows." "But you du reely say then that the sun rises in the east in old Ireland," replied Pete in astonishment. "Waal there is a grate many things to be learned in this ere world of ourn, and specially in this ere country. This is a grate country. This is a free country." These two last sentences were delivered with great solemnity, and were calculated to impress the mind of Mike with vast ideas of this great free country. But Mike needed no such teachings in regard to the latter part, for as the police records could testify, he fully believed in the universal freedom of all inhabitants of America. Recovering breath Pete proceeded. "This country is so free that the sun 'aint under no obligations to keep right on in the same bee-line year in and year out,—but whenever it takes a notion, or whenever there is a high west wind it goes tother way. Now airly this morning we had a reglar-blow from the west, and you see as how it took the sun just afore it riz, and sent it a whirling back to come up in the west. Now if you'l jest come out here, said Pete—taking Mike's arm and leading him into the street, a few steps,—you'll see how things are changed since last night. There's Deacon Moseses house with the chimblly blown down, and not half a dozen lights of glass left in it," said Pete, pointing to a dilapidated brown house a little down the street. "And see the meetin house yender, the steeple's blown clean off," observed Pete as he spoke of an incomplete church edifice farther down the street. "You see too, continued he, that there a'int nary one of the houses on the same side of the road as they was last night; all owing to the wind, my friend." Mike was half inclined to doubt this theory, but as it accounted for the phenomena, and as he



could not disbelieve the evidence of his senses he reluctantly accepted it, muttering to Pete, "strange—strange."

The breakfast hour at the tavern interrupting their further discourse, Mike turned towards the kitchen, while Pete proceeded down the street in search of a day's work.

Mr. Wimbleton had by this time arisen, and after refreshing himself with a good breakfast—paying his bill, which by the way, the landlord hearing of the events of the morning, materially lessened—started on his journey.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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### *My Thoughts will dwell with Thee.*

WHEN all around are gay and fair,  
And Pleasure rules the hour,  
When sorrow seems dispelled, and care  
For once has lost its power,—  
From all the blithesome and the gay,  
From all the bright I see,  
My thoughts will wander far away,  
To dwell alone with thee.

Of all the joyous smiles I meet  
From sparkling eyes that shine,  
No smile to me is half so sweet,  
So highly prized as thine.  
Though others may be fair as thou,  
They seem not so to me,  
My thoughts forsake them then as now,  
To dwell alone with thee.

It is not wealth's vain glittering show,  
Where pride and splendor vie,—  
Not all that riches can bestow  
Can pure affection buy;  
'Tis not thy beauty chains the heart,  
Though fairer none may be,  
But for thyself, all else apart  
My thoughts will dwell with thee.

### John Ledyard.

It is not my object in these remarks to criticise the career of this noted traveler—reminded that “he who girdeth on the harness should not boast as he that putteth it off”—but my purpose is merely to give utterance to a few commendatory thoughts that arise in my mind, as I follow the history of his ramblings, without attempting to hold him up as a model in every respect worthy of imitation. I would rather criticise that selfish spirit, so prevalent in the world, which prevents it from making any generous investment on the security of worth and talent, a spirit strikingly manifested in Ledyard's history.

One cannot trace the course of Ledyard and mark his genius, his perseverance, the unquenchable fire of his ambition, his disinterestedness and his willingness to serve the world, without regretting that one possessing such eminent qualifications for usefulness, and the ability to honor his country, should have been suffered to pass the prime of life without having the opportunity and means to make a fair exhibition of his powers, and make one effort, under favorable circumstances, to accomplish the noble ends to which he aspired. There was manifested in him, in early life, a desire to do something grand and noble, and a sagacious world might have discovered in him an efficient coadjutor.

But in its characteristic blindness the world saw nothing in him that gave promise of advantage to itself, and it left him to live in poverty, and meditate in disappointment over those lofty schemes, the execution of which he felt competent to effect, and which would have been as meat and drink to his enthusiastic soul. For his country he would have opened an easy way to an opulent trade, which in after years it was obliged to wrest from the hands of foreign nations. He first conceived the idea of scaling her western mountains and establishing a communication between the two great oceans; an idea caught by the far-seeing, politic Jefferson, and ultimately led to the brilliant expedition of Lewis and Clark; an idea whose development we are now witnessing in the auspicious settlement of Oregon and California. For the world at large, he would have rendered no mean service by the rich contributions that the development of his lofty projects would have made to the treasuries of science. He was no dreamer; the course of events subsequent to his life which showed the feasibility of his plans, fully acquit him from this charge: besides, he had the confidence of such men as Sir Joseph Banks, Jefferson, and Lafayette. He justly claims a place among the distinguished names that adorn the revolutionary period of our country's history. True, he did not engage in her battles; his genius gave to his disposition a more pacific turn. He chose rather to grapple with nature, and disclose her hidden resources to the world, than to contend with his fellow men on the field of sanguinary strife. To penetrate her trackless wilds, to explore the cheerless dominions of winter's stern king, to open a way through burning regions unvisited by civilized man, these were the labors in

which it was his delight to engage, and in this prosecution he displayed a courage no less worthy of commendation, than that exhibited by the chronicled heroes of war. There is something that unconsciously wins our admiration, when we see a young man, obedient to the promptings of his soul, going forth with undaunted zeal to brave extreme dangers, and meet the most formidable obstacles of nature, to achieve some noble end, even when he is provided with all the means that can be put in requisition in the execution of his designs; but when like Ledyard on his tour through Russia, with a design of traversing our own continent from its western coast, we view him—in addition to those other difficulties—setting out on his arduous enterprise, penniless and friendless, without retinue and without equipage, yet with unwavering determination, and the fullest confidence of success, the scene has a moral grandeur that may justly call forth our highest encomiums of praise.

The greatness of soul so manifest in Ledyard is rendered still more conspicuous by reason of the ill success that attended him. The favored child of fortune receives a fresh accession of strength and spirits from every successful effort; and when advanced in a course of prosperity, we cease to wonder that there is no flagging of his enthusiasm, and that his course is still upward and onward. But when the victim of disappointed hopes rises superior to his misfortunes, and by the recuperative energy of his own magnanimous soul, arms himself for a new conflict, when amid the dark waves of adversity his gallant bark holds proudly on her course, "though shrouds and tackle torn," and "seems to dare the elements to strife," it is then that we get a view of that moral sublimity of an individual's character, that renders him truly preëminent among his race, and gains our highest admiration.

Thus it was with Ledyard. If disappointed in his most confident expectations, he still found an anchorage for his hopes. If foiled in any undertaking, he seemed to arise with augmented vigor and determination. If utterly defeated in his plans, his inventive genius would soon project others that would engross his undivided attention, and give ample scope to his quenchless zeal. The frosts and snows of the inhospitable steppes of Siberia, the torrid heats and malarias of the dense wilds of Africa, did not appall him in his undertakings. The grim spectre of poverty, though often following close upon his footsteps, was not suffered to disturb his pleasant dreams of fortune. Nor did the indifference and treacheries of those with whom he had connection, though often the cause of sad disasters, dissuade him from the idea that he should yet make them subservient to his purposes.

It is a circumstance that adds a peculiar lustre to his character, that in the midst of all his trials and difficulties he was very seldom known to murmur or repine; but when the ruthless blasts of an adverse fortune swept over him, with the spirit and wisdom of a Christian philosopher, he bowed his head in humble submission till the storm was past, but soon to erect himself unshorn of his former glory, and to

enter with renewed vigor upon the work before him, or the prosecution of some new scheme. Thus we see him on his return from his disastrous Russian expedition, ready to embark without delay in another for the exploration of Central Africa. We have reason to fear that the ardor and enthusiasm with which he engaged in this enterprise, and the consequent extraordinary efforts that he put forth to urge forward his operations, were the chief cause of his untimely death. It was the first enterprise he had commenced under favorable auspices. He had the patronage of able and responsible men, and was amply furnished with means for carrying out his plans. So sudden and favorable a turn in his fortunes inspired him with a zeal that urged him on to efforts and hazards, that his physical frame, indurated as it was by years of toil and exposure, could not sustain; and he terminated his career, as many of nature's noblest sons have done, apparently upon the eve of the realization of his most sanguine hopes.

There are men of great force of character who have the faculty of enlisting the sympathy and aid of the world in all their plans; but these—with the exception of those whom the world's necessities in important crises compel it to lay hold of for support—are almost always men of selfish minds, and selfishness is the prime cause of all that appears valuable in their characters. They have done well for themselves, therefore the world in its folly infers that they can be made wholly subservient to its own welfare. If they can incidentally be of any service to the world, and in turn secure a rich reward for the present, and lasting fame for the future, they eagerly seize the opportunity. But that disinterestedness which always characterizes the faithful and most efficient servants of the world, that looks for its chief reward in the peace of an approving conscience, and the grateful recollections of mankind, has no place in their contracted bosoms. These have borne off many a prize at the world's expense, without rendering any adequate equivalent. There is another class of no less energy and talent, whose disregard for self the world has construed into shiftlessness, and looking upon them with an eye of distrust it has undervalued their abilities, and suffered them to pass the whole or a great part of their lives in neglect, when they might have been rendering the most important services to their fellow men. Of this latter class was Ledyard. Had the means and opportunity been granted him for the exercise of his abilities, he would doubtless have conferred upon his country distinguished honors and lasting benefits. Had he been a soldier, the exigencies of the times in which he lived would have demanded his services for his country's protection; and with the courage and energy that he possessed, he might have won bright laurels as a military chieftain. It may have been his misfortune that he lived too early to serve his country, but this same country, with all its Yankee shrewdness and proverbial tact for estimating profit and loss, is yet far from having learned the art of appreciating true worth and merit wherever it is found, and availing itself of their services. C. H. B.

### The Human Heart.

THE human heart,—the human heart,  
How strange, how wild a thing,  
Now notes of joy—now tones of woe,  
When touched by passion's spring.

There's a zephyr light, and a sun gleam bright,  
In the depths of the old forest trees,  
It kisses the heart of the crimson rose,  
As it fans its fragrant leaves.

But not half so light, and not half so bright,  
As the heart with its fountains deep,  
Is the fragrance pure, on the zephyr borne,  
From flowers where the dew drops sleep.

There's a sunny gleam on the placid stream,  
Which mirrors the evening sky,  
And far away in its clear blue depths  
The shadows in beauty lie.

But brighter far than the sunset clear,  
On silvered lake that gleams  
Is light that glows in the human heart,  
With love's enchanted dreams.

The billows are lashed on the heaving sea,  
The wild winds howl to the blast,  
And the seaman clings in his anguish wild,  
To the strained and crashing mast.

But wilder far than the raging sea,  
Is the heart's despairing wail,  
Better to toss on the creaking mast,  
The sport of the wild sea gale.

But the storm will lull and the wild waves sleep,  
Its strife and anger cease,  
The heart may break its quivering strings  
For a still unbroken peace.

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### Undeveloped Energies.

THE history of the world is but the history of those who have by their energy and determination separated themselves from the great mass of mankind, and become the master spirits of their time. Of these one class have obtained distinction by the energetic action of their physical natures, another class have been more dependent upon their mental and moral powers. But there is another class who possess all the elements of an energetic character, but have never been known to the world, whose dormant energies have never been aroused from their slumbers by favoring circumstances.

Some having all these elements fostered and developed by propitious circumstances it becomes their lot to regulate the destinies of the world, but to suppose that these alone possess real energy of character, is as false in fact as it is unphilosophical in theory. Time and chance happened to them all, even to the advent of genius. The idea extensively prevails that he who possesses the elements of energy contains within himself the control of its advent and action, and that it is such from its nature that no power can repress it or restrain its manifestations, that the seed sown must germinate and flourish. But the world is no hot bed for such growth; time and circumstances are as necessary for the development of this part of man's nature as any other, and those only favored by such, in the world's upturnings, are found upon its sunny side and are borne on to a full maturity. To admire those alone who have by these fortuitous events become powerful and brilliant is the part of the weak and short sighted. The observing find around them in the rubbish at their feet, in the common walks of life, objects less brilliant perhaps, but equally worthy of respect. It may not be unprofitable amid the admiration of those who have ruled the world's destinies and whose acts constitute its history, to give a thought to that obscure one whom no favoring circumstances have brought to light, to the unknown heroic of humanity, to those who seem misplaced or rather no place at all in society, who have come into the world for no apparent purpose, who seem to have lost the credentials given them by their Creator and have no mission to perform, who ignorant of their dormant powers and of the station for which they were designed, their mental and spiritual wants live an enigma to others and a lie to their own true being. So live without doubt many a flood of emotions, desires and yearnings coursing through them. Virtual, potential heroes wanting only the accidental to make them actual. They live an aimless existence; plodding on like other plodders, satisfied and unsatisfied, they see nothing in life worth living for; desiring they know not what; waking only to dream, and dreaming only of waking. Like some lone blind man who has not learned the nature of his misfortunes from his more favored fellows, they feel some defect in their being, where or what they know not. Consciously unable to relieve themselves, how they see not. They feel within them a Titanic, al-

most godlike energy. A thousand emotions struggle up for utterance in vain. Listless in field and workshop, they sit and brood over their unknown sad fate. Such is often the state of those who possess all the elements of an energetic character within them. Before the hidden fires burst forth, all the tumults of *Ætna* have raged within them like the pent blasts of *Eolus'* empire; their indignant desires have with huge murmurings stormed the walls of their strong prison house, yet remained confined, restricted, powerless; powerless not from want of capacity, but of exercise, like some wing clipped eagle, among, though not mingling with the meaner flock about him, they aspire beyond their lowly station, yet knowing no higher, they plod on contented, yet discontented, quiet, yet ever restless.

It becomes us to inquire concerning the destiny of those whose history has been so melancholy; are such desires never gratified, such longings never satisfied? Can the dumb tongue never speak, the stopped ears never hear, shall the blind never see? Sometimes in life the intensity of their emotions, the strength of influence aided by some fortunate circumstances, some grinding tyranny or imminent hazard, may arouse the slumbering giant from his lethargy and give him control over his powers. Perhaps always before death they are manumitted and go free. Yet for one Brutus, one Tell, one Henry or Sherman, thousands in their mute misery live on amid a world of unappreciating scoffers, derided as dreamers or visionaries. Oftener far than one bursts from his bondage, numbers go on, dumb sufferers to the grave, and their knowledge of their true powers is simultaneous with the revelations of eternity. That darkened intellect made in its Maker's image will not always remain in embryo. The first view of immortality may give more intellectual strength than the study of a life could procure, or the strongest imagination conceive. Where then will be the difference between our great and small men. God levels up.

Could we suppose that at the last brief period of existence, when life's lamp grows dim and the spirit was pluming itself for its final flight, the film might be removed from the blind eyes, and the shackles fall from the giant's pinioned arms, what would be the emotions of such a state. A part unstained by the crimes of greatness and a blissful future are in view. If no world's benisons go with them, they are followed by no world's curses. How, when the hero in all his gigantic proportions stands revealed to himself, when the waters of trouble have become calm and the earthquake's tossings tranquil, will the soul in the enjoyment of its new powers amply repay itself for its life long deprivations and sorrows!

J. E. G.

### Academical Degrees.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Our honored Alma Mater has very wisely refused to confer the honorary degrees of LL. D. and D. D. with that profusion and readiness which characterizes some of our American Colleges. These degrees have thereby been saved from becoming a positive disgrace instead of an honor. But it seems to me that another step in the same direction is now demanded. The second degree, as it is called, that of M. A., is professedly bestowed on the ground of the recipient having carried himself forward to a certain point of attainment in scholarship, beyond that reached at the time of graduation. No examination however is instituted for the purpose of determining whether or not the proper point has been reached, but it is taken for granted that the lapse of three years from graduation will have brought the Bachelor of Arts back to it. So, it being ascertained by the almanac, that the three years have rolled away, and the sum of five dollars having been duly paid, the applicant receives his parchment, setting forth with all certainty, under the seal "Lux et Veritas," that the person named within, is entitled to be considered a Master of the Liberal Arts. Now if all who leave the college walls continued to be students, it might be safe to confer the second degree in this way. But when, as is the case, many go from Commencement day to plunge at once into "the sugar line and cotton trade," or perhaps to read magazines and French novels, and spend their time between parlor small talk and juleps and cigars, the sight is not unfrequently presented of our grave corporation and our true scholar of a President conferring the degree of M. A. upon one who is far less a Master of the Liberal Arts than when he posted on the Atheneum and Lyceum, three years before, his advertisement, "Senior books and Furniture, for sale."

In view of this I would ask, whether our college does not owe it to her own dignity, to the cause of genuine scholarship, and to simple truth itself, to adopt a different rule of proceeding in regard to the subject in question? Either let that degree mean something, or let it cease to be given, by Yale at least.

ALUMNUS.



## Memorabilia Valensia,

### COLLEGE FUN IN 1777.

WE have come across in the College Scrap-Book of a friend of ours, an original copy of a curious printed sheet, in the hand-bill form, and well browned by age, which must have been an amusing *hit* in the day when it was published, and which reminds us of some more modern jokes.

During the revolutionary war, and in the Presidency pro tem. of the Rev. *Naphtali* Daggett, (a man of no small size, corporeally at least,) it seems that provisions were so scarce that the students were obliged to leave New Haven, and scatter themselves in other places. This sheet is dated January 16, 1777, and was probably issued by some waggish student who had been amused at the reasons which had compelled the dismissal of College, and who, to use a modern phrase, undoubtedly *knew beans*.

This adjournment however, in the tenth month of 1776, was not the only one which occurred in those days; for according to President Woolsey's Historical Discourse, it was afterwards voted on April 1st, 1777, that "whereas the difficulties of subsisting the students in New Haven are so great, the price of provisions and bread so high, and the avocations occasioned by the state of public affairs from study so many, ——— it is necessary to provide some other place or places where the students may reside."

These "Bread and Butter" Dismissals of Seventy-Six and Seven, were of a different origin and nature from those of later days. Of these later "Rebellions" we may hereafter speak, but here is a copy of the aforesaid document.

"THE FOLLOWING CURIOUS PIECE OF ANTIQUITY MAY AFFORD INNOCENT DIVERSION TO THOSE WHO UNDERSTAND IT.

1. And it came to pass on the third day of the tenth month, that there went forth a decree from Naphtali, the son of Zebulon, that all the captives throughout his dominions should depart for a little season, into the land of their nativity, to buy themselves some bread.

2. For it was so, that in the days of Naphtali, there was no bread in all that country round about, insomuch that there was a famine throughout all the land of Naphtali.

3. Now Naphtali was a great man and eat much bread, insomuch that the famine was very sore.

4. Moreover there were beans in great abundance in that land; so that Naphtali said, peradventure my captives that are in this land, will eat the beans thereof.

5. Howbeit, the captives were not accustomed to eat beans in their own country; therefore they murmured against the hand of their master, saying, give us some bread to eat.

6. Wherefore Naphtali assembled all the sons of his captivity, and lift up his voice in the midst of them, and said, O ye sons of my captivity, here ye the words of Naphtali.

7. Forasmuch as the famine is sore in the land, insomuch there is hardly bread enough for me and my house-hold :

8. Wherefore ye sons of the captivity of Naphtali, behold you may return to your houses, in the land of your nativity, where ye can get some bread, lest ye die.

9. Nevertheless when ye shall hear the voice of my decree in the land of your fathers, saying unto you return into the land of Naphtali.

10. Then it shall come to pass, that ye shall return and sojourn again in the land of captivity.

11. Thus was it done according to all the words of Naphtali.

JANUARY 16, 1777."

#### PRESENTATION OF THE CLASS OF 1851.

The interest that has usually been felt in the Presentation of the Seniors, was greatly lessened this year by the unfortunate failure of the graduating Class to elect a Valedictory Orator and Poet. After numerous efforts to agree upon one of the various candidates who were deemed fit for the high position of elected Valedictorian, the Class gave up in despair. No public exercises, consequently, took place in honor of the day; yet the Presentation itself, although more private, was not omitted, but was carried out in accordance with those forms and customs which have been handed down through so many College generations.

The final examination of the Seniors being terminated, the Class assembled at twelve o'clock on Wednesday, June 18th, at the President's Recitation Room in the Lyceum Building, where the Faculty soon after appeared. The names of those who had passed the examination satisfactorily, having been reported to the Chairman of the Board of Examiners, Professor KINGSLEY, by the Senior Tutor, Mr. Dwight, the Class, preceded by the Faculty, moved in procession to the Philosophical Chamber in the old Athenæum, where the President of the Corporation and invited guests were already assembled. The names of the Seniors were then read to the President, and a list of them signed in due form, was presented to him. The Chairman of the Board of Examiners then delivered an Address, and the President followed him with another Oration to the graduating class—all of the exercises being, as usual, in the Latin Language.

The Class were then invited to partake of a collation with the Faculty and invited guests in the Cabinet Building, and thither they accordingly adjourned.

We are told that one of the older Professors said to one of the Seniors, that after the Presentation of his own Class, which took place more than fifty years ago in the same Philosophical Chamber which was employed for the Presentation of this year, the great College "Punch-Bowl" filled to the brim, was brought in and carried to the President, and after he had partaken, it was passed around to the other officers and to the students who were present.

After the dinner in the Cabinet was over, the graduating Class gathered on the College green in front of the Old South Middle, where as other classes before them have been wont to do, they formed a merry circle and whiled away the afternoon in cheerful talk and pleasant reminiscences of their College days.

*Every man* took his long clay pipe, and filling it with tobacco, lighted it and puffed away, some displaying an aptness which the practice of a four years' College course had afforded them, others, the awkwardness and distaste of new beginners. Then commenced the smoke, and during its progress, the well known tunes of

"Gaudeamus," and the no less College favorite, "Audacia," were sung; while the air of "In the days of the good old King," was made to ring loud and long with "Biennials are a bore." After other songs, interspersed with speeches and various sportive exercises, which were received with enthusiastic and oft repeated cheers, a procession was formed, which, preceded by the music, marched to the dwellings of some of the College Officers, where the students gave vent to their feelings by hearty cheers.

After some time spent in this manner, the Class returned to College, where again appropriate speeches were made, and a farewell ode sung; and then with every manifestation of regret at parting, and of kind feeling toward one another, they united in "three times three" for YALE, and separated.

#### PENDULUM DEMONSTRATION OF THE EARTH'S ROTATION.

The Junior Class who are now engaged in the study of Astronomy, were recently invited by Prof. Olmsted to go with him and witness "the Pendulum Demonstration of the Rotation of the Earth," as exhibited in the State House by the apparatus of Messrs. Chester S. Lyman and William A. Hillhouse. These gentlemen having been appointed a Committee for the purpose by the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences, selected the State House as the best place for displaying this so-called experiment, which has recently attracted so much attention in the scientific world. They were here enabled to employ a pendulum over seventy feet in length, in a position which was entirely free from currents of air. The pendulum and its supports having been prepared with great care, and an index circle having been accurately graded, the oscillation was made to commence precisely in the plane of the meridian, and the results were found to be just what the theory declared they ought to be, for at the end of fifteen minutes, the index circle showed that the pendulum had moved two degrees and a half.

While the pendulum was vibrating, the manner of its construction and suspension, and the theory of which the whole experiment was a demonstration, were explained by Professor Olmsted and Mr. Lyman, to the large audience who had gathered beneath the State House dome, actually to see the motion of the Earth.

#### PROFESSOR STANLEY'S RETURN.

Professor Anthony D. Stanley, who left this country at the commencement of the last fall term, for the purpose of recruiting his health by traveling in the East, has recently returned and spent a day in New Haven.

His tour was in general as follows. He sailed from New York for Havre, and thence proceeded by way of Malta to Egypt, where he spent most of the winter in the neighborhood of Cairo. He afterwards joined a caravan party across the Desert to Jerusalem, and thence went on to Constantinople, through Beirut and Smyrna. He then proceeded by way of Vienna and Paris, to London and Cowes, from which latter place he took passage for America.

We learn that his health has improved during his absence, and that he is now so much better, that he hopes to resume his College duties at the commencement of another term. He was warmly welcomed by all his friends, and those who have been under his instruction, were particularly glad to greet one whom they love so

much as a man, and admire so highly as a scholar. We express the wishes of all, in saying that we hope his strength may be speedily and completely restored.

#### THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

As the approach of another Freshman Class is heralded, the three Societies are seen preparing for the strife, picking their leaders, and arranging their plans. Accordingly, the Committees of the Linonians and Brothers to deliver Statements of Facts in behalf of their respective Societies, have just been elected as follows.

##### ORATORS FOR THE STATEMENT OF FACTS.

###### *From Linonia.*

HOMER B. SPRAGUE, President.

WILLIAM STANLEY, of the Senior Class.

CHARLES L. THOMAS, of the Junior Class.

###### *From the Brothers in Unity.*

WILLIAM BOIES, President.

EDWARD HOUGHTON, of the Senior Class.

WILLIAM P. AIKEN, of the Junior Class.

##### VALEDICTORY ORATION.

On the evening before Presentation Day, JOSEPH SHELDON of the graduating Class, delivered the regular FAREWELL ORATION before the Linonian Society, the members of the other two Societies being present by invitation. His subject was **EARNESTNESS AND BENEVOLENCE AS PRINCIPLES OF ACTION IN EDUCATED MAN.**

##### POEM.

On Wednesday evening, June 15, a Poem was delivered in the Brothers Society, (the members of Linonia and Calliope being likewise present,) by JAMES K. LOMBARD, of the Freshman Class. His theme was the "VOYAGE OF LIFE."

##### ELECTION OF LIBRARIAN.

At an election in the "Brothers in Unity," Wednesday evening, July 9th, 1851, GEORGE B. SAFFORD of Boston, was chosen from the Senior Class, as Librarian for the year ensuing.

#### SCHOLARSHIPS RECENTLY AWARDED.

*Berkeley Scholarship, Class of 1851.*

WILLIAM WOOLSEY WINTHROP, New Haven.

*Clark Scholarship, Class of 1851.*

ASHER ROBBINS LITTLE, Newport, R. I.

D. C. G.

To-day (July 19) is celebrated by the Sophomores as the last of their *Biennial Examination* and the whole Class is retiring amid cheers and music to East Rock, in carriages provided for the purpose. Altogether this has been a noisy term. The Elections in the large Societies, and Initiations in the small ones, from "KEO." and "ÆΦ." to "Scroll and Key" and "Skull and Bones"—the exercises of Presentation Day—the Fourth of July Celebration—the *Biennial* of the Seniors and Sophomores—the anticipated electioneering of Freshmen for "Linonia" and the "Brothers"—and finally the coming Commencement—have kept up an excitement through nearly all the term. The usual spirit of rivalry has been fully sustained during the past year in the various departments, as in Society debates, in Scholarship, in prizes awarded for Essays, Translations, Solution of Mathematical Problems, in the Editorship of the Yale Lit. This last, however, has been made less a matter for ambitious contest by the arrangement adopted a year ago, according to which the Editors are elected all on an equality, (there being no first Editor, second Editor, &c.), draw lots for the order in which the numbers of the Magazine shall be edited, and themselves elect their chairman by ballot.

Arrangements are being made for a "Public Debate" between the Linonian and Brothers' Societies, to be held in the College Chapel at the close of the next term. Two disputants are to be selected from each Class by the respective Societies. The effect will be to give additional importance to Societies as a part of the College System, and to stimulate to higher excellence in public speaking.

Speaking of Society Debates reminds us of a few remarks in one of our Societies. Some evenings since an aspiring Senior Orator in his "maiden speech" said, "I am not a critic, I wasn't born a critic, I never was a critic, and I never expect to be a critic;" whereat his Freshman antagonist rose and replied, "I am not an ass, I was not born an ass, I never was an ass, and I never expect to be an ass."

The "Yale Memorabilia," with its record of current news, necessarily occupies some of the ground formerly devoted to the Editor's Table, and we need not ask the reader to excuse us for breaking the "thread of my discourse" abruptly. However, since we should not meet the expectations of "dear readers," and should moreover incur the enmity of our fair friends, if we failed to say a word about the ladies of New Haven; therefore, we think the ladies make a very fine appearance in the Old Costume, and made, some of them, a very extraordinary and *attracting* appearance in the New. It is a very pleasant sight as we stroll down Chapel street to see so many who seem to enjoy life, and no few who seem to have "fallen on evil times"—a sad sight withal, if one could not believe (as we do) that besides all this flutter and glitter of gauze, jewelry and *rouge*, there are minds sparkling with sense and fun, and souls honest and earnest.

OUR EXCHANGES.—We have received the latest numbers of the Jefferson Monument Magazine, and the Georgia University Magazine. They present their usual neat appearance, and contain the usual amount of interesting matter.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—"Starlight" will appear in a future number. "Nonsense," we had intended to dissect in the Editor's Table, but we reserve it for future consumption. Some other articles have been consigned to the "narrow house appointed for all" the unworthy productions. We hope our friends in all the classes will be liberal in their contributions, never forgetting that the interests of the Magazine are to some extent identical with their own.

## NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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THE PREMIUM FOR ENGLISH COMPOSITION, established last year and placed at the disposal of the Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine, is again open for competition. It is a gold medal, of the value of twenty-five dollars, to be awarded for the best prose article, not exceeding eight pages of the Magazine in length, and written by an undergraduate of this College, that shall be offered for publication on or before the fifth Wednesday of the first term of the collegiate year. There shall be no restriction as to subject, any farther than the known character of the Magazine requires. The essays sent in for competition must be signed with assumed names, and accompanied with sealed letters containing the true names of the authors; which, except in the case of the successful competitor, shall be returned to the post-office unopened, and inscribed with the assumed names. The prize shall be adjudged by an examining committee, to consist, always, of the chairman of the board of Editors and two resident graduates appointed by the Editors. Should none of the essays be deemed worthy of the prize, the Editors shall have the power to withhold it, for the time being.

DANIEL C. GILMAN,  
*Chairman of the Board of Editors.*

June 30, 1851.

VOL. XVI.

No. IX.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED  
BY THE  
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"DUM DEUS QUID DEDIT, DATUM LAUDANDUM YALENSIS  
CANTABRIGIE, UNIVERSITATIS PATRES."

JULY, 1851.

NEW HAVEN:  
PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY.  
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# CONTENTS.

|                                                                                       |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| The Post Office System as an Element of Modern Civilization,                          | 337 |
| Let us Walk,                                                                          | 339 |
| TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAYS :                                                               |     |
| The Republic of Holland,                                                              | 340 |
| Value of the Imagination to the Philosopher in the Discovery and Exposition of Truth, | 348 |
| The Adventures of Wimble Wimbleton, Esq.                                              | 355 |
| Academical Degrees Again,                                                             | 359 |
| Biennials,                                                                            | 360 |
| MEMORABILIA YALENSIA :                                                                |     |
| Commencement at Yale in 1768,                                                         | 365 |
| Boating,                                                                              | 366 |
| The College Organ,                                                                    | 368 |
| Obituary,                                                                             | 369 |
| New Publication,                                                                      | 370 |
| Editor's Table,                                                                       | 370 |



THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XVI.

JULY, 1851.

No. IX.

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**The Post Office System as an Element of Modern Civilization.**

THE late reduction of postage rates in our country, is an event of most happy import. It presents to all who have interest in observing the progress of civilization, a theme worthy to be considered, and with this impression we offer the remarks which follow, upon the topic named at the head of this article.

In our age, the human mind is a vast analytical laboratory. Within it, *facts*, mighty and minute, are being resolved into their elements; and the use and relative importance of every element are sought, and rapidly becoming settled and known. Mightiest in the vast array of facts, *the fact*, indeed, of which all others are but elements—the whole, comprising them as parts—is CIVILIZATION. And the relations of the parts to this whole must be surveyed, if we would view them intelligently.

We propose to consider, as a most interesting and important branch of this analysis, the relations of the Post Office system to Modern Civilization, as one of its elements. By civilization we understand a highly improved and still improving condition of mankind, both socially and individually; and, by an element of it, any cause influential in producing such improvement.

In the first place, we remark, that this, like other forces now acting for man's elevation, is a device to meet a *felt necessity*; and hence, peculiarly appropriate to the time when it exists. Many contrivances of a like origin have had their day and are passing into disuse and oblivion; but the art of Printing, the use of steam power, the Magnetic Telegraph and the Post Office system, still in the vigor and bloom of youth, just fitted to meet the existing wants of mankind, are leading on the march of improvement, shoulder to shoulder. As we listen in vain amid the many voices of the past for the whoop of the Locomotive, and the rattling of the Steam press, so, fruitless will be our search for the myriad boxes of the post office, and for the vast system of agencies established to give them efficacy. Of these Alexandria

knew nothing, when through many years she linked the commerce of the East and West together, and her library was

"*Elegantiae regum, curæque egregrium opus.*"

Athens had her Parthenon, but no Post Office. Would Rome get tidings from her legions when they roamed triumphant over the known world? Mounted '*Cursores*' whip and spur cityward, for these are the only Post Office. The letters of the great apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ, to the churches in the chief cities of the chief countries of the known world, at a time when ancient civilization was at its height, traveled slowly to their destinations in charge of special messengers or chance wayfarers, through not the semblance of a post office.

True, some sovereigns did, in remote ages, and at intervals in the progress of later ones, establish for *governmental* convenience, systems of news carrying by couriers regularly stationed and equipped. That wisdom which divided the kingdom of Persia into provinces, and appointed for each a Satrap, directly accountable to the monarch, kept couriers and relays of horses ready to bear intelligence to and fro between Darius and his governors. So, too, Augustus Cæsar held intercourse with the parts of his vast dominions. So in 1532 Pizarro and Almagro found messengers of the Peruvian Inca ready to post with their sovereign's mandates between the capital and Quito. But in none of these cases, was there a postal arrangement for the *public* benefit—for the accommodation of the *people*. No provision was made to meet any necessities but those of the centre of government. Establishments similar to these were made in Europe at an early date, soon after civilization began to dawn over the darkness of the middle ages. In 1749, Louis XI. of France, provided for the conveyance of public despatches by a system of Royal Couriers; imitating thus the example of preceding governments, or rather perhaps under the pressure of necessities like theirs. Soon the system was generally adopted over the continent and England. But the letter carriers still traveled expressly for government, and not for popular accommodation. The private intercourse of distant subjects was difficult and expensive; and of course generally impossible. So late as fifteen years after the landing of our forefathers at Plymouth, we find Charles I. of England, trying to establish a system of post, or horseback mails. Though these were few, uncertain and miserly sustained, he forbade all letter carrying in his dominions, except by them; hoping thereby to increase his revenue. This system was nothing but a government monopoly. Weak from innate defects, it early perished, at the breaking out of civil war. We find, at an early period in modern European history, a single case of a postal arrangement, not established by and for government, but for what approached to private accommodation. We refer to the case of the European seats of learning of that day. In these were gathered multitudes of students, whose scattered homes nestled in sequestered nooks all over Europe. To these the public mail, carrying only governmental papers, and traversing only the most frequented routes, never penetrated. Hence, companies of footmen were ex-

pressly charged by the universities with bearing tidings and remittances of funds between the students and their distant homes. In all the cases yet adduced, we find nothing but a partial and imperfect system of letter *carrying*; almost wholly for the accommodation of the ruling power. The postmasters were little more than stablers of horses. Nothing like a post office or post office system had yet appeared.

But in 1649 Mr. Prideaux, Attorney General for the commonwealth of England, instituted a central office for the weekly forwarding of private as well as public letters to all parts of the country. From this time onward the institution grew with the nation's growth, and strengthened with its strength, and with the growth and strength of the spirit of freedom; in 1657 took its place among the great and indispensable institutions of the country; and in 1660, only one hundred and ninety-two years ago, Parliament placed it on a permanent basis.

Its history in our land may be summed up as follows: In 1639, (ten years before the establishment of the office by Cromwell,) the first post office in our country was established in Boston; a private house being designated by the Massachusetts general court, for the reception and delivery of foreign letters. Fifty-four years after this, a colonial office was established by the British Crown, and in 1775 the American Continental post office by our own Congress. In 1790, fourteen years after the Declaration of Independence, there were but seventy-five post offices, accommodating 1,875 miles of routes; now, after the lapse of but sixty years, there are 16,747 offices, and 167,703 miles of routes.

From this historical sketch we may gather, that necessity required, first, an exclusive transportation of government papers; then, means of carrying the private letters of individuals, and stations for facilitating such transportation, which, combined, enter into the construction of our present system.

But we remark secondly, that young as is this institution, it is even now coëxtensive with civilization itself, influencing man all over the earth. Go where we may, in communities acknowledged as civilized, we are sure to find a post office not far distant; a place kept open at public expense, where letters, &c., are received for immediate delivery to the persons to whom they are addressed, or to be transmitted in the public mails. A man, prince or peasant, it matters not, so he be in a civilized community, enters the post office nearest him and slips into an aperture a little folded paper, marked with the name of a person and place anywhere in the civilized world. The person is perhaps unknown on the writer's hemisphere, save to the writer himself; and it may be, not even to him. The place too, may be distant by half the earth's circumference; yet, in perfect confidence he lets go the little messenger, and anon, off it speeds to seek the place and person designated. Earth, air, and ocean cannot stop it. Like the Syrian maiden who, wandering far from her eastern home, found him she loved in London's labyrinthine maze, by simply repeating "*London! Gilbert!*" the only English words she had learned; so, the little thing

by ever showing the two names it bears, finds at last the object of its search. But not like the maiden, has it roamed alone and unprotected. Wherever it arrived, hospitable mansions received it, attentive hosts entertained it ; till guided onward continually and surely, it at last yielded up its hidden treasures, undiminished and unchanged, to their rightful owner. Myriads of such missives are thus safely passing and repassing over every portion of the civilized world. Traversing our own land, there is ready for their reception and care, a post office for every 1,013 out of 22,000,000 people. If they journey from continent to continent, or from nation to nation, they find thousands of the chief places of the earth prepared for their reception. Truly post offices thus scattered, their influences must be sown broadcast over the earth. They are like multiplied national ears to hear and mouths to speak ; points of contact for the swift transfer of potent thought, profusely set in every zone and hemisphere.

But, thirdly, not only is this institution a creature of necessity, and as it were, ubiquitous ; it is also a machine like system, and as such immensely efficient. If the steam engine, the printing press, and cotton gin are wonderful for the ease and accuracy with which they produce effects the greatest and the least, wonderful indeed, for the same reason, is the post office system. We have noticed its management of a single letter. At every office, agents are ready to receive, assort, and stamp letters, pack them in mail-bags, and deliver them to the *carrying* power. Then are in waiting the horse and his rider, the coach and four, or the fiery chariot, to speed away with them in any direction ; or the puffing steam leviathan, to surmount with them the ocean-wave, and land them upon distant shores. Arrived at their various destinations, ready hands receive, again assort and distribute them into their appropriate boxes, and deliver them up at the bid of their intended owners ; or if not in due season demanded, send them away into the keeping of others, who give them their allotted resting places, in that foundling hospital, the dead letter office.

These arrangements, aided by a most philosophical division of labor, have enabled the post office within a year just past, in our country alone to receive, carry and safely deliver 62,000,000 letters ; besides an immense number of franked papers, and of newspapers, pamphlets, &c., actually delivered ; about 2,000,000 letters deposited in the dead letter office, and as many more newspapers, &c., deposited and carried, but never taken out. Utterly beyond calculation is the labor and expense which must have attained the carriage of these by the writers themselves. Well does the sentiment,

"Quo alio fortes sumus quam quod mutuis officiis,"

here find illustration. For, what a brief space of time, and five or ten cents accomplished in *each* of these millions of cases, might have required without this potent system, a large expenditure of time and money.

We have remarked, that this system is of late origin, and a creature of necessity. We add in the fourth place, that the same necessity

continually aids and strengthens it. Its power consists chiefly in the universality of its action ; and whatever creates a necessity for an extension of its influences, ministers to support it. Among the causes constantly operating to create such necessity, we may notice that the acquisition and settlement of new territory, extends and thus aids the post office system. The increasing prevalence of the Spirit of Freedom makes necessary this means of promoting the free intercourse of mind with mind. Missionary operations make it necessary as a means of conference with the supporting powers at home. Increasing activity of mind in agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, and in every department of discovery and invention, and every art and invention tending to destroy intervening time and space, and to produce a closer contact of minds, all these and similar causes concur in continually creating that necessity, which is a sure guarantee for the stability of the system.

We proceed to notice, in the fifth place, the *capabilities* of the post office. Calculate them we cannot. We see the post office, with perfect ease grasping a mass of written thought gathered from every portion of one vast city, and safely carrying and distributing it through the crowded streets of another ; then conveying a returning mass ; and doing the same between the many cities of different countries. And not so only : but making these transfers swiftly, surely, punctually, frequently, and cheaply. We see it thus perpetuating mental intercommunication all over the world. Then again, it earns its own subsistence, pays its own way, and often more, from the postage on the matter it conveys. Men cannot write or print more letters and documents than it can receive and carry ; for its agencies may be multiplied to any extent. Nay, indeed, the very multiplicity of the articles it conveys, is an element of its support. It holds at its beck and bidding, too, every mode of conveyance by earth, air or water, so that it can penetrate to the uttermost parts of the earth. Besides, the universal sense of mankind has yielded the management of the system to government ; which here steps in to perform just that for which it was instituted, the doing for individuals as members of society, what they cannot without great inconvenience do for themselves. It is useful to every class of men ; and hence an object of universal and constant care. No one doubts its ability to accomplish what it undertakes. High and low, rich and poor, unhesitatingly entrust their dearest interests to its care. Of what is not such an agency capable, so originated and so sustained. What can prevent its accomplishment of the ends for which it was designed.

But, vast as are now its capabilities, inconceivably greater must they be in future years. One very essential element of its success, viz, *cheapness*, has not yet been everywhere introduced to the fullest extent. A most thorough trial in the British dominions, and a partial trial in our own land, has proved incontrovertibly that the reduction of postage to an uniform rate, and that the lowest, must cause an almost incalculable increase of the quantity of mailed matter, and hence of

all advantages desirable from its transmission. This fact is now too well settled to need discussion. Henceforward, the question, "What is the best rate of postage?" is not an open one. Such is the spirit of the age, such is the people's increasing demand for those things which will accrue to popular benefit, that we may be sure they will not stop with the great advantages already gained, and we may already hear their fiat sounding forth, "Cheapest postage we must and will have, and that speedily." We shall ere long see their will obeyed, and the poor man's daily or weekly letters sent by the potent penny whithersoever he may choose, as safely and surely as the rich man's. Yes, there is sure promise that soon, not time, nor space, nor expense shall offer the slightest hindrance to the world-wide transmission of ever immensely increasing masses of thought.

We notice in the sixth and last place, the advantages, existing and future, of the post office system. But what words can express their magnitude, or what mind appreciate them. Can we with omniscient eye, search every heart that has been and is to be moved to its depths by tidings greeting it through the post office † of every mind which has been thus enlightened and quickened? Can we trace the labors which have resulted from the action of these minds and hearts? Can we gather into one view, and fix the amount of the myriad changes, plans, and activities, both social and individual, resulting from the existence of this institution? Can we sum up the joys enhanced; the woes alleviated; the lives, and fortunes, and honor saved; the demands of justice satisfied; the good principles implanted; the temptations neutralized; the knowledge disseminated; the improvements suggested and carried out in every branch of human industry and science; the certainty and speed added to the powers of government; the mighty check held upon those powers by the people in free lands, and the strong impulses given to the love of liberty in lands not free? and all by the operation of this great system! No more can we trace out and set before us all these, and estimate their sum, than calculate the power of heaven's fire, as

"Leaps the live thunder"

from cloud to neighboring cloud; for like this is the action of thought between mind brought near to mind. Ere long, under wise legislation, shall every emigrant to California, New Mexico, and Oregon, sitting by his fireside when his day's work is done, read to his family what Congress is doing, almost as easily as if he dwelt in the Queen city of the Lakes, or in the London of the New World. So shall this "government by the million" know itself; so too shall that emigrant, no longer in the "far west," though upon the western limit of the world, read the last mutation of stocks in Wall st.; the existing market prices in Eastern emporiums; the state of the crops and the condition of the manufacturing interest the country and the world over. He shall freely converse with his parents and brethren, or with the friends of his youth, though from their dwelling's door they may

look out upon the surges of the old Atlantic, instead of with him, upon the western prairie, or mountain peak, or upon the bosom of the blue Pacific. Is aught discovered? A little time, and millions in every land have added it to their stock of knowledge. Is aught invented? A little time and millions are using it with skill and benefit. Comes there to light some new theory or question for discussion? It is speedily examined, tested or decided, by the world's universal mind. Oppressed ones have found a home; straightway it is described with nature's eloquence; and like a loud cry, "Hither flee for safety," rolls over plain, and mountain, and ocean; the cords of affection are flung out to the shipwrecked sufferers yet behind, and they are drawn forth from the surges of political wrong and anarchy, upon a shore where there is shelter from the storm, and peace and quiet prevail beneath the serene sky of political and religious freedom.

This agency, then, contrived to meet the necessities of the age; existing wherever man has put off ignorance and imbecility and become a civilized being; in its own nature as a perfect machine, of wonderful energy; supported and strengthened by the same necessities that originated it; hence capable of achievements too vast for words to describe; and affording untold advantages, both present and future, to mankind; this it is that we have called an element of civilization. This is the substance which an analysis discloses. Remove it, and it would leave a precipitate which the soul shrinks from contemplating; a compound, black and shapeless, poisonous to men's souls, of ignorance, folly, superstition, anarchy, oppression, of which primeval chaos were a fit emblem. But, present, it is and will be, an essential element in that Christian civilization which is the balm of Gilead to the sin-sick soul, be its dwelling place the thronged city, the cultivated land, the sandy desert, the Alpine peak, the snow field of Siberia, the fertile prairie, or the sea-girt island; and which shall strengthen that soul for a flight to these heavenly regions, where time and distance are as nought, and where spirit shall hold immediate communion with spirit, seeing as it is seen and knowing as it is known.

A. B.

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### Let us Walk.

COME! gather, dear friends, in the clear moonlight,  
When silently falls the dew;  
When topmost leaves are stirless and bright,  
And the nether are hid from view.

Let us happily tread, by fancy led,  
O'er the beauteous mosaic of light,  
Which so richly varied, beneath us is spread,  
By the bounteous Queen of Night.

We'll on together, and think not whether  
There's aught in the world but delight;  
Let none but the heart that is light as a feather  
Come to beat amid *our* hearts to night!

We know there's a time to mourn and to weep,  
And then we can sigh and be sad!  
But to night, let sorrow-waves sink to sleep;  
And come, let us laugh and be glad!

Let us think, let us tell of the shapes of joy  
That have flitted across our path;  
Let us hurl to oblivion the thoughts that annoy,  
And would wake in us sorrow or wrath.

If fancy hath builded a castle of air  
And adorned it with paintings and gold;  
Let not one who possesses a treasure so fair,  
The prize from our vision withhold!

Come! walk to-night in the clear moonlight,  
While silently falls the dew!  
And topmost leaves are stirless and bright,  
And the nether are hid from view.

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## TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAYS.

### *The Republic of Holland.*

BY W. W. WINTHROP, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

THE history of a nation, which attained its independence after a hard struggle against an oppressive superior, cannot fail to interest the American reader. Already ennobled in his eyes by its early conflict for separate existence, he is led to make himself acquainted with its subsequent progress as a constituted state, and with a patriot's sympathy rejoices in its prosperity or regrets its reverses.

In the Republic of Holland, we view a commonwealth which, like our own, gained its freedom by courage and perseverance, and by its individual exertions in the cause of liberty raised itself to a high eminence among the recognized powers of the world. And the interest excited by this circumstance of similarity, is further increased, when we come to examine the system of government adopted by the United Provinces, which, though in many respects very peculiar in its texture, bears a strong resemblance to that which we now enjoy.



Although that Republic is to be looked upon rather as a confederation of separate States than a consolidated Union ; although each State, in fact, must be regarded as a distinct republic of itself, enjoying its own privileges and subordinate to no authority other than that vested in its council of deputies ; and each city with its senate and burgomasters, as an independent corporation, a sovereign within its own jurisdiction ; yet we find all these provinces and municipalities united and represented in the States General, a body similar to our National Legislature, in which matters of common interest and importance, such as peace and war, the formation of alliances, and the raising of forces might be freely discussed. We have here cities governed by their respective magistrates, and sending their delegates to the councils of the Provinces, while the latter, in turn, are concentrated in the general assembly of the Republic ; a simple system of legislation and representation strikingly analogous to that which we observe in our own Constitution. And though we find no Judiciary corresponding to our Supreme Court ; yet in the Stadtholder we see our chief executive portrayed. It was not necessary, indeed, that his sway should extend over all the Provinces, nor was he elected in the same manner as our President is chosen, nor was his office essential to the State ; but we recognize in him, as in our highest civil functionary, that personification of legitimate authority, of national dignity, which must exist in every body politic, however constituted. The office of Grand Pensionary is, we believe, without an exact parallel in any known form of government. It was his duty to collect the opinions and digest the resolutions of the nobility ; but he was particularly designed to act as a check upon the Stadtholder, a position which, at several periods of the nation's existence, proved to be one of extreme hazard and danger.

There is, however, one point of difference, which it is interesting to notice as particularly distinguishing the Republican system of Holland from that of the United States—a difference which is in itself a fact of history. It has often been remarked that, in the northern parts of Europe, the old elements of Civilization never gave place so naturally to the new as in the countries of the South. Thus in the Dutch Provinces we find the idea of sovereignty, with which their early subjection had rendered them familiar, still lingering about the republican form which they had assumed. We observe this trait in the recognized claims of the cities to exercise an exclusive control over their municipal affairs, and of the provinces to an absolute sway within their respective limits. We perceive this characteristic also in the Union of the States General, which has been aptly compared to a league of several independent Princes, combined for mutual defence ; in the Stadtholdership, which resembled at first the office of the Roman Dictator and often afterwards seemed but another name for kingly power, until it became merged in royalty itself ; in the continued existence of a regular nobility ; and lastly in the willingness, with which the Provinces placed themselves at different times under the protection of a foreign monarchical government. Such are, we think, the principal

peculiarities in the political system of the Dutch Commonwealth, and, curious though it may seem, it was probably the best that could have been devised to suit the circumstances of the new Confederacy. A republic, exactly similar to our own, would have required for its formation a more advanced stage of civilization than had been attained by the world at the period when Holland threw off the yoke of Spain.

But, not confining ourselves to their mode of government, let us consider the Hollanders as members of a social as well as a civil community. Viewing them in this light, astonishment takes the place of mere interest, and we begin to understand more fully their position among the nations of Europe.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, the commerce of the United Provinces was unequalled in extent and importance by that of any other country. Obligated at an early period, on account of the general barrenness of their soil, to resort to a more friendly element for their means of support, the Dutch soon became rather a seafaring than an agricultural people. Besides this, a great portion of their territory had actually been redeemed from the ocean itself and great dikes alone prevented its waters from flooding their lands. Thus, by their situation made familiar with the perils of the sea, and cut off by war from much intercourse with their neighbors, their attention was quickly turned to foreign trade. Then it was that the famous East India Company was instituted, which speedily rose to such power and wealth that it formed, as it were, a potent State of itself. Having the control of an immense capital, it was long acknowledged to be the most opulent mercantile establishment in the world and proved the great strength and bulwark of the Republic in the midst of empowering wars. The West India, the Greenland, and other Companies, formed soon after, aided in carrying the commerce of Holland to all parts of the globe and in adding numerous valuable possessions to the Dutch dominions. The trade with Asia, the Levant, the Baltic, South America and the Indies, was at one time almost entirely engrossed by the vessels of the Provinces. The colonies of Batavia, in the extreme East, and Amsterdam in the extreme West, Malacca, Surinam and St. Martin's, the Cape of Good Hope and Guinea were among the most important which were founded by their enterprising mariners. The extensive commerce of Venice was ruined and Holland became in her place the great trading nation of the continent, "the general magazine" of all Europe.

For her manufactures also the Republic was eminent. The civil wars in France, the troubles in Germany, and the religious persecutions throughout Europe drove many artisans and mechanics to seek the protection of a government, where they might enjoy general toleration and reap the fruits of their labor in peace. The principal cities of Holland abounded in manufactories of silk, linen, and woollen, by which particularly the wealth and prosperity of the country were highly increased.

Again, though it has been said that among Dutchmen love is un-

known and that the proverbial dullness of the ancient Batavians might easily be discerned in the want of feeling and refinement which distinguished their descendants ; still, among a people of so phlegmatic a temperament, science and learning flourished and the Arts found a congenial abode. The Genius of Painting especially has always seemed to regard the Netherlands with peculiar favor. While Belgium could boast of her Rubens, Vandyke, and Teneirs, Holland could point with equal pride to the famous names of Rembrandt, Wouvermans, Cuyp, Ruysdaal, Potter, Berghem and Dow. Of her literary men, De Groot or Grotius, "at once eminent as jurist, poet, theologian, and historian;" the learned Erasmus, the early partisan of Luther, and Arminius, the celebrated founder of the sect that bears his name, were the most conspicuous. Vondel and Hooft, though not ranked with the greater poets, were not, however, without considerable reputation at the time in which they lived.

Few nations have produced more distinguished statesmen or more sincere patriots. The illustrious line of the Princes of Orange, the deliverers and defenders of their country, is almost without a parallel in history. Count Egmont and Horn at an early period, and later, Barneveldt, the unfortunate De Witts and Bentinck, did much in presenting to the people the noblest examples of integrity and virtue ; while the Van Tromps and De Ruyter, by their successes at sea, enhanced the reputation of the Dutch flag and made it feared and respected wherever it was known.

Thus when we reflect upon the extensive maritime commerce of the Republic ; when, transporting ourselves back in thought to the seventeenth century, we look at her harbors alive with merchant ships constantly arriving with their valuable cargoes from all parts of the world, and then glance at the interior, where, up and down her rivers and innumerable canals, an incessant inland trade was actively carried on, and where, in thickly populated cities, the artisans of different lands were continually employed at their various occupations ;—when again we turn to the Universities of Leyden and Utrecht and consider the numerous branches of polite learning pursued therein, or to the schools of Haarlaem, Amsterdam, and Dort, where crowds of ardent disciples received daily instruction from the most eminent masters of the time ; we find in such a survey abundant cause to admire and wonder at the universal industry and prosperity of a people inhabiting a country so small in extent and with so few natural advantages as that embraced by the Provinces of Holland. But when we direct our attention to the military and naval heroes of the period and read of the conflicts in which they took part, the victories which they gained and the disasters which they encountered ; our admiration and astonishment are redoubled, and we can hardly convince ourselves that we are studying the history of the same nation which we were just now contemplating in so different a light. It is difficult to realize the fact that, while a large portion of the community, without fear of interruption, was continually striving for wealth and fame in every branch

of business and every department of science, there was still another large portion earnestly engaged in preserving that greatest of all blessings, their national liberty by actual warfare against a foreign power. Yet such was the aspect of the Republic during a long period of her existence, and we can scarcely tell which feature gratifies us most, the enterprise of her citizens in the peaceful arts, or the vigor and energy displayed by her rulers in watching over the destinies of their country.

But this latter consideration naturally brings us to a separate division of our subject. We have thus far viewed this interesting people rather by themselves, and have inspected their government in its own essence, without regard to its relations with the other powers of Europe. In order therefore to investigate the philosophy of its history, to ascertain its general principles of policy and its influence for good or evil among the nations of the world, it will be necessary to review very concisely the circumstances of its struggle for liberty and its growth and progress under the republican form.

At the death of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who had succeeded to the throne of the Netherlands as nearest heir to his grandfather Maximilian, the Low Countries were in a most flourishing condition. Under the mild government of the house of Burgundy, they had greatly increased in prosperity and wealth, and Philip the Second on coming to the throne found them one of the most opulent of his dominions. But the difference between his character and that of Charles was soon made manifest. Though the latter had published severe edicts on the subject of heresy, yet these, at the time of his resignation, had not been enforced with any great vigor. To his Dutch subjects Charles had always been courteous and easy of access and had appeared to take considerable interest in their affairs. But Philip was altogether a Spaniard in his feelings, and while Spaniards alone engrossed his favor and enjoyed his confidence, he turned towards the Netherlands an aspect of coldness and illwill. He resolved to carry out to their full extent the measures which his father had contemplated, to establish the dreadful institution of the Inquisition in this part of his kingdom, to increase the number of Catholic bishops, and to quarter among an unoffending people a regular Spanish army. Such were the instruments, ecclesiastical and military, with which Philip hoped to confirm his dominion in the Provinces and to overcome entirely the Protestant influence. Bentivoglio has given us an accurate report of the debates which at this time agitated the Spanish Cabinet in reference to the proposed plan of subjection. We find here two opposing parties headed respectively by the Dukes of Feria and Alva, the one advising a conciliatory policy, the other the employment of force. The different arguments adduced on this occasion have been well compared to those used in the British Parliament at the period of the American struggle. And the issue was in each case nearly the same. The judicious measures proposed by the Duke of Feria met with as little approbation as

those afterwards advocated by the eloquent Burke.\* Margaret of Parma, who had partially succeeded in quieting the disturbances in the Netherlands, was obliged to resign, and the Duke of Alva and Cardinal Granvelle were sent, in her place, to suppress, if possible, both civil and religious liberty. But notwithstanding the outrages, executions, and massacres, which have rendered his name so infamous, Alva was unable to subdue the Protestant subjects, whom he had been sent to govern. In the Prince of Orange he found a competitor, whose patriotism, wisdom, and integrity have excited the admiration of posterity, as much as his own cruelty and excess have roused its indignation and horror. Alva was followed by Requesens, a man of a very different character; but the Dutch gained little by his moderate government, for the more amiable policy, which it was his aim to pursue, was thwarted by the tyranny and bigotry of his royal master. The Pacification of Ghent, which occurred during the turbulent administration of Don John of Austria, who succeeded Requesens, seemed to be the signal for peace once more in the Low Countries. But the old causes of war were still at work and the contest soon broke out afresh. In the meantime the States had so far increased in importance as to be able to form a league with England; and Elizabeth testified her respect for their efforts in the cause of liberty by supplying them both with money and forces.

But the time had now come for the Declaration of Independence by which the Republic of Holland was to assert her freedom and to take her place for the first time among the nations of the earth. The Prince of Orange had long entertained the grand idea of uniting in one confederation those of the Provinces which were least divided by faction and most unanimous in their religious belief. On the twenty-third of January, 1558, deputies from the seven Provinces of Holland, Zealand, Friesland, Utrecht, Guelders, Groningen, and Overijssel met in the city of Utrecht and formed an alliance, which was the basis of the great Commonwealth, constituted at Antwerp in the following year when the dominion of Spain was solemnly abjured and the new Republic placed herself under the protection of France. Choosing for their motto the words—“*Incertum quo Fata ferant*”†—as describing the mingled emotions of hope and anxiety which agitated their minds, William and his devoted partisans launched their Ship of State upon a stormy sea, whose troubled waves she was destined to ride not only with safety, but with glory.

At the death of William, his son, Prince Maurice, was chosen to succeed to the dignities of his father, and in his conflicts with the Duke of Parma and afterwards with Spinola proved himself not unworthy of his high descent. Prompted, however, by a violent ambition, he committed many political errors, the principal of which were the persecution of the Arminians and the unjustifiable execution of the patriot

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\* Smyth's Lectures on Modern History.

† Sir William Temple.

Barneveldt, at a period when, on account of the cessation of hostilities occasioned by the "Twelve Years' Truce," full scope was afforded for the religious disputes and civil dissensions which took their place. Frederick Henry completed the great work of establishing the liberties of his country, which his father had begun, and the Treaty of Munster, signed January, 1648, brought to a final issue the war, which for the space of eighty years had raged, with but one brief interval, between the Provinces and Spain. Republicanism in Holland was now no longer an experiment, but a constituted form of government recognized and respected by all the European powers.

Passing over the short, but violent administration of Prince William the Second, we come to the brilliant career of William the Third, whose whole life has been represented by historians as but the record of one aim and end, one absorbing passion, resistance to the encroachments of Louis Fourteenth. Hardly had Holland freed herself from the dominion of Spain, when she seemed about to be brought under the sway of a still more formidable foe. The armies of France, under the command of Turenne, Condè and Luxembourg, were pouring, flushed with recent victories, upon the territories of the States. The "Triple League" had proved an entire failure. By French influence, Sweden had been easily detached from the alliance, and Charles the Second perfidiously sold himself for a paltry sum to serve the interests of Louis; while Holland was left to struggle alone against her haughty superior. Never was she in more imminent peril, and had not a great champion been raised up for her defence she must inevitably have fallen. The Prince of Orange was probably the only man at the time in Europe, who could so successfully have concentrated the strength of the Allies in opposition to the common enemy. In the League of Augsburg and afterwards in the Grand Alliance he succeeded in uniting the most important continental powers against his mighty rival, and he accepted the sovereignty of England, in order that it might become a powerful instrument in his hands for the humiliation of the ambitious Monarch.

With the death of William we begin to lose our interest in the affairs of the Dutch Republic. The importance and dignity of the nation had been greatly advanced by the individual exertions and influence of the renowned Stadtholder, whose designs were carried out with so much diligence by Marlborough, Heinsius, and Prince Eugene, that Louis was forced, in his old age, to solicit peace of the "audacious merchants," whom he had pretended to despise. We find the Republic enjoying the blessings of tranquillity for thirty years after the treaty of Utrecht, and affording a secure asylum to the persecuted sects of other countries. We follow her through her generous resistance to the enemies of Maria Theresa and her second naval war with England, to the eventful era of the French Revolution, when conquering armies again overran her limits, and Holland, though under another name she still retained the appearance of freedom, became in fact "but a forced appendage chained to the triumphal car of France." The Batavian

Republic soon merged into an actual monarchy under Louis Buonaparte, and was ranked among the conquests of Napoleon. But her subjection was brief. Her Prince, who had generously resigned his authority and left the country on the invasion of Pichegru, because his views were opposed to those of the majority of the people, was at length welcomed back to higher dignities. Called by the Holy Alliance, after the decisive battle of Waterloo, to the throne of the Netherlands, he continued under the title of William the First, to rule over Holland and Belgium until their separation in 1830, when he became king of Holland alone. William the Second, who succeeded his father upon his abdication in 1840, was in turn succeeded by his son William the Third, the present sovereign, in 1849; and the two Dutch communities, after having passed through so many changes of government now flourish side by side as separate limited monarchies.

After a review of the most remarkable events in the rise and progress of the United Provinces, we cannot fail to be struck with one prominent feature, one grand idea which manifests itself throughout their entire history as a republican commonwealth. *The support and promotion of the Protestant cause* appears to the view of posterity to have been, in the hands of Providence, the great policy of the Dutch Republic, the ultimate end of all her national measures. This motive doubtless, though powerful in many cases, was often lost sight of by her statesmen when objects of more immediate interest engrossed their attention; yet when we examine the character of the principal political transactions of Holland, we are brought to the conclusion that to sustain and exalt the creed of the Reformers has been the true destiny of her existence. We may look back upon the long protracted wars in which she was engaged, and consider them as the separate conflicts of one glorious struggle for the liberty of conscience against the bigotry and slavery of Romanism. In this noble contest she first throws off the oppressive yoke of Spain and establishes in every part of her dominions a perfect religious freedom. Her former mistress, once so rich and powerful, is humbled before an antagonist whom she had despised and verges rapidly towards her ruin. France now as represented in the Grand Monarch would seize in her insatiable grasp her prosperous neighbor, but the Republic, through her great leader, is enabled to frustrate her designs and to preserve unimpaired her Protestant institutions. But there was a still more important work for her to perform. When William, now king as well as stadtholder, succeeded to the throne of the Stuarts, the Church of Rome received a final blow in England. During the reign of James the Second, its triumph had appeared certain; but a prince, invited from another people, now came to crush its power forever. Under him England soon regained the position which she had lost:—without the aid of Holland and her chief, she “might have still remained enlaved or have had to purchase liberty by oceans of blood.”

This view of the influence exerted by the Dutch Republic will exhibit, we think, in the strongest and most favorable light, the importance

of her position among the nations of the earth. The vindication of Protestantism was, we repeat, her destiny ; perhaps we may say, the cause of her political prosperity. The foster-mother of religious truth—the victor in a great fight, she exalted both herself and the whole of Protestant Europe. Considered solely under this aspect, she appears to have been far in advance of her age.

Thus whether we regard the Dutch as members of a social or a civil community, as merchants or men of letters, as patriots or reformers, we cannot but take a deep interest in a people, whose history for more than two centuries was so closely interwoven with that of the principal part of the civilized world. And, though the Republic of Holland exists no longer, it is gratifying to know that under an equitable constitutional government the nation is at present both prosperous at home and respected abroad.

That the Dutch had their peculiar vices as well as virtues, cannot be denied. From the time of the institution of their first trading companies with grants of monopoly, they were distinguished by an excessive thirst for gain, manifesting itself in the jealousy with which they regarded the commercial prosperity of any but themselves. It was such a spirit which led to the dreadful massacre of Amboyna and was the source of the bloody naval wars between the Provinces and England. But this tendency to avarice is the more pardonable, when we recollect that it was the spur to a most worthy industry and frugality : and truly, when the student of her history considers the many redeeming points in the character of her citizens, and reflects upon the difficulties which the Republic was obliged to surmount before she could achieve her greatness, he most fully appreciates the remark of the historian, when he says—"no country had ever done more for freedom, and the result of its efforts was the irrevocable guarantee of civil and religious liberty, the great end and aim of civilization."\*

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### The Value of the Imagination to the Philosopher in the Discovery and Exposition of Truth.

BY THOMAS S. POTWINE, EAST WINDSOR, CONN.

WE study our intellectual and moral natures, both for science and for practical wisdom. If we can discover the office of any of the faculties of the mind, as of the imagination, *this is knowledge*. And if by this discovery, we obtain valuable direction for the culture and use of our own powers, or information of their adaptedness to successful effort in some particular field of exertion, we at once increase our knowledge and confer upon ourselves an untold advantage.

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\* Thomas Colley Grattan ;—History of the Netherlands.



In the discussion of these subjects, although there is a difference of opinion as to the equality of original endowments among men, yet all admit an inequality of development, and a consequent adaptation to different intellectual labors. The imagination, they, with one consent, assign to the poet, as his peculiar characteristic, and one that has little to do with the discovery of *truth* and *reality*. We admit also the claim of the orator to the imagination, to enable him to arouse and sway the minds of his hearers; but rarely expect to hear this faculty mentioned in connection with philosophy.

The poet and the philosopher are regarded as having little in common; indeed, as pursuing the most divergent paths in the whole field of intellectual vocations. Addison says, "A poet should take as much pains in forming his imagination, as the philosopher his understanding." And if it were asked what peculiarity of mind constitutes the chief distinction between the two, the ordinary reply would be:—'*The imagination*, possessed and cultivated by the one, but not possessed or left uncultivated by the other.'

To the popular ear, "works of the imagination" is almost synonymous with "works of fiction;" and the term "imagination" itself, with the power of conceiving and portraying the unreal and fanciful. The designation of a person as having an 'imaginative mind,' suggests almost any character before the philosopher or man of science.

An Essayist and a Poet have discoursed upon the "Pleasures of the Imagination," showing it to be the source of a large portion of our most exquisite intellectual delights; and claiming this as a final cause in the mind of the Creator. Mankind have universally verified their judgment, by regarding this faculty as capable, peculiarly and pre-eminently, of affording enjoyment. In a word, the opinions of men generally separate the imagination from the pursuit of philosophy, as unnecessary to it; nay more, as entirely incompatible with it, and a pernicious source of error and visionary theorizing, whenever the philosopher allows it a voice in his mind.

A little thought will discover to us both the origin and the fallacy of this notion. The imagination, operating by itself, does not limit itself to what is real and certain. By itself, it cannot be relied upon for knowledge and truth; but it rather ministers ideality, excitement, and pleasure. From this fact it has gained the reputation so universally attached to it; from this fact it has been set down as capable only of these operations, and confined to these benefits. While the remaining truth has been overlooked, namely, that in connection with the full development and activity of the other faculties, it performs a very different office; that coöperating with, instead of assuming the direction of the other powers of the mind, it possesses an untold usefulness; that, if instead of acting the pilot, and heedlessly urging the mind upon the shoals of fancy, or into the whirlpools of speculation and skepticism, it be content with the part of a watchman and descrier, it becomes to the mind what eyes are to the body, a guide to knowledge and a means of safety.

It will hardly be necessary for us to attempt to give a logical definition of imagination. For it is not expected of us to present a metaphysical analysis of the operations of a philosophical mind, but simply to inquire what aid the philosopher received from that faculty, which is ascribed in its highest exercise to the poet and the writer of fiction, and which, when associated with them, every one perfectly understands. Yet if we were to attempt a definition, we should say, that 'the imagination was the power which the mind possesses of exhibiting to itself in thought, either by reproduction or combination, a counterpart to the impressions of sense. Its *exercises* consist mainly in supplying the defects of sense, in translating the language of description, in tracing analogies and similitudes, and in calling up before the mind scenes and events real or unreal.

Only a small portion of the objects of our contemplation and study are actually at a given time present to the senses.

The senses are utterly incompetent to conduct or even to follow reason in her discoveries and demonstrations. We see at once, therefore, that in the pursuits of science, there is both great room and great necessity for a power like the imagination, that can construct a universe in thought; that can make a projection of the outer world upon the tablets of the mind. How else could we interpret the grand phenomena of nature, and arrive at a knowledge of her more sublime truths?

It is from this point of view that we first approach the subject. The astronomer furnishes a most perfect and intelligible example. It is justly claimed for him that he "pursues pure truth;" yet I hesitate not to say, strange as it may sound, that no power of the mind has contributed more to the science of modern astronomy, than the imagination. Without it the inimitable truths of this science must have remained beyond reach—undiscovered and unknown. The existence and relations of suns and planets, of systems and systems, could never have been brought down to reason for demonstration, and have passed into the circle of human knowledge. Let a man, of however powerful mind, who is entirely ignorant of the science; who does not so much as understand the motions of the earth; let such a man be allowed all the powers of the eye, aided by instruments, and be directed to look upon the heavens and solid earth, and declare their true relations. What could his mere vision and power of understanding disclose to him?

'An expanse of lights in apparent motion,' is all the account he could give. Let him look successive days and successive years, still confining himself simply to the *perception* of what he *beholds*, and still all appears either changeless or inexplicably confused—"a barren marvel." But allow the observer such power of imagination as shall enable him to retrace in his mind with lively accuracy, the motions and positions of the bodies he has been beholding, and compare these with their newly assumed appearances, and at length he will point you to a fixed centre; will trace the path of our earth around it; select from the hosts of stars, her companions, and divide into systems of

suns the remaining points and islands of light with which space seems to be filled. The diagram that is designed to aid in raising the imagination to an idea of the reality, is and can be laid down only from the imagination of a mind that has climbed to the truth in some other way. Mental philosophers tell us, 'that we retain in our minds the form of the sky above us, only by an effort of the imagination, that supplies what is not present to the eye while we look at a particular portion; and how much more do we require this power to conceive the relations of bodies in space !

Whether the astronomer be an observer like Herschel, or a mathematician like La Place, this same power is equally requisite to success. Before he can conceive what it is that meets his vision in the heavens, or before he can compute distances and elements of orbits, he must pass in mind from the apparent to the actual; must change his centre of thought, and lay aside the earth and every thing terrestrial as as a standard of conception. The power of sense reaches but the indices of truth in this most exalted science; and seems designed but for this. Instruments must be laid down, the eye must be closed, and the unfettered mind, that knows no limit to *its* vision, must launch off into infinity and behold the Universe as it is.

There is a great difference in the degree of this power in different minds; although highly susceptible of cultivation by effort. Sometimes it rarely exists at all; and the mind shrinks back even from an attempt to conceive of facts and relations so far removed from the apprehension of sense; again it appears in such perfection and facility of exercise, as when united with the other requisite talents makes a man, in the highest sense, a "poet of nature."

We turn to the great names of this science to illustrate and verify our remarks. Among these there is one that is, with a single exception, oftener than any other on the lips of the student; and is associated with discoveries that seem like fathoming the mind of the Deity himself. *Kepler was a poet.* He possessed poetical talents of the highest order. Indeed he is said to have "united the powers of Dante and Newton; a most vivid imagination with a most profound intellect." His imagination so predominated, it is true, as sometimes to carry him wide of the truth; but "Kepler's laws" were the result of the intense working of this faculty, which could not rest until some new facts or new relations revealed themselves to it. Copernicus and Galileo had shown that the planets revolve around the sun. But how? Where are their precise paths? To what figure do these paths conform? What principles of motion have they in common? Such were the questions that pressed upon his mind, and we arrive at some idea of the efforts of his imagination in solving them, when he tells us that he made seventy *suppositions*, and spent five years in the corresponding calculations, before he discovered the true figure of the first orbit he investigated.

The labors of Copernicus are an example of great profundity and power in the mental operations we are attempting to describe. Dis-

carding the prevailing theory of celestial motions, he betook himself to the study of the solar system. But why must forty long years be spent in alternate observation and profound meditation? He was not, like Herschel, employed in constructing huge instruments, with which to span the abyss of space. He was not, like Tycho Brahe, "repeating seventy times intolerably long and toilsome calculations;" nor like Newton, was he drawn aside to invent new and more perfect mathematical processes; nor again like La Place, was he solving the seemingly Divine problems of "Celestial Mechanics." No such preliminary employments delayed his investigations or diverted his thoughts. But, paradoxical as it may seem, he was solving a great problem of the imagination. By this we mean that he first laid down in his mind an imaginary system of the world—a conception of its appearance to an observer in space; and then labored to verify this hypothesis from such indices as presented themselves to his unaided powers of vision. The truths he announced to the world did not follow from extending the province of sense and discovering *miniature systems*; neither were they the deductions of mathematical reasoning; but they were a conception of the imagination shown to be in conformity with the comparatively few indications of the reality that could then be discovered.

I might multiply examples from this science. I might ask you to conceive of the workings of that immortal mind that gave birth to the "nebular theory," or of that mind that first opened its eyes upon the truth, that one sun is but a mere star of the Galaxy; and that the Galaxy itself and the starry host surrounding us is a mere island in the universe, like the dim spots of light the most powerful telescope reveals to us.

We pass however to a more general view of the subject, for thus far we have spoken of but one office of the imagination, and that, perhaps, one less often associated with the term than others that remain to be noticed.

A more extensive view leads us to consider the subject in relation to philosophical investigation and reasoning in general. The assemblage of intellectual qualities requisite for the consummate philosopher, includes the power of discovering abstruse relations, analogies, and similitudes; the power of recalling with vividness past scenes and events; fertility of original conception; a tenacious memory; a sound judgment; and logical process of thought. Whether reasoning is conducted after the inductive or the apriori method, these same qualities are alike indispensable. With the first three, as they have been enumerated, the imagination is more or less intimately concerned.

The object of the philosopher in reasoning is to discover truth in the form of principles and laws. The success in this one great desideratum, is comprehensiveness of mind. Truth is uniform, simple, and connected; and he who can detect and expose this unity and relation, is a great philosopher. But this comprehensiveness and power

of discovering truth depends upon the continual and vivid presence to the mind of all the facts and conditions that illustrate or modify any principle in question. And this is the work of the imagination. Not, that reason and reflection are superceded, but material is thus furnished upon which they can act. A want of this power of imagination it is that constitutes narrowness of mind. Such a mind we never can trust, because we have no confidence that it has embraced the whole subject in all its modifications and relations, and thus discovered the whole truth. Any person who has watched but a little the course of human opinion and reasoning, cannot have failed marking this fact; and noticing, moreover, that the progress in reasoning, from generation to generation, consists, to a great extent, in this comprehensiveness in investigation.

The process of reasoning is comparatively easy, when we can obtain a full and adequate view of the subject. Inductions will be conclusive and errors avoided, just so far as all the facts that modify principles are taken into account, as examples, analogies, and illustrations are present to the reasoner; in other words, just so far as he has the power of discovering every possible application of any principle in question. Be the subject matter, polity, jurisprudence, theology, natural science, or what it may, what we have said holds equally good. And minds that have exhibited this comprehension with its fruits have ever been recognized as gifted with unwearied, far-reaching imaginations. Burke possessed a mind of this character. Whenever he approached any subject, he almost involuntarily pursued its relations in every direction, until his thoughts were enriched by contributions from the whole realm of truth. It is this discovery of the extent and connection of truth, more than any power of logic, that makes his every utterance so replete with wisdom. His most convincing arguments are the careful comparison, the just analogy, the apt metaphor, and the sublime ideal. And to his lofty, far-seeing imagination it is that he owes this excellence.

Bacon furnishes another example of this same comprehensiveness. The whole range of philosophy seems to have an "ideal presence" to his mind. As he gives you his judgment upon various subjects, in rapid succession, that have no apparent connection but the common bond of truth, you are reminded of an observer gazing upon a varied landscape, and describing from sight, now this and now that distinct and separate object. If the grand secret were not disclosed elsewhere, his "Wisdom of the Ancients" at least reveals it; a work that is read with as much astonishment by the cultivated mind, as the "Tales of the Arabian Nights," by the school-boy. Such power of detecting analogies and resemblances I believe to be without a parallel. It would seem that nothing could hide itself from such an imagination.

Fertility of original conception is another characteristic of a mind endowed with a strong imagination; and is of inconceivable value to the philosopher in the *formation of hypotheses*. The relation of hy-

potheses to philosophical reasoning is not always understood. Sometimes they are ridiculed and condemned; and the authority of Newton quoted against them, when he says, "*Hypotheses non fingo.*" But there is a wide difference between forming hypotheses *upon which to base investigation*, and resting in them, *as science*. The truth is, that in the more exalted sciences, hypothesis is the parent of discovery. Whenever any phenomena are to be explained, or any difficulties solved, an idea is first formed of the probable truth—"a guess," to use the language of one of our own scientific men—and then facts and appearances are investigated with a view to the confirmation or rejection of this supposition. Kepler's seventy orbits were so many distinct hypotheses, which he put to the test of observation and calculation. The stability of the solar system was an hypothesis, before La Grange and La Place completed their inquiries respecting it. The cause of thunder storms was an hypothesis before Franklin charged his jar from the clouds. That oxygen and hydrogen would burn into water was an hypothesis, before the successful experiment.

There is this manifest connection between original conception and scientific discovery. We do not deny that it may lead to the adoption of error, if the ideas it supplies are not sufficiently subjected to reason and demonstration; but the imagination cannot be responsible for the other faculties; it has its own peculiar capacity and function. From the nature and relations of *the known*, it pictures to the mind *the unknown*; by building with *things discovered*, it erects a tower from which to search for *the undiscovered*. The imagination proposes the problems and holds out the prize to reason; it claims not to discover realities, but to point out probabilities, to divine the "whereabouts" of truth, or to descry dim distant objects and point them out to reason for its study.

But again, this faculty, more than any other, insures the development of genius. The imaginative mind cannot rest inactive. Obscurity, adversity, and want of opportunity, cannot smother it; it is self-motive, self-sustaining, and is sure to marshal its powers in one field or another. It is led on in this way, chiefly by the greater delight that attends its operations, and because the toil required is trifling. By the imagination, thus keeping the mind active, through a wide range of thought, and imparting clearness and intensity to its ideas, talents are developed, adverse circumstances fade away, and the man is before the world, ready to exert his powers and receive its grateful homage. In this way genius is called out and the benefits of it enjoyed by mankind, while minds that possess merely powers of judgment and reason, however great, are liable to lie dormant and inactive for the want of some impulse, or because oppressed by unpropitious circumstances.

And after the philosopher has once become such, the operation of this principle—*this pleasure* of the imagination—is an important aid. The whole question of success often turns more upon the pleasure of study than the mere capacity for it. Those who, in any department,

have enlarged the boundaries of science and philosophy, have felt the 'labor itself to be a pleasure.' They have been held to their work by a quenchless enthusiasm. The deepest profundity of their thoughts has afforded their most intense delight—a happiness not to be sacrificed to material treasure or fading honors. To this enthusiasm the imagination powerfully contributes.

We shall not be expected, within our brief limits, to set forth a complete view of the work of the imagination in the philosophical mind, and much less to distinguish what it does not do. We have spoken of it as supplying the defects of sense, as giving comprehension in reasoning, as leading on to investigation in particular directions, and as animating the philosopher with zeal for his labor.

The second branch of the subject, as proposed, opens a wide field, into which we do not propose to enter, but simply remark that whatever aids the student in obtaining new, interesting, or more definite and complete views of truth, will also aid him in expounding those views; for he has but to clothe his ideas in language, and they will appear to others as they have appeared to himself. In this he stands on an equality with the man of letters. His powers enable him to translate his thoughts into pictures which the world can understand, or, by illustration, to open their eyes to proofs on every side of them. If he would *interest*, his words cannot fail to delight; if he would *convince*, his smiles are tenfold more powerful than syllogisms. For he seems to refer his readers to nature and to facts, while the mere logician meets with distrust and suspicion. Davy and Franklin are distinguished examples of success in this kind of philosophical writing.

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## Adventures of Wimble Wimbleton, Esq.\*

### CHAPTER III.

It was a bright autumnal morning, as Mr. Wimbleton and his servant left the village inn and took the road for the next town. On the left lay a low range of hills, covered with a dense growth of wood. The foliage of this, the chilly nights had already begun to affect. The birch and the beech had assumed a yellow hue. The soft maple blushed to a crimson in the morning sun, as if ashamed of having entertained a visitor so cold and cheerless as Jack Frost. And the light green of the hemlock, and the dark green of the pine and fir in the midst of the brighter colors around, seemed more sombre than ever.

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\* Concluded from page 313.

"Come," said Mr. W. to Mike, "we must drive along a little faster this pleasant morning." "Jist as yer honor plases, sir," replied Mike, as he brought down the lash heavily upon the side of the bay. This, together with the report of a sportsman's fowling piece, had the effect of starting their horse into a trot altogether too smart for Mr. W.'s comfort. "Hold him up! Hold him up!" said he to his driver. "An sure sir, he's not down," was the honest reply. The pace of the animal becoming still more rapid, Mr. W. was induced to take hold of the reins with Mike, and these two gentlemen instituted a series of pulls and jerks not at all compatible with the ideas of driving, which such a quiet horse as was Mr. W.'s had previously entertained. The effect, therefore, was the opposite of what was intended, so that the rate of traveling was increased to such a degree as to cause much the same phenomena as did the ride of which the poet speaks when he says—

"The dogs did bark, the children screamed,  
Up flew the windows all;  
And every soul cried out 'well done,'  
As loud as he could bawl."

Some of the good people, however, were of the opinion that the horse must be stopped, or the travelers would experience serious injury. Among these, was one who jumped over the fence as the horse was ascending a little pitch in the road, and seized him by the reins. "I ruther guess he'd drive a leetle stедier ef you'd jest put the bits in his mouth," said Pete Walters, for it was he who had hold of the horse. He had come along the road in search of work, and had engaged with Deacon Squires to pick up apples and take his pay at the Deacon's distillery. He saw the runaway horse sometime before he arrived at the hill, and knowing that he must then slack his pace somewhat, he ran across the lot in which he was at work, to be ready to stop him as he ascended. "Well, well," said Mr. Wimbleton, alighting from the carriage, "I bless my stars that I'm in the land of the living; I surely —" "I should think you might as well bless me as yer stars," interrupted Pete, "for if yer'd a gone down the hill on tother side, and turned the corner over the bridge, yer never'd a had a chance to bless yer stars nor to cuss 'em nuther. But why on airth don't yer drive yer nag with the bits in his mouth?" continued he. "Ruther guess Hopkinses hostler was leetle over the bay last night. I thort this mornin' he looked as ef he'd been dragged through a knot-hole." Mr. Wimbleton, on discovering the cause of the difficulty, commenced a violent objurgation upon the devoted head of the hostler. This, however, was interrupted by Pete, who, though not perhaps a model for morality, was very much opposed to profanity. "'Taint never worth a while to be a cussin' so," said he, "for its orful wicked; and besides, 'taint no use damnin' that are careless hostler, for he's so use too't now that when the big day comes along I reckon he'll take it sort o' easy then."



Whether or not Mr. Wimbleton was convinced by this reasoning is not known, but certain it is that he ceased his profanity, and requesting Pete to bridle his horse properly, slipped into his hand a gold coin preparatory to taking his seat again in the carriage. "Look a hear," said Pete, examining the piece closely for the purpose, as Mr. Wimbleton supposed, of ascertaining its genuineness, "I don't want none of yer filthy lucre; I can du a kindness for a feller bein without bein paid for 't." Mr. Wimbleton looked at Pete in wonder as he refused to take the proffered reward, and urged him to accept it; but the latter stubbornly refusing all offers, the former resumed his seat with his servant, and the horse being properly bridled, they proceeded on their way.

As they drove along down the steep hill, and turned the corner over a bridge, under which roared a brook at the distance of some twenty feet, Mr. Wimbleton felt that he had indeed had a narrow escape. He thought, too, that what Pete had said in regard to the chance he would have had for even hurried ejaculations would truly have been small; and as his mind dwelt on Pete's remarks on profanity, he inwardly resolved in future to be more guarded in his language.

The road after crossing the bridge, led along the somewhat precipitous bank of the stream for some distance. The land on the other side of the road opposite the stream, was mostly pasturage, though here and there was a piece of corn or potatoes, with now and then a patch of rye just springing out of the ground. The travelers had not gone far from the bridge, when they observed coming towards them a furiously driven coach. Now their horse had not recovered from his late fright so as to be as steady as usual, and consequently the driving of a coach at a furious rate was not a little annoying to him. Mr. Wimbleton accordingly alighted, and Mike took the horse by the bits. Notwithstanding this, he commenced running back as the coach drew near, and just as it was passing them both the forward wheels of the carriage run off, thus letting the axletree on to the ground. Both Mr. W. and Mike, reasoning from the past, expected to see the heels of the horse making sundry impressions on the dasher of the carriage, thus brought into such close proximity to them. But in this they were mistaken, for the animal was more accustomed to wagons on his heels than to being driven without bits. Mr. W. shouted to the driver of the coach for help, but that individual was either in too much haste or too selfish to lend a helping hand. He drove on as rapidly as before, and crossing the bridge, turned up the hill and was soon out of sight. As there was no one to help them, they set themselves to work to get out of the difficulty. They were able, however, to do nothing more than detach the horse from the carriage. To raise the axletree and replace the wheels was more than their strength or ingenuity could accomplish. Mr. Wimbleton looked about him to see if there was not a human being in sight whom he could call to his aid. Mounting a fence, he espied at the further end of a long corn-field a man leaning, as it appeared at so great a distance, on the fence, and looking in the other direction. He called loudly, but to no purpose; Mike also tried his

voice but with equal success. There remained then no other way but to despatch Mike across the field for the man.

The horse was accordingly tied to the fence, and Mr. W. seated himself on a large stone to await Mike's return. It was not long, however, before he returned, puffing and blowing, for he had run most of the way. "But where 's the man?" said Mr. W. to Mike, who it appeared had come back alone. "Indade, sir, it's no man at all, at all; it 's nothing but the breeches ov a man full of a wisp o' straw, and a shirt, and not a haper ov a coat, with a pole stuck through him to make him lane on the fence." From this graphic description, Mr. W. perceived that he had sent Mike after a scarecrow. His usual practice would have lead him to give forth a volume of curses, but remembering his late resolve he restrained himself.

Mr. Wimbleton was surely in no little difficulty, for both the forward wheels of his carriage were off and there was no one near to assist in putting them on again. Presently, however, a good natured farmer came riding along that way, who kindly offered to help him. After getting both the wheels to their proper places, they looked about the road to find the linch-pins. "Sure here is a bit of iron which will do for a linch-pin," said Mike, as he cast his eyes into the bottom of the carriage; "and here is another the very like of it," said he, picking up the two linch-pins and handing them to the farmer. "How is this?" said he to Mr. W. "Do you ride with the linch-pins in the body of your carriage instead of the ex, or do you carry an extra set to use in case of need?" Mr. W. replied by saying, that he did not recollect that there were any in his carriage, but he did recollect that he had requested the hostler to grease the wheels before starting in the morning. This explained the matter to the farmer, who asked if they had not driven straight forward until the time of the accident. "Indade we did some of the way," said Mike, calling to mind the previous scene.

Mr. Wimbleton related to the farmer the occurrences of the morning, complaining, as he had great reason to, of the carelessness of the hostler; but when the farmer went on to show how the linch-pins had been left out, and still the wheels had kept on, owing to the set of the axletree, until the carriage was backed, he began to think that the hostler had some designs on his life. The farmer, who was on no very good terms with Hopkins the inn keeper, advised Mr. W. to go back and commence a suit against him. This Mr. W. was loth to do, although he was under the necessity of returning to the village for the purpose of repairing some parts of the carriage which had sustained some injuries.

The horse was accordingly put between the thills and they drove slowly back to the village.

Whether or not Mr. Wimbleton prosecuted his journey any further, we cannot say, since our manuscript stops here; which, by the way, we consider a very unwarrantable proceeding on the part of the author, inasmuch as he excites our curiosity without satisfying it.

### Academical Degrees Again.

MESSRS. EDITORS :—I am glad to learn that it is proposed to make the Yale Literary Magazine, henceforth, not merely the vehicle of publication for those essays and sketches which have no particular local bearing or interest, but also a register of events having a special connection with college life and history of our University, as well as a medium for the suggestion and discussion of whatever may be deemed for the welfare of the institution or the students connected with it. With this understanding, I have already ventured upon the intimation that a change is called for in regard to the rule by which the degree of Master of Arts is now conferred ; and, with your permission, I will pursue the subject somewhat farther than opportunity then allowed.

No one can be able to look back for even a small number of years upon the course of college life here, much less can any one peruse the admirable Historical Discourse of President Woolsey, without seeing abundant evidence that the college, in its laws and spirit, has not stood still while all around it has been moving onward as it has. Yale College is not what it was fifty, not what it was even ten years ago. Whether it has kept pace with the world in its growth, I will not undertake to say, nor is it needful to do so. But this, at least, is true, that no one who has been registered an alumnus, though but a few years, can fail to feel that the facilities of and encouragements to thorough scholarship and a proper mental discipline are greater than those which were afforded him.

But we must not rest in our present attainments any more here than elsewhere. *Onward, higher, better*, these must be our watchwords still. Every one, therefore, who can make a suggestion by which this advancement may be promoted should do so. And for this end I have endeavored to call attention to what appears to me a blemish, which ought to be wiped away from this honored seminary of learning. The present custom of reckoning that a graduate of college is fit to receive his second degree, on no other evidence of proficiency in study than what is afforded by the fact, that it is three years since he received his first degree, it seems to me has not a shadow of reason for its support. The day has gone by when every one who graduates at a college is of course expected to pursue one of the learned professions, or to spend his life more than other men, amid books and literary studies. A collegiate education is looked upon now as a desirable preparation for any of the ordinary occupations of life. It is not considered as something thrown away on the merchant or the farmer. On the contrary it is felt to be something which may impart dignity and increased efficiency to the labors of the husbandman and the plans of traffic. Consequently many are now found entering our colleges with no purpose whatever of connecting the collegiate course with a professional one. And so also, the temptations of a speedier accumulation

of wealth oftentimes draw aside into the marts of business, those who had in view some occupation more in sympathy with true scholarship. While, therefore, the customs of life are thus changed, ought not a corresponding change to be made in the collegiate treatment of the graduate? Is it to be taken for granted that every one who spends his four years within the college walls and then receives his first degree must be a scholar or a student—in its academic sense—ever after? Is it to be taken for granted that he is all the while going on in the culture of letters, so that, at the expiration of three years, he must have reached a point at which he deserves to be named and considered *ar-tium magister* in distinction from the name he received at the time of graduation? To me it seems altogether like what Mr. Carlyle would term a 'sham,' for a respectable literary institution at this day to be found bestowing its honors in this way. But in fact they cease to be honors when thus bestowed. They are valueless as gifts. They mean nothing. And the giving them out, with grave latin ceremony, before a large and enlightened assembly, only makes the farce the more ridiculous. For one, I have refused to apply for the second collegiate honor, and shall do so until there is some other condition of its bestowment than the constructive proficiency of three years' lapse of time and the payment of a certain sum of money. And let me ask if, when the ordinary collegiate examinations are made so much more thorough than they were but a few years ago, it would not be in keeping with the change thus made, if a new rule were adopted in reference to the conferring of the second degree? To confer that degree as is now done seems to me not only unworthy of the dignity of Yale College, but a positive breach of truth and morality.

ALUMNUS.

P. S. By a misprint in my former article I am made to talk very unintelligibly. I did not write "three years from graduation will have brought the Bachelor of Arts *back* to it," but '*up*' to it; though three years oftentimes serve to carry the graduate backwards rather than forwards, from the point attained at the time of graduation.

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## Biennials.

"Biennials are a bore."—*College Song*.

"Examinations are formidable, even to the best prepared, for the simplest child may ask more than the wisest man can answer."—*Lacon*.

IF the remark of Lacon be a correct one, that the child may ask questions which would puzzle a philosopher to answer, how much more probable it is, that the wise man may put interrogatories which the child cannot solve! Daily observation attests the correctness of the former assertion, and a biennial experience convinces us of the truthfulness of the latter.

We have often, with a sigh, thought of those 'good old days of yore, when colleges were few, and a Bachelor of Arts a hero, though more ignorant than the sub-freshman of the present day. Listening to the stories of college life, and of the studies of sixty and seventy years ago, as told by some aged country clergyman, whose bending form and locks of snow told more plainly than the Triennial, that he was among the oldest living graduates, we have thought of the easy, jolly times they must have had, studying Geography when Sophomores, and the Greek Testament when Seniors, with Vincent's Catechism on Saturdays. They must have had cosy after-dinner naps those warm summer days. Recitations then were pastimes, and examinations pleasing formalities. But the world has been changing; good, old customs have vanished before the tread of modern innovation. Human ingenuity has been awake and active. Not content with overturning the busy, outer world, it has invaded our retreats of study, has applied its progressive theories, its high pressure doctrines to college life, and as the rail-car of to-day excels in speed the snail pace of the mail-coach of yesterday, so the youthful mind of the present generation is made to outstrip in application and acquirements that of former times.

But there is a limit to human ingenuity—a bound which it is difficult to pass; and if so, we believe that limit has been reached. And as if to make its final demonstration one of marked power and greatness, it has exhibited itself in the conception of that most formidable and horrifying of examinations—the Biennial.

Like other things it has a prosaic and poetical character. The *prose* is to be found in the previous night's cramming, in the solitary confinement of its subjects,

"Surrounded yet alone,"—

in the hard wooden seated, straight back chair, in the suffocating, sweltering heat of a July day, (why fix Examinations at such a time?) in the unknown nature of the operation and the blinded eyes of the performer, and in the three hours' unremitting toil and anxiety. There is much of the 'stern reality' about this tortuous exhibition of mental ability and physical endurance. It exhibits itself too, as a great democratic leveller. Considering Seniors as possessed of like passions with other undergraduates, it compels their reverent homage. How would the Seniors of fifty years ago have regarded such a thing?

But the Biennial has a poetic nature which is fanciful in the extreme and which more than compensates for the rough edges of its practical usage. It has to do with *dream-land*, and all the golden visions, the angelic forms, the bright and fitting ideas which make this the favorite domain of the poet and scholar, throw their fascinating allurements around the aching head of the weary student, presenting to his view bright images which portend for the morrow a glorious success. These are not dull dreamings, vain, useless dreamings, nay, they bring a reward, a recompense with their waking. Who can be offended at one's indulging such blissful and, at the same time, such meaning slumberings?

"What, what my Lord! are you so choleric  
With C——, for telling but his dream?  
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,  
And not be checked."—*Shak.*

But if the prospect from the outer world be so pleasant, so full of gorgeous imaginings and blissful visions, within the walls the scene may be truly called indescribable. The spacious hall, the arched ceiling, the glass dome, the massive pillars adorned in all the beauty of Grecian architecture, the shadowy recesses and imaginary alcoves fill the mind with emotions of wonder and greatness in some manner coextensive with their own grandeur. In silence and with thoughtful look the assembled worshipers of learning, a youthful band of willing and unwilling devotees, pace the oaken floor,—slowly and in order they take their appropriate seats, and with downcast eyes and soul intent, absorbed in reverie, they plunge into the deep-hidden, mysterious recesses of classic or scientific lore.

Where can you point to an equal spectacle? Fifty men chained by the power of abstraction, lost to the world, living only in the realms of ancient learning. History tells us that at the storming of Syracuse, Archimedes was so intently studying a geometrical figure which he had traced upon the sand, that he was utterly unconscious of the strife and confusion around him, and when ordered to appear before the Roman General who desired to spare his life, he refused to go until he had finished the demonstration, and was killed upon the spot. Think of fifty like Archimedes, all within close proximity of a few feet!

Yet, even such an exercise will weary, and when the mind seeks a recreation, what a flood of pleasing ideas take possession of it! That old Chapel Hall is a glorious place for musings, for fanciful dreamings, and for the conjuring up of and feasting upon early reminiscences. We know of no place like it, save the old brown-colored Quaker meeting house, which stood at the country cross-roads, and which looked out upon the green meadows in front and was supported by the dark, shady woods in the rear, and the grave yard by its side, where in our boyhood we spent the warm sunny afternoon, too often, in thoughts of the past or dream of the future. And even now, the force of habit perhaps, the same musing, soporific influence is irresistible, and continues until the quaint voice of some aged elder recalls to a recollection of the time and place by his impressive words for religious truth.

There is a certain resemblance between the two, yet the one is unlike the other in the character of the truant thoughts which it induces. The plain antique appearance of the building, its benches and walls unstained but by time, the rising seats where are seen the aged preachers, the broad brimmed hats and straight coats of the men, the plain bonnets, the neat and—we must say—the tasty dresses of the women, added to the perfect stillness of the hour, cannot move to other than gentle, pensive thoughts, and if perchance they wander away from the great lessons of religious duty, the heart oftentimes is warmed and the inner man influenced for good by these silent sittings.

The Biennial as performed in the Chapel Hall, is quite as prolific in thoughts, though they are perhaps of a more various and amusing nature. It was our purpose when we commenced to record some of them, (pardon our wanderings,) and for this purpose had gathered the scribblings which, having no connection with the 'schemes,' have found their way to the outer college world, to the after amusement of those who might chance to see them.

Our limits only allow us the copy of a few of the many before us. On a sheet neatly headed "Freshman Greek," under which is placed the writer's name and the numbers of a few questions unanswered, or mostly so, we find the following rhapsodical strains, which come from a gushing heart and bear the impress of a burning inspiration.

#### TO THE ONE I LOVE.

When sad my thoughts they turn to thee,  
Star of my joy and pride!  
For when thy smile beams bright on me,  
The dark clouds quickly glide.

My thoughts are with thee now, my love,  
For I am sore afraid,  
From what I've written here above,  
A rush can ne'er be made.

So if my love, my jewel bright!  
Thou could'st but drive away  
This fizzle grim that's 'fore my sight,  
I'd bless you night and day.

With thee to cheer and guide my pen,  
I'll make one effort more,  
And since I know 'twould please you, then  
I'll strive to get a *four*.

Our regret is that we are unable to record the youth's subsequent progress, yet cannot doubt of its eminent success.

The following—doubtless not intended for publication—is the effort of one of our Society orators. We can fancy the vacant eye directed toward the black figures of Conics, suddenly kindle with light,—we can mark the nervous motion of the body as he thought of the fame of Choate and Webster, and as he rapidly dashed off from his pen the eloquence which was destined to electrify some Wednesday evening audience. His theme is the novel and unhackneyed one of the Prosperity of our Union. We quote a line or two.

"Mr. President, our Country is Eternal! Resting upon the broad foundation of immutable Justice, and a heaven-born love of Liberty

the granite stones of whose base lie in the enduring cement formed from the precious blood and mouldering bones of our glorious Ancestry; reared aloft by patriotic devotion, and adorned by the brilliant exploits of subsequent years, it stands firm and unyielding as our own blue Alleghanies, defying attack and gazing with contemptuous scorn upon those who breathe aspersions on her pure, angelic fame. It stands reaching heaven-ward, uncapped because unfinished, its summits meeting the clear, ethereal sky. I repeat it, Mr. President, our Country is Eternal! The Lily of France may bow beneath the wintry blast, down-trodden it may be crushed into the very earth; the haughty Lion of England may be shorn of his shaggy mane; aye! humbled in spirit he may lie a lifeless corpse outstretched upon the sand, but never shall a feather drop from the breast of that majestic bird which hovers around this fair heritage of freedom. We are destined to live for ever! The monument of our nation's greatness cannot be shaken; no Niagara of power, no Briareus with a hundred hands can remove one stone from the edifice which American freemen have erected; no tongue can ever whistle down from his lofty eyry the proud Eagle which presides over our Liberty."

We will select but one more. It was, we imagine, suggested by the Treadmill nature of the exercises, and is written in that good natured spirit which prompts one 'to make the best of it.'

#### EXAMINATION SONG.

The air is hot, the sun shines bright,  
And dusty is the ground;  
The world without moves on to-day,  
With a dull and lifeless sound.  
But naught care we for the dust or heat,  
The ground whether hard or soft,  
For this is a snug cool place of ours  
Within the Chapel Loft.

So write away, my merry men,  
While passing moments fly,  
And may each goose-quill moving on,  
In struggling contest vie.  
So work away, my funny friends,  
Nor stop to joke and laugh,  
For this is precious time, my boys,  
Two hours and a half.

They've built for us a noble hall,  
Up six long flights of stairs;  
And made us feel ourselves at home,  
With tables and with chairs.



We like the place so very well,  
We never go without,  
And have a man of mighty limb  
To keep the vulgar out.

Hark ! fellows, it is half past ten,  
And so our work is done ;  
'Tis pretty sport, suppose we stop  
Five minutes more for fun.  
If ever they should turn me out,  
As others they have done,  
Now hang me ! but I mean to have  
" Biennials " of my own.

The numberless caricatures which have been perpetrated, are well worthy of mention, for who has not roared with laughter, when looking at the Illustrated Endless *Screw* and other conceptions ? But we must let these speak for themselves. c.

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## Memorabilia Yalensia.

### COMMENCEMENT AT YALE IN 1768.

*Extracts from the Diary of J—— J——, who received in that year his Master's Degree, having been graduated in 1765.*

[We have been favored, through one of the officers of College, with the following graphic account of the proceedings at Commencement *eighty-three years ago*. There can be no doubt as to its authenticity—the original diary being still in the possession of the family of J—— J——, and the extract having been made by one of his descendants.]

"Sept. 13, 1768. *Tuesday*. Set out from Westbury\* for New Haven with Billings.† Dined at Perkins'—good dinner and good company. Got to town at 5. Put up at Brown's. Went to College to prayers. Mr. Bellamy‡ prayed. Saw a great many old friends. Both Colleges illuminated. Sky rockets, crackers, and squibs fired. Sophomores walk before College.§ I went to bed before 11.

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\* Now Waterbury, Conn.

† A Classmate of J——.

‡ Rev. Dr. Bellamy of Bethlehem.

§ "The Freshmen were the errand-boys of their superiors, and were not allowed to wear gowns nor to carry canes. On the evening preceding the public Commencement they first assumed the toga and the cane, and then ostentatiously paraded the College yard in close phalanx, fencing their way through crowds of people assembled to view the illumination of the College windows, and the dazzling pyrotechnics of mounting rockets and burning wheels, revolving with blazing corruscations, and fiery serpents flying through the air with comet trains, along the front line of the College yard."—*Prof. Silliman's Discourse before the Alumni*.

The wearing of the gown and the walking in procession were abolished in 1796.

"*Wednesday*, 14. Commencement. Was at College early. The dinner was set at 11s. (shillings!) which made us altercation with the authority. St. John\* delivered the Salutatory Oration well. Lewis pronounced his English Oration, upon Learning, handsomely. Howe pronounced an English Oration upon the Benefit of Ancient Authors, to the acceptance of all. Then without much dispute we shook the sheep skins. Afterwards Foot† delivered the "Diu Valet" with too ministerial a tone, and we came away.

N. B. I could not look upon the President when I was taking my degree, for viewing Sally E\*\*\*\*\* of Spencer, the toast of the year. Now for the dance, I had no partner, and those that had, had hard work to keep them, in such a crowd as was never seen in a dance before. There was a dance in one room in College, and that was agreeable, and not crowded. At about 10, the Court House‡ was not so crowded. There was a dance at the "Bunch of Grapes," of those that accounted themselves the highest, and their taking off two fiddlers caused considerable jar. All broke up by one.

"Note. There was a larger number of people than usual, and a handsomer collection of ladies. There were two English ladies at Commencement.

"*Thursday*, 15. Went to College early after breakfast. J. W. Billings and others went to see Sally E\*\*\*\*\*. Found her an agreeable, unaffected young Miss. Mr. Bellamy preached a lecture this morning. At 11, Mr. English, of New York, preached a sermon at the church. A considerable number of priests at meeting. Spent the P. M. at College, sometimes among gentlemen, and at others among the ladies. At evening I waited on Eunice L\*\*. Broke up at 12. The dance was very pleasant to night; there was company enough without the rabble.

*Friday*, 16. Up at College for a cherry.§ Then eat our breakfast, paid the shot, and set off."

#### BOATING.

If there is any one mode of athletic exercise, which is at once manly, invigorating and jovial; which at the same time amuses and instructs, fascinates and improves, it is that which we enjoy in our boating expeditions on the New Haven waters. Never before has club-boating been so much of an institution—a regular system—at Yale, as during the present summer. Nearly every evening, blue, red, and white shirts, encasing sturdy young men, may be seen hastening through our streets on their way to the anchorage, while the offspring of mechanics dwelling in the lower parts of the town, gaze from their paternal gates with reverence upon the passing mariners, and mildly inquire what division of the Fire Department is to parade *that* night. The moon, when she was a pagan and called Diana, never looked down upon more ardent worshipers at Ephesus, than those upon whom, now in her converted, Protestant state, she beams, as they rest the weary oar in her genial light. The Nereids and Mermaids now leave in disgust the uncivilized court of Amphitrite, and lifting their sea-weed locks above the waves, listen with tremulous delight to our boat songs; and the phosphorescent insects, pyrotechnists of the deep, are particularly proud this season to act as link-boys to the blades of our oars.

We partake here in an exercise most venerable, too, for its antiquity, as well as pleasing on account of present associations. Agamemnon, Achilles, Ajax, and all those old Grecians who rendered themselves so conspicuous at Troy, centuries ago, in the vague and indefinite "B. C." were regular coxswains of club-boats, on the

\* A candidate for the First Degree.

† A candidate for the Master's Degree. The first Valedictory, by a candidate for the Bachelor's Degree, was delivered in 1798, by James Burnet. Masters' Orations were however continued until 1818.

‡ The Court House stood at that time upon the Green between the present sites of Trinity and the Center churches.

§ Was this a treat of cherry rum or cherry brandy?

trip from Greece across the *Ægean*. The age had not then made much progress in sail-making, and rowing was the principal method of propulsion over the "briny." We can easily imagine old Ulyses and his crew backing water from the shore at Ithaca, and coming round with "starboard row! larboard back water!" into the open sea. "Time!" cries the "wily man;" "mind your feathering there, 5th oar!" When they came to land at Troy, doubtless each man took his "stretcher" and cushion, as we do, the steersman unshipped his rudder, and as every reader of Homer knows, the boat was "beached" high and dry upon the shore. Sometimes, too, as we do now, did these ancient beaux take out ladies on excursions in their barks. The lovely Chryseis is recorded as having joined in a pleasure party of this kind one evening.

How jovial it will be for us in after years, when (being householders, with a comfortable property and a business allowing considerable time for social and family intercourse after dinner) we receive with an encouraging pat on the back our son, as he comes home in enthusiastic spirits from a "time" in his club-boat, feel the expanding muscle of his arm, and recalling to mind the manly sports of our youth, "peak" our crutch and show how boats were rowed—in 1851.

Surely in these clubs are formed some of the very strongest bonds of friendship and fellow-feeling to which Autograph books, in their wildest moments can bear witness; and we are sure that none of us, marine corps of Yale, will soon forget our most jovial remigiary expeditions, or the social intercourse which has been nourished by them during the present summer term.

For the convenience of reference we subjoin a list of the boat crews, at present composing the Navy of Yale.

#### THE ATALANTA. SIX OARS.

Built for the Club at New York in May, 1851. Uniform of the crew, blue shirts with white facings, and the letter "A" upon the breast—white pantaloons and straw hats.

|                                   |                  |
|-----------------------------------|------------------|
| W. W. WINTHROP, <i>Captain</i> .  | H. C. HALLOWELL. |
| M. C. WELD, <i>1st Lieut.</i>     | D. G. HUBBARD.   |
| G. B. SAFFORD, <i>2d Lieut.</i>   | F. MILLER.       |
| D. C. GILMAN, <i>Purser</i> .     | C. D. SEROPYAN.  |
| N. W. T. ROOT, <i>Secretary</i> . | J. H. WILLOOK.   |
| A. BIGELOW.                       | W. W. WOOLSEY.   |
| W. W. CRAPO.                      |                  |

#### THE EXCELSIOR. SIX OARS.

Owned in the Class of 1852. Built by Brooks in New Haven. Uniform as above, with the letter "E" upon the breast.

|                                |                  |
|--------------------------------|------------------|
| E. STERLING, <i>Capt.</i>      | O. L. HALL.      |
| A. W. NORTH, <i>1st Lieut.</i> | C. D. HELMER.    |
| H. E. DWIGHT, <i>2d Lieut.</i> | S. LAWTON.       |
| D. BANNAN, <i>Purser</i> .     | D. O. MOREHOUSE. |
| M. O. ALLEN.                   | W. B. ROSS.      |
| F. B. BREWER.                  | M. STORRS.       |
| C. H. BARRETT.                 | J. F. WARING.    |
| D. B. GREEN.                   |                  |

#### THE SEAWMUT. EIGHT OARS.

Built at Boston in 1842, and now owned in the Class of 1853. Uniform, red shirts with white facings, with "53" and the letter "P" upon the breast.

|                                          |               |
|------------------------------------------|---------------|
| R. WAITE, <i>Capt.</i>                   | T. ELLIS.     |
| A. C. DULLES, <i>Mate</i> .              | J. S. FRENCH. |
| J. M. GILLESPIE, <i>Stroke Oarsman</i> . | E. HARLAND.   |
| J. W. BLACHLY, <i>Purser</i> .           | A. HEARD.     |
| H. R. BOND.                              | W. L. HINMAN. |

T. JACK.  
J. Y. JONES.  
J. MCCORMICK.  
J. OLDS.

J. THOMAS.  
W. R. WEBB.  
R. YOUNG.

#### THE PHANTOM. FIVE OARS.

Owned in the Class of 1853. Built by Brooks in New Haven. Uniform, white shirts with blue trimmings, with the letter "P" upon the breast.

C. TOWNSEND, *Capt.*  
E. WALDEN, *1st Lieut.*  
L. A. CATLIN, *2d Lieut.*  
W. F. V. BARTLETT.  
F. FELLOWES.  
D. A. GODDARD.  
W. M. HUDSON.

B. K. PHELPS.  
E. W. SEYMOUR.  
G. W. SMALLEY.  
A. WHITE.  
J. M. WHITON.

#### THE HALCYON. EIGHT OARS.

Built at Boston in 1850, and purchased of Cambridge students by the Yale Class of 1854. Uniform, blue shirts with "H" upon the breast, and white pants.

C. A. WHITE, *Capt.*  
A. MITCHELL, *Mate.*  
F. H. SLADE, *Purser.*  
J. S. BARKALOW.  
J. C. CHOTARD.  
T. EGGLESTON.  
W. W. GORDON.  
E. INGRAHAM.  
C. PARDEE.  
J. C. PARSONS.

W. R. PLUNKETT.  
J. C. RICE.  
E. RUSSELL.  
G. W. REILEY.  
O. F. SKILER.  
W. S. SHURTLEFF.  
A. H. STEVENS.  
A. H. VANDEGRAAFF.  
A. VAN SINDEREN.  
M. N. WHITMORE.

#### THE COLLEGE ORGAN.

The opening of the New Organ, marks a new era in College music. The Beethoven Society have long felt the need of such an instrument, as a support to the voices, and a means of remedying, so far as possible, defects in the harmony of their music, arising from its being rarely arranged for male voices. To those who have aided the Society in their efforts to obtain the Organ, and to all who are interested in College music, either for its own sake, or from a more general interest in whatever may tend to benefit the institution, the following description may be acceptable. The cost of the Instrument was sixteen hundred dollars, and its purchase is in a great measure owing to the urgent persevering efforts of the President of the Beethoven Society, ALBERT BIGELOW, whose name we must be allowed to mention, notwithstanding his connection with the Editorial Board. The College officers subscribed most liberally, and both Resident Graduates and other warm friends of the College have given their aid in raising the amount.

The Organ was built expressly for the Chapel gallery by Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook, of Boston. It was, in the words of the builders, "a complete study and puzzle to get such a large organ into such limited compass;" yet the whole is so arranged that there is considerable "speaking room" above the instrument.

The tastefulness of the case reflects the greatest credit upon the builders. It is grained to imitate black walnut, is well proportioned to the size of the Chapel and the place it occupies, and presents a handsome front of arch, panel and scroll work set off with gilt pipes, most of which are "speaking pipes."

The mechanism is of fine workmanship; and organists who have tried it, speak highly of the elasticity and "crispness" of the touch of the keys, and the easy movement of the "stop action."

There are two rows of keys, from C<sub>0</sub> to F in alt.; and an octave and a half of Pedals, from C<sub>00</sub>. The *Registers* number 26, as follow:

## GREAT ORGAN.

- |                                    |                           |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Open Diapason—metal throughout. | 3. Stop'd Diapason, Bass. |
| 2. Dulciana.                       | 4. " " Treble.            |
| 5. Principal.                      | 8. Wald Flute.            |
| 6. Twelfth.                        | 9. Trumpet.               |
| 7. Fifteenth.                      |                           |

## SWELL ORGAN.

- |                      |                                   |
|----------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 11. Bourdon.         | 17. Trumpet.                      |
| 12. Open Diapason.   | 18. Blank for Hautboy.            |
| 13. Viol di Gamba.   | 19. Stop'd Diapason, Swell Base.  |
| 14. Stop'd Diapason. | 20. Principal, Swell Bass.        |
| 15. Principal.       | 21. Pedal Double Stop'd Diapason. |
| 16. Cornet, 3 ranks. |                                   |

## COUPLERS.

- |                             |                      |
|-----------------------------|----------------------|
| 22. Swell and Great Organ.  | 25. Tremulant Swell. |
| 23. Pedals and Swell Bass.  | 26. Bellows Signal.  |
| 24. Pedals and Great Organ. |                      |

The tone of the *Diapasons* is rich, round and full; the *reeds* are equal and smooth; the *Swell Cornet* is brilliant without the harshness of compound stops, as usually made; the delicacy of the *Viol di Gamba* strikes every one, whether he knows the name of the stop or not; and the *Wald Flute*, (a recent invention of the Messrs. Hook, and peculiar to their organs,) produces upon the ear the effect of pure, sweet bird-tones.

The *Swell Organ* is remarkably effective—its tones now just heard as in the distance, increasing to loudness as they seem to near us, then dying away appear to recede again. The *Sub-Bass*, though a stopped one, (an open being excluded by the want of room in the gallery,) is of singular beauty and fullness, producing very much the effect of open pipes. The Full Organ is perfectly balanced, and of volume and power such as might be expected to proceed from a case of much greater size.

On the whole, the instrument surpasses the expectations of the most sanguine, and what is better still, is nearly paid for. We hope and trust that those who have labored to add its tones to the Chapel Service, will never have cause to feel that they have worked in vain. g.

## OBITUARY.

DIED, at the residence of his brother, on the 23d of July, 1851, JAMES A. EVERETT, of Hainesville, N. J., a member of Yale College, of the class of '54.

Upon receiving information of his death, the class met and adopted the following preamble and resolutions.

*Whereas*, Under the dispensation of Him "who doeth all things well," a beloved classmate and friend has been taken from our number—

*Resolved*, That whilst as classmates and friends we deeply feel the first stroke of death which has fallen among us, upon one deservedly loved for his social virtues and kindness of heart, and one whom we have hoped would journey still farther with us, we yet recognize in this dispensation the inscrutable goodness of our Heavenly Father, and acquiesce in that which hath to Him seemed best.

*Resolved*, That we sympathize deeply with those who stood in the nearer relations of parents and kindred in their grief for him who has been so suddenly called away from them and us, when his youth gave such promise of future usefulness.

*Resolved*, That in token of our sorrow and reverence for the memory of the dead we wear the customary badge of mourning for thirty days.

*Resolved*, That the proceedings of this meeting and a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the relatives of our deceased classmate.

C. A. DUPEE, *Chairman*.

J. B. HARRIS, *Secretary*.

## New Publication.

A COLLECTION OF COLLEGE WORDS AND CUSTOMS. Cambridge: John Bartlett.  
New Haven: Durrie & Peck. 1851. pp. 318.

WE have here a strange collection, alphabetically arranged, of the multitudinous phrases and words which are used in the various Universities of this and other lands.

The compiler is a Cambridge student, and while he displays extensive information, yet he is not by any means either fully acquainted with the dialect of Yale, or posted up in our various manners and customs.

Although we have only glanced at the pages, we have already detected many omissions and inaccuracies, but the book was not received in New Haven until so late a day that a full review cannot now be given. We shall however notice it hereafter. Upon the subject of the Wooden Spoon, the Editor is decidedly behind the times.

The book will furnish entertainment enough to pay for its perusal, and we particularly recommend it as a vacation companion, for it would be hard to estimate how many conversational topics it will furnish graduates of this and other Colleges, and how many new ideas will be given to those who have never been within any College walls.

The work is for sale by Messrs. Durrie & Peck.

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## Editor's Table.

"What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft—!"

WELL, what though they do! they won't help us any. Readers want a *spicy* Editor's table, and they can't have one.—We are sorry to be so blunt with you, but really, Reader, it is the hottest kind of work to edit in July; especially when other duties crowd hard upon us, and we are daily, in almost so many words, called a bundle of skin and bones. What a contrast between the fat chubby boy we used to be, and the lean, hollow-cheeked Editor we are! So, while we would like to spread a spicy, funny, racy table before you to-day, you must excuse us.

Our object still is, "to relieve our Magazine of the stiffness, dullness and monotony which have been charged against it;" but we must look to another term for the time and opportunity to do this, as we had wished. Think of it! here in the busiest time of the year, amid all sorts of hurrying and vexatious cares, two Nos. of the "Lit." have appeared within two weeks instead of two months, the usual time. Now *we* ourselves think, (though we say it who should not say it,) that we have been very expeditious with this number, for the first article went into the printer's hands only one week and two days ago, and here we are to-day with forty pages of matter, of the quality of which we shall of course say nothing.

One week, amidst Societies, Examinations, Yale Lits., Organs, &c., &c., is a wonderfully short time, and we are right glad the past one is over.

Our Magazine now takes its leave, forever, of "sweet sixteen." Though, beside the infant Magazines of other Colleges, we boast of its old age, still it is in truth young; and has, we trust, a long life of growing worth and influence before it.

We say "growing," for it is not enough, however well it *has* been managed, that it should henceforth be as good as ever. It must *improve*. It is now at an age when an expansion of its powers may be expected; and when great care is needed in training and guiding them as they grow, for good. In its own sphere, it is highly useful, like our literary Societies, for furnishing chances not enjoyed in daily College tasks to gain skill in making known our own thoughts in our own good, plain English. In our daily pursuits we may learn how a few great ancients spoke Greek and Latin; we may learn somewhat (theoretically) of the way to use English rightly, and we may lay up quite a store of useful knowledge. But to the Literary Societies one must go to practice speaking, unforced, of his own will, not to be "marked" for it. There, if he speaks, it is because he wants to;—he has something to say, and he says it. Then, in the pages of the "Yale Lit." he can write just as freely; he has something to write, and so he writes it. In these cases, a double object may and ought to be had in view; to *give* and *get* good.

Then, again, the Magazine is needed to *daguerreotype*, as it were, the mind and life of College. Would it not be passing strange if four years of the lives of nearly four hundred young men did not furnish strong, bright, tender thoughts, and interesting facts, enough to cover forty pages of our Magazine once a month, during nine months in the year, with that which should be *all sought for its own sake* and not forced off under cover of its birthplace! If we do learn here to think clearly and strongly, why not let it be known to those who have been here, and to all who are watching our course with care. If there be poetry here, why shall not its noblest and sweetest strains thrill answering hearts through the pages of our Magazine. Let us then, fellow-students, have the *best* fruits of your studies, and the *best* specimens of your mental work, to enrich our pages.

To our Contributors, we have a few words to say. We are much obliged by the promptness with which the articles for our number have appeared, and regret that they cannot all be inserted, those on "Geometry," and "Absolute Power," especially. They will appear in a future number.

As for "Nonsense," by "Z," which was "reserved for future consumption," in our last, we have hardly time to discuss it. So much nonsense is abroad, however, that we may not go amiss in noticing it, and especially its effect upon the Editorial fraternity. "Nonsense" was read by one of "us five," as we were in solemn conclave. No. 1 was at full length upon one end of a sofa, No. 2 stretching from the other end, now and then splicing himself by half a shin's length upon the other, to his manifest discomfort and enagement. On the middle of a bed across the room, with his knees drawn up to his breast, and his arms wrapped around them, in a *concise* but hardly *elegant* style, was No. 3. No. 4 sat at a centre table, with documents scattered before him, the most upright and business like of all; while No. 5, with his back to all the rest and his feet sticking out of the window, clearly set on taking his ease, was reading "nonsense" aloud to the rest of us. In this article, the thought of writing for the "Lit." hits the author first on one side and then on the other, then strangely changes to two, which hold a confab right through his head, the sides of which, however, (by some unheard of figure of speech,) speak sometimes instead of the ideas. The subject discussed is, whether the writer shall "perform" for the "Lit." No. 5 had read till we gathered the above from the piece. But on a sudden he read a paragraph in which one idea, the *anti-writing* one, says

to the *pro*, "You should also bear in mind the high renown of those who are to judge of the fate of your piece." (A simultaneous start.) "Five picked men," (eyes brighten and begin to stand out,) "chosen by their class as their best writers," (sundry approving nods and winks, and more erectness of position,) "and most perfect judges of Literary merit." (Several decided *ahems* and low bows.) "This year in particular they are to be dreaded," (five ominous menacing shakes of the head.) "Why! one of them is 'first President of Linonia.'" At these words, No. 2, the person meant, starts bolt upright, convulsively lifts his nether limbs stretched to their utmost capacity, and strikes the backs of his heels on the floor; crowds his thumbs into the arm holes of his vest, and looks round upon his colleagues with ineffable dignity. "And another, is the leader of Beethoven." Whereat this dignitary, (No. 1,) at once follows No. 2's example, the two presenting, from the sofa's two ends, a comical picture of suddenly realized importance. But at the closing words, "I proceeded most philosophically to merge all the 'poetical' of that moment of 'college life' in the 'prosaical,'" recollections of Junior and Wooden Spoon exhibitions seemed suddenly to act upon our worthy colleague, No. 3, like an electric shock; and instantly undoubling, he sprang from the bed to the floor, took a chair, folded his arms, looked wondrous pleased and satisfied, in every act saying "All right," "A," "No. 1." "To be quoted, even by the titles of my works—what an honor!" Still, being all impartial men, we concluded, like good editors, that notwithstanding the compliments, "Nonsense" would have to try again.

The story about Arabella Stuart and the Enchantress, by "a Junior," will be investigated.


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No exchanges have come to hand since our last number.

The busy appearance of our streets, the numbers of new comers, with bag and baggage, the anxious groups waiting around the depot to receive their young friends who come, strangers in a strange land, to enter College; the delighted, satisfied looks of those who have "got" their men; these and many other signs tell us that Commencement is just upon us—that Society excitements are fast coming to their flood—that many a heart is beating high with hope, expectation and fear—that within a few days, just upon us, myriad recollections of the past, and anticipations of the future, will be excited, which none but a similar occasion could bring up. And we know that *we* have been not the least solicitous and anxious among them all; and so not the least happy we shall be who have been eagerly watching for the *last proof sheet* to leave our hands corrected, and the last printer's boy to leave our room, and the last visit to the *office* to be made, and the last question, "when will the Lit. be out?" answered by its appearance.

Reader, farewell. We wish you a happy course if you are just beginning College life; a happy vacation if you be an undergraduate; a happy year if an alumnus, and a happy life if you be neither. Farewell.

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 TO THE GRADUATING CLASS.—A full Report of the various exercises of Commencement week, from Sunday afternoon to Thursday evening, may be expected in the next number.





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